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SOME ANNALS OF THE POWERS FAMILY

COMPILED BY
W. P. POWERS
1924

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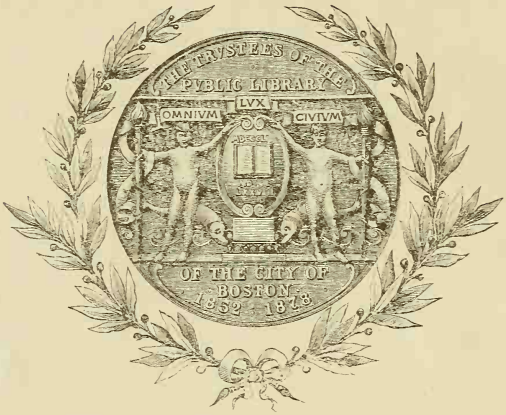

GIVEN BY

W. P. Powers

THE TROUT FISHER'S DREAM

SOME ANNALS
of the
POWERS FAMILY

Compiled by
W. P. POWERS
Los Angeles, Cal.
1924

*C571
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1924

TO MY FATHER

Who gave me an inheritance of good health and an example of a correct life, this book is affectionately dedicated.

December 1923. W. P. POWERS.

Presented to
The Public Library of the
City of Boston.
by the Author
W. P. Powers.

A WORD OF APOLOGY

When one undertakes to launch upon the world a new book he should be tolerably sure he has some justification for such action; especially in view of the fact that the world is already over burdened with books —good, bad and indifferent. To the latter class this will probably be assigned by the majority of readers— supposing that there will be any readers.

Some time ago I devoted two years of my time, having nothing else to do after making my home in Los Angeles, to an investigation of my family history which resulted in the production of a Genealogical chart showing the descent of my father and mother for about ten generations back. This proved to be a very interesting work and it gave me a limited acquaintance with my forbears as well as with some of my relatives still living, many of whom I had known little of, previous to this time. Much searching of records in Public Libraries and much correspondence was involved. It developed during this investigation, that my Great-grandfathers on both sides had served their country in the Revolutionary War, and farther back some more distant relatives were engaged in the Colonial Wars. Having myself rendered service in the Civil War, naturally I would like to know more about these patriotic predecessors, but alas, no information is available. They lived their lives each in his own way, and left no records. Likewise on my mother's side from Elder Wm. Brewster, down the line were some who were lawyers and some were judges, and for aught we know honest and reputable ones—but of their real character, their hopes and aspirations we know nothing.

There was William Brewster: Governor Bradford's History, found by chance in Fulham Palace in England, after being lost for a hundred years, gives us about all we know of the Plymouth Colony and its master mind—our ancestor. He was a man educated at Cambridge; was for several years an under secretary at the Court of Queen Elizabeth; organized at Scrooby, England, the First Church of the Congregational faith, the nucleus of the band that later came to Plymouth in the Mayflower. Although he was a man of literary attainments and at his death in 1644 was the possessor of the most extensive library in the colony, notwithstanding all this he left no written account of his life and work. Even the place of his burial is not known.

His son, Johnathan Brewster, my ancestor, was of some importance in the community as is evidenced by the fine monument over his grave at Duxbury, Mass.; his daughter Grace, of our line, may have been a second Priscilla for aught we know. We hope she exemplified in her life the name she bore. She married Judge Daniel Wetherell—said to have been an upright and capable man, highly esteemed, etc., but of the everyday lives of these we know nothing.

Some one said "Oh that mine enemy would write a book"—I have the same wish for these my forbears, tho' from a different and better motive—I long to know something of their lives and I wonder that they left nothing to satisfy that desire; so in the belief that possibly some one, in our line one or two hundred years from now after we and all recollection of us are gone, may have the same wish, I have decided to write a book, and in addition to an account of my life and work to gather within its covers some collateral matters that may or may not be of interest either to the present generation or to those yet to come.

The Persian poet wrote "Some little talk awhile of thee and me there was, and then no more of me and thee." He had in mind those who left no records of their lives and whose lives were of so little consequence that no one else did it for them. This is the class to which I will be assigned, so whatever is done I must do—and with this word of explanation I begin the work.

W. P. POWERS.

DAVID J. POWERS

My father, David J. Powers, was born on the ancestral farm in the town of Athens, Vermont, on June 3rd, 1814—He was one of twelve children—seven boys and five girls, all of whom lived to maturity. All but two came to Wisconsin from 1838 to 1844. My father left home when he was sixteen years of age, carrying his belongings slung over his shoulder, walked to Woodstock, Vermont, hired out in the Machine Shop of a Mr. Daniels who was manufacturing the Daniels Planer for dressing lumber. During the hard times of 1837 he was in New York where his Brother Levi was in the mercantile business—he was unable to find employment there, everything being at a complete standstill. While idle in New York he spent his time in court rooms listening to the arguments of lawyers. At that time he occupied an attic room near Canal Street, which was then the northern limit of the city, and had for a room mate Cyrus W. Field, who afterward laid the first Atlantic Cable. Later he was employed in a shop at Nashua, N. H., where were made the first mortice door locks.

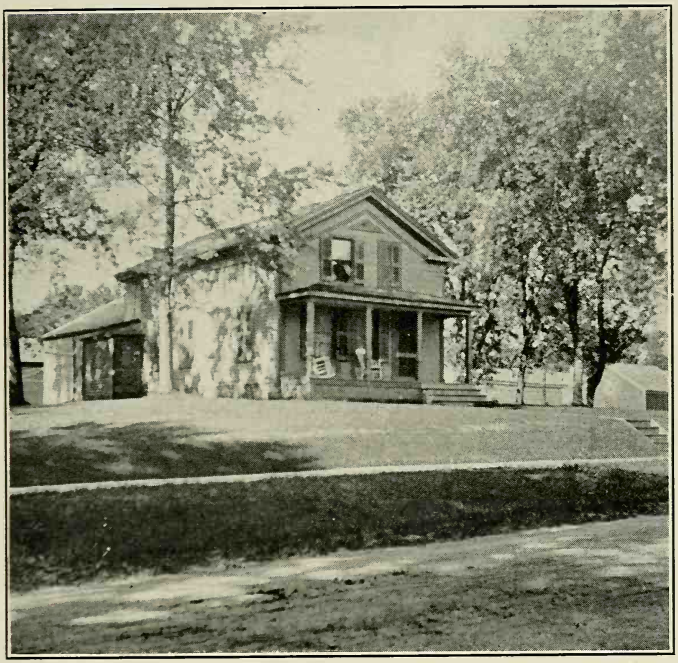
He went to Massachusetts where at Canaan he met and married Eliza A. Harris, and a few months later with his young wife came by way of the Erie Canal to Buffalo and thence by steamer to Milwaukee—then a village of fifteen hundred souls, located at what was called Walkers Point. There he met a family named Rockwood, having six children—one son and five girls, and I have heard him say he had never seen a nicer lot of girls. One of them later married Americus, his brother, and with all of them there continued a lifelong friendship. Along with my Father they have all passed to the other side—the last one ,Mrs. Wardner, widow of Dr. Horace Wardner, a prominent surgeon

of the Civil War,—having died within the year at the age of ninety-three.

Leaving his young wife with their new found friends he started out on foot seeking a place for their future home. Walking through the woods the second day he was overtaken by a Mr. Johnson who was on horseback and they travelled along together for several hours, during which Mr. Johnson said that he had a log cabin at what was called the "white water" and as it was unoccupied, he offered it to my father for the coming winter. When my father came in sight of the prairie through which the stream called white water wound its way, viewed from a low place of the Kettle range of hills, he was favorably impressed. At that time less than a half dozen log houses could be seen on the prairie, bare of trees, where now is the beautiful little city of Whitewater in Walworth County.

Returning on foot to Milwaukee he engaged an ox team to transfer my mother and their belongings to the new found home in the cabin of Mr. Johnson. Two years later in this cabin my sister Loraine, late the wife of John H. Griffith of Cleveland, Ohio, was born, being the first female white child born in Whitewater. Soon after this my father built and kept a primitive hotel, as so many people were constantly coming into the country and they had to be taken care of. In 1842 he built the home still standing and in good condition on the corner of Fourth and Main Streets—in which on November 8th of that year, the writer of this first saw the light.

When the village of Whitewater was organized my father was appointed Postmaster by President Van Buren. When receiving his commission he walked one forenoon over to Troy twenty miles away, was sworn in by the Postmaster there, Major Meacham, who was



MY BIRTHPLACE

the big man of the town both in weight and influence, and walked back in the afternoon carrying the mail, the first that ever came to Whitewater, in his coat pocket. A forty-mile walk in those pioneer days was nothing to brag or worry about. He held the office of Postmaster under three Presidents—Van Buren, Harrison and Tyler.

At the time of my advent to the world my father was engaged along with his Brother Samuel in developing the water power at what is now the village of Palmyra—nine miles East of Whitewater, the site for which had been secured a few months before under the

following circumstances as told by my father. "Hearing that there was a site for water power a few miles east that was for sale by the owner, a Mr. Brink, he having made a start, then got cold feet—the two brothers mounted horses and rode over to where the road such as it was crossed the Scupernong Creek—there they found Mr. Brink affected with the wanderlust and willing to sell out, having commenced to put a dam across the valley at a narrow place. After some hours of bargaining an agreement was made under which he would give up his claim for seven hundred dollars. Before the matter was put in writing he put in a claim for $30.00 for two stacks of hay that lay in the bottoms where they would be flooded when the water was raised. To this the brothers demurred, and a somewhat heated argument ensued which ended in a flare up and the trade was off. The brothers mounted their horses and started for Whitewater. About a mile on the way they stopped to let their horses drink from the little stream that runs from the Big Spring (an object of great interest today) when my Uncle Sam said to his brother, "Dave, if there is anything in this deal, don't you think it is foolish to let a couple of stacks of hay bust it up?" My father agreed with him and putting their pride and hard feelings aside, they turned and rode back and accepted the terms of Mr. Brink—but before Mrs. Brink who seemed to have had an eye to windward, would sign the deed, they had to agree to buy her the material for a new dress.

Mr. Brink had a log cabin on the brow of the hill where now stands the building owned by the Druggists Clerks Association, and to this, we were transferred when I was three weeks old.

The water power developed and a saw mill erected proved a profitable affair and such was the demand for

lumber from the many settlers arriving that the mill was kept running day and night. The saw was one of those that some one described as "Going up today and coming down tomorrow", but it did better than that —and my father used to say, that as he lay in his bed at night he thought that everytime he heard the saw go down it was earning him a penny.

As the months went on he laid out and platted the village of Palmyra, his brother not so optimistic, declining to go with him in this venture. They together built a flouring mill and soon a village followed and with considerable profit to its founder. His brother Samuel, returning from the east with his family in 1849, contracted cholera at Buffalo and died a few days after reaching his home. His widow, my Aunt Hannah, mother of the late Charles H. Powers, never could understand why a greater degree of prosperity came to my father than to her husband, when they were in partnership. His nonparticipation in the village plat made the difference. A comfortable house was built on the corner of Main and First Street, which is still standing and in good shape, in which we lived for some years.

In 1850 we moved to Waukesha, my father being in the mercantile firm of Bean, Clinton and Powers. He became a director in the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, now a part of the Milwaukee and St. Paul System, and was instrumental in getting the road located through Palmyra—instead of further south as originally planned.

Moving back to Palmyra in 1852 he was elected to the Legislature, which resulted in our moving to Madison, the Capital, in the following year. Here he became the Secretary of the State Agricultural Society and had much to do with getting up the annual State

Fairs. He also was the publisher of the Wisconsin Farmer. He owned for some years a farm four miles north of Madison, then known as the "Seventy Six," a large sign carrying the figures being on a knoll during my boyhood. This farm was just a mile square.

He was very active for fifteen years in Madison, at the end of which time he transferred his activities to Chicago where he organized the Union Wire Mattress Company, now the Union Bed & Spring Company. This Company was for some years a very prosperous one under the management of my father and Mr. Wm. Hendley, who was a thorough going business man—but who unfortunately died many years ago. When my father had reached the age of eighty-five years he resigned the presidency to my brother, Frank A. Powers—who held it until his death in 1922. His son George G. Powers, is now the successful manager of this great corporation, Mr. John B. Swift being its president.

My father, during his residence in Chicago, became a noted patent expert and was employed in many important suits and he continued in this work until he was well past eighty years of age. Fearing that the value of his testimony would suffer from a knowledge of his age, he was accustomed when asked by the attorney to state his age, to answer—"Seventy years past" which was true and was well supported by his vigorous appearance.

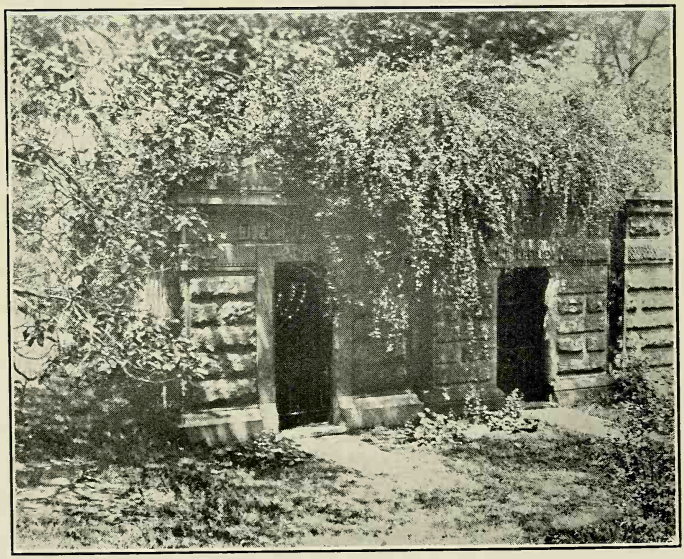
He was a man of wide information—a great reader and with a mind that retained what he read, and of which he was well able to talk, in a manner most interesting. A little over six feet in height, of commanding appearance, he invariably impressed favorably those he met, so that he was never forgotten by those who once had the pleasure of his acquaintance. A generous

DAVID J. POWERS AT EIGHTY-FIVE
"THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL"

man, preferring to give money to those less fortunate than himself rather than to spend it on unnecessary things. Many called him "Uncle David" who were of no kin. He was a successful inventor, taking out during his life time many valuable patents.

Lacking four months of being ninety-five years old, he died from an accident on Feb. 9th, 1909, and was laid away in what he was wont to call his "Little House" in Graceland Cemetery, Chicago, which with his usual forethought he had caused to be built fifteen years before. On the slab enclosing his remains is fittingly inscribed this line from Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem"—"As One Who Loves His Fellow Men." He was a born optimist and though physically enfeebled in his later years, he maintained his wonderful mental faculties to the last.

Though he made several fortunes, yet he left little when he died, having given away much to relatives and others during his life. In the vault with his remains are those of my mother, who passed away in 1888 at



VAULT IN GRACELAND CEMETERY, CHICAGO

the age of seventy years, and a brother of the writer who died during the Civil War at the age of ten years.

MY MOTHER

ELIZA HARRIS POWERS

Eliza Ann Harris, mother of the writer, was born at Canaan, New Hampshire, on Feb. 8th, 1818 and was united in marriage to my father, David J. Powers, on Dec. 7th, 1837, at Canaan. She was a lineal descendant of Wm. Brewster, Chief Elder of the Plymouth Colony, the line of descent being given elsewhere in this book. She was one of eight children, all of whom lived to maturity. She came from a line of ancestors distinguished for service in the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars and on the judicial bench. (See page 19 for her forbears.) She was a woman of gentle nature, a sincere Christian and a devoted mother and homemaker, and to her loving care in my childhood and early life I am greatly indebted.

Her father, John Hough Harris, was a man highly respected: was twice a member of the State Legislature in New Hampshire and held many positions of trust: was active in public affairs: was one of the original abolitionists and took a prominent part in building the "Noyes" Academy in Canaan and against a storm of protest championed the admission of colored children along with the white, his eldest daughter, Mary Freeman, being their teacher. So strong was the prejudice against this, that by a vote of the town a mob was authorized to, and did destroy the building in 1835.

It took backbone to be an abolitionist in that day, even in New England.

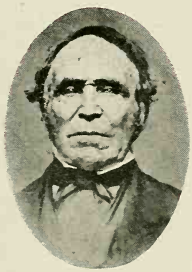
Her mother was Lucy May, daughter of Lieut. John May, an officer in the Revolutionary War.

In the old church, (Congregational) on Canaan Street, still standing, where her family worshipped, the colored people were allowed in the gallery only, and it was there that the phrase "Nigger Heaven" originated.

My mother died in Chicago on July 30, 1888. Never within my recollection did she have good health.

The hardships of the pioneer days in Wisconsin were too much for her delicate constitution.

The Harris people were all of a gentle, refined quality as far back as our record goes. Some were officers in the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars; some were lawyers and judges, graduates of Harvard, and altogether appear to have been above the average, in the communities where they lived.



JOHN HOUGH HARRIS

LUCY MAY HARRIS

GENEALOGY ON MY MOTHER'S SIDE

William Brewster, the chief Elder and Master spirit of the Plymouth Colony, was born at Scrooby, England, in 1566 and died at Plymouth, Mass., in 1644. His eldest son, Jonathan Brewster, was born in 1593 and died in 1659 at Duxbury, Mass. He married Lucretia Oldham and they had eight children, of whom the seventh was Grace, born at Duxbury, Nov. 1, 1639, and died at New London, Conn., April 22nd, 1684. She was married to Judge Daniel Wetherell, born at Maidstone, England, Nov. 29th, 1630, died April 14th, 1714, at New London, Conn.

Judge Wetherell was a man of the highest standing and held many offices of trust during his life at New London.

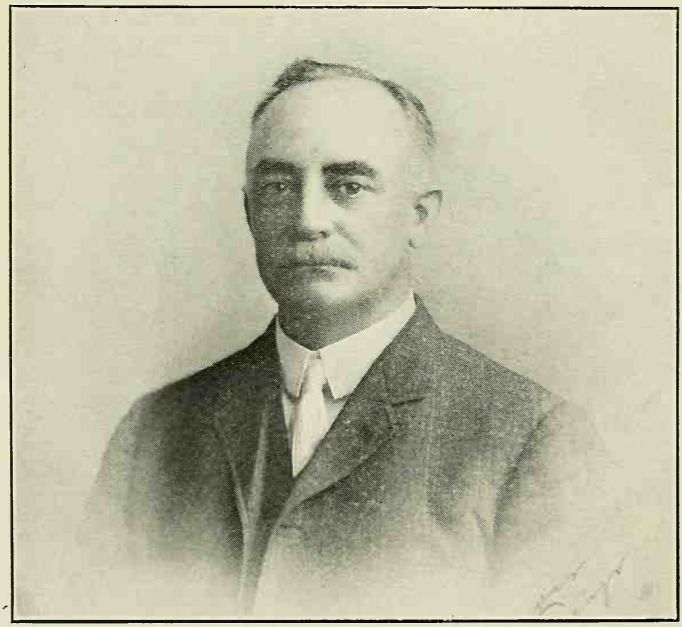
Among other children of this union was Mary, born Oct. 7, 1668, and died Aug. 22, 1711, who married first Thomas Harris, and after his death, George Dennison, graduate of Harvard, a lawyer of repute, son of Captain John Dennison who served in the Indian Wars. To George and Mary Dennison was born, Mar. 16, 1697, at New London, a daughter, Phoebe, who married on Jan. 7th, 1720, Lieut. Gibson Harris, born April 20th, 1694, at New London, his residence until 1726, when they moved to Bozrah, Conn., where he died on Feb 18th, 1761. Eight children were born to this union, of whom George was one, born Jan. 18th, 1721, at New London, and who died Nov. 1, 1790. He was twice married; first to one name unknown who gave birth to Capt. Joshua Harris at Bozrah, Conn., in 1754 and who died on Aug. 10th, 1835.

He served in Capt. Joshua Wells Company in Col. Chase's Regiment, New Hampshire Militia. On Revolutionary Rolls as private in 1777; went to the relief of Ticonderoga, May 7th, 1777 (See State papers New Hampshire Vol. 15, page 19, Rev. Rolls (Hammond.) He was twice married—first to Hannah Hough, Jan. 1, 1780, who was born 1761 and died April 2nd, 1783, of which union was born on Feb. 11th, 1782, John Hough Harris (My Grandfather WPP). His second marriage on April 1, 1787 was to Miriam Johnson, to which union eight children were born, one of whom, Lemira Wheaton, was the mother of the Sheldons and my mother's aunt, (well known by me in my youth WPP). John Hough Harris married on June 4th, 1804, Lucy May who was born at Plymouth Mass., in June, 1784, and died at Canaan, N. H., Nov. 2, 1864. She was a daughter of Lieut. John May, born 1759 and Mercy Foster—he was an officer in the Revolutionary Army.

Of the union of John Hough Harris and Lucy May, there were born, Mary Freeman; Lucy May; Eliza Ann (My Mother WPP); Sarah Sheldon; Lemira Loraine; Marcia Maria; John Adams and George May. Of these, Eliza Ann Harris, born Feb. 8th, 1818 at Canaan, was married on Dec. 7th, 1837 at Canaan, N. H., to David Johnson Powers (My Father WPP), and died

SISTER LORAINE AND HER HUSBAND,
JOHN H. GRIFFITH

in Chicago on July 30th, 1888. Of this union were born Loraine Eliza at Whitewater, Wisconsin, Feb. 21, 1840: William Penn at Whitewater Nov. 8th, 1842; Frank Allan on Jan. 10th, 1853, at Palmyra, Wisconsin: Edward Harris born at Madison, Oct. 24, 1854, and died July 27th, 1864. Loraine married Jan. 10th, 1861, John H. Griffith, of Cleveland, O., where they died—he, Jan. 25th, 1905, and she, Jan. 27th, 1910, without issue. A daughter, Charlotte P., born July 12th, 1890, and adopted June 7, 1892, is married to Charles Hourigan and living at Santa Monica, having a daughter, Ruth, about seven years of age. (1923).



F. A. POWERS

My brother, Frank Allan Powers, was born in Palmyra, Wisconsin, on January 10th, 1853, and was about six months old when our family moved to Madison, Wisconsin.

He was educated in the public schools of Madison, and when fifteen years of age accepted a position as a messenger boy in a telegraph office under Mr. Charles Bross, manager. Mr. Bross took great interest in Allan, as he called him, and was his friend throughout his life.

Becoming competent as a telegraph operator, he was urged by Mr. Bross to go to Chicago. This he did and soon was doing train dispatching on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad.

The great Chicago fire having demoralized the railroad service, and as he had always desired to go West, he seized the opportunity offered him by the general superintendent, Mr. Kirkman, of accepting a position at Granger, Wyoming, on what is now the Union Pacific Railroad. This was a lonesome job. Granger was but an outpost of civilization at that time. He was all alone, except for his dog, and had charge of the telegraph relay station and also the pumps for the water tank, and for this double duty was allowed to draw two men's salaries. It was while at Granger that he developed his great love for reading, so from books he was able to broaden his earlier meager education.

This position he held only a short time as Mr. Kirkman was anxious to have him come into the general offices of the railroad, and induced him to go to Clinton, Iowa, where added experience could be had. He remained at Clinton, Iowa for several years and during that time married Emma M. Griffith of Watertown, Wisconsin on March 14th, 1874. The position at Clinton he held for several years, and during that period established a life-long friendship with Mr. H.

G. Burt, who afterwards became vice president of the Northwestern Railroad and president of the Union Pacific Railroad.

My brother narrowly missed becoming a great railroad man, as he was endowed with the faculties that would have won him advancement. It was the era of great railroad expansion, and many men who were coworkers with him rose to high places in that field.

About this time my father organized the Union Wire Mattress Company; the business grew very rapidly and feeling the necessity of having someone to look after his interests, prevailed upon Frank to come back to Chicago and be secretary of the new company. Here he was of great service in the building up of this business, and later, when he became its president, carried its affairs on successfully.

He was of a frank, conscientious disposition, with social qualities that endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. He was a great lover of music and art, and possessed natural artistic ability to which he gave expression with pen and pencil.

He was a lover of nature and lent a willing ear to the "call of the wild." He greatly enjoyed fishing for trout and black bass in the streams and lakes of northern Wisconsin, and I hold in memory many experiences of this kind with him as a companion. He was a born optimist, and whatever happened on these outings he always had a good time.

Frank had three children: George, Allan and Loraine. Allan died December 22, 1888. George and Loraine, grown to maturity, are filling responsible positions—the former as manager and treasurer of the Union Bed and Spring Company, and the latter as a high school teacher in the Spaulding School for Crippled Children at Chicago.

Failing health forced him to retire from business in the fall of 1918 and from then on he spent most of his time at his home among his flowers and books—always, however, maintaining the keenest interest in business. Two winters, 1920-1921, he and his wife spent with us in Los Angeles, hoping that our genial climate and the change would restore him to health.

After a long and useful life, he passed away on February 18th, 1922, and was buried at Watertown, Wisconsin. His wife still maintains the residence at 633 Deming Place, Chicago, which had been their happy home for over thirty-seven years.

W. P. P.

The
PROXIMO CLUB
of LOS ANGELES

OBJECT AND PURPOSE

To elevate the standard of Citizenship and promote a spirit of real Brotherhood

OFFICERS

JUDGE WALDO M. YORK ..... *President*
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W. P. POWERS ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

The Club meets every Thursday at 12, noon, sharp at the Blue Triangle Rooms, Third Floor, 631 South Spring Street. Officers elected quarterly.

FAMILY MATTERS

The parents of the writer on both sides were members of large families—now in this later day unfortunately very much out of fashion.

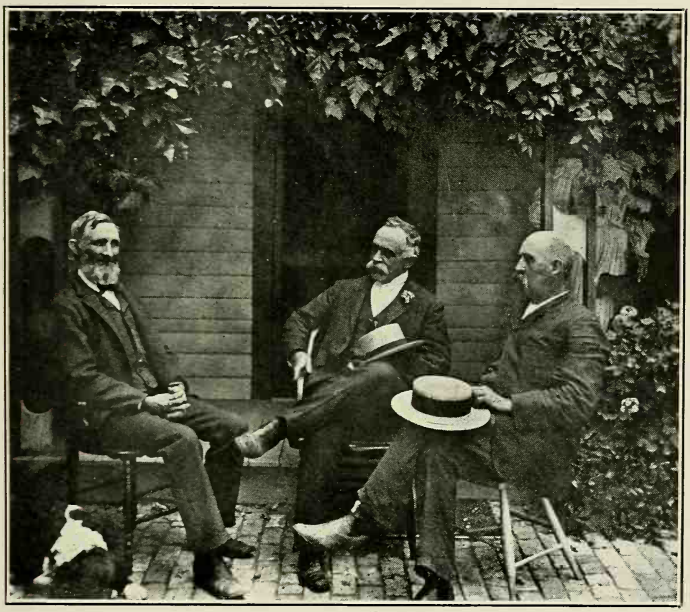
These conditions resulted in a lot of uncles, aunts, and cousins. Some one said with more wit than truth: "We choose our friends, but our relatives are thrust upon us." With that I have no sympathy and little regard.

A close study of my forbears has resulted in finding only one who was ever in jail, and that one was William Brewster, the chief elder of the Plymouth Colony. He was arrested and confined with others for non-conformity with the established Church of England in the days of Queen Elizabeth: his action later resulting in the separatist movement and the forming of the Congregational Church as we now have it, and the voyage of the Mayflower in 1620, and the consequent civilization of our great country.

It is a curious fact in history that the Pilgrim movement in a way, followed from the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. As stated above, Brewster was private secretary to William Davidson, who was the confidential secretary of Queen Elizabeth. Davidson received from the queen the order for the execution of Mary Queen of Scots and carried it out. Such a storm of protest followed that Elizabeth to shield herself, claimed that she did not actually authorize the execution and she discharged Davidson in disgrace and put him in prison. With his discharge, of course, went his under secretary, who returned to his father's home at Scrooby Manor where he some years later organized the first Separatist Church and later came the Pilgrim movement to Holland and afterwards the voyage of

the Mayflower and the Plymouth Colony. So it appears that except for the execution of the unfortunate queen, there would have been no church at Scrooby—no voyage of the Mayflower and no Plymouth Colony.

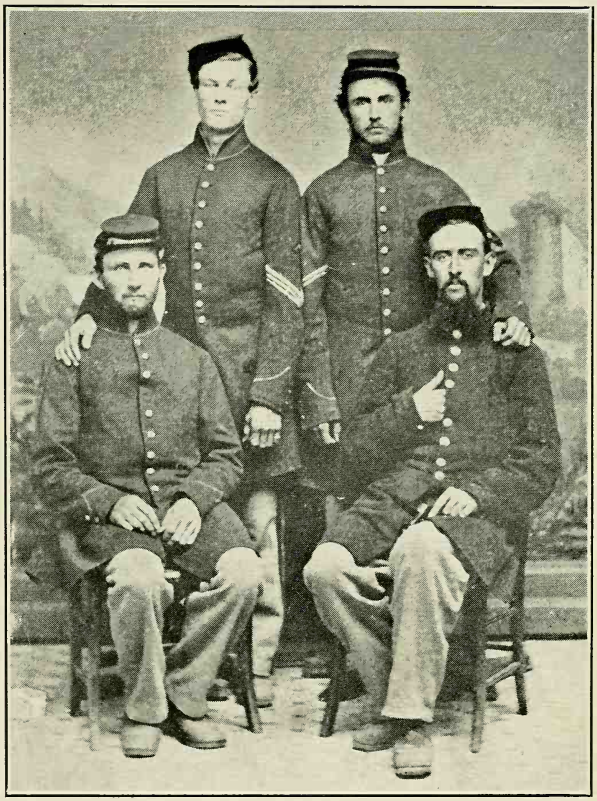
For all my uncles and aunts I had a warm affection, and gone from the earth, they are held in grateful remembrance.



DAVID RICHMOND. W. P. POWERS. CHAS. H. POWERS

The same with my cousins, a very few of them now living. Among those most highly esteemed and of about my age were Charles H. Powers, son of Samuel Powers; George K. Powers, son of Levi Powers; Henry C. Powers, son of Joseph Powers; and David B. Richmond, son of Roxalana Powers, Richmond.

There were others equally as deserving of my regard, doubtless, but not as well known as were these four. We were playmates in our childhood and "pals" in our younger days and friends for life. All are gone but George K. Powers.



DAVID B. RICHMOND. HENRY C. POWERS. GEO. K. POWERS. CHAS. H. POWERS

These four cousins served their country in the Civil War, being all in one Company of the Fortieth

Wisconsin Regiment. The Lieut. Col. of which was Samuel Fallows—afterwards Bishop Fallows, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, Class of eighteen hundred and fifty nine.

On my mother's side (the Harris) were many lovable uncles, aunts and cousins, but most of them lived far away in the East and we were little known to each other.

There were girl cousins as well, and they are left unmentioned not because they were undeserving, but for the reason that my association naturally was more intimate with those of my own sex, and the line must be drawn somewhere.

W. P. POWERS—Compiler of this book.

The writer of this was born at Whitewater, Wisconsin, November 8th, 1842—in a house built by my father which is still standing on the corner of Fourth and Main Streets in good appearance.

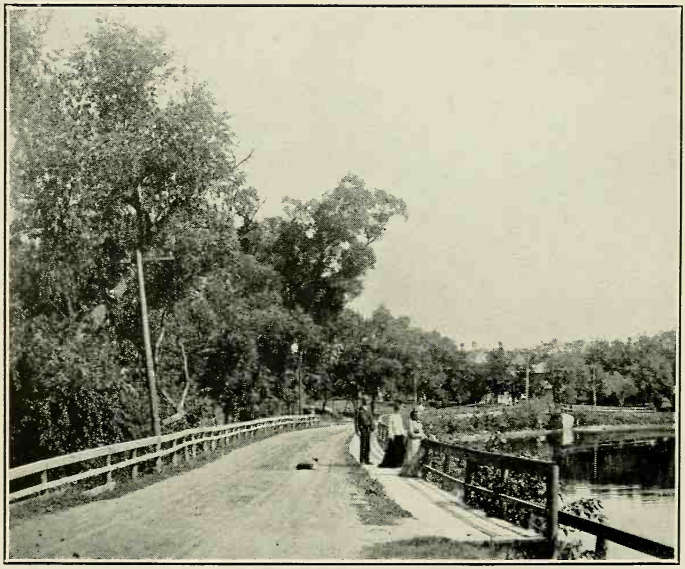
Moving three weeks later to Palmyra, where I lived in my childhood—moved to Waukesha when eight years old and back to Palmyra a year and a half later.

While we were living in Waukesha, the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railway was built to that village and my first sight of a locomotive was had, when with several other boys, running away from school one afternoon we walked out three miles to see it. While we watched it with admiring eyes the engineer squirted water on us, causing a hasty retreat.

After our return to Palmyra, the road reached the village and later, after we had moved to Madison in 1853, it came in there on its way to Prairie de Chien. This is now a part of the St. Paul System.

During the year and a half we were in Waukesha, the dam at Palmyra was washed out at the western end, and the saw mill went with the flood, scattering its machinery and timber down the valley for several miles. My father went immediately to investigate the disaster, taking me, a boy eight years old, with him. The train took us to Eagle, as far as the track was laid and we walked on the grade the six miles to Palmyra, where we found the pond had shrunk back into the old river bed, leaving on either side a muddy bottom, on which we boys picked up numerous mud turtles and fish that had been stranded as the water ran away.

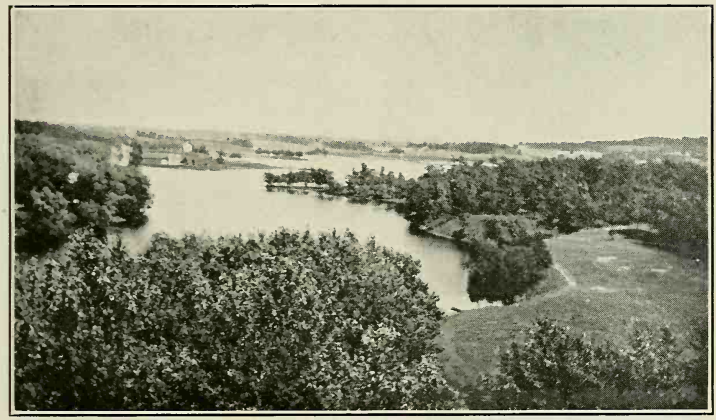
The mill was gone, not a vestige of it left. Before the washout the dam was a narrow affair and the road went down on the left side of the sawmill, a bridge carrying it over the tail race.



THE DAM AT PALMYRA

On this road we used to slide down in the winter, over the narrow bridge to the lowland below.

The mill was never rebuilt, and the dam when restored, was made wider and the road carried over it as seen in the picture. The second picture, taken from the roof of the old sanitarium, shows the beauty of the Lake, as it is now called.



THE LAKE AT PALMYRA

I have always had a strong affection for the village and the lake—a sort of brotherly affection, for we each had the same father. Then again my childhood was spent there and many visits in vacation times after we moved to Madison, during which my cousins, shown in the picture page 28 and myself passed many happy days. Again—it was there I met the wife of my youth, and altogether the place has always had a charm for me that I find nowhere else.

This may be thought to be sentimental, but when you take sentiment out of ones life there is not much left that is worth while.

AUNT HANNAH

During my many vacation visits to Palmyra, after our move to Madison, my aunt, the widow of Uncle Samuel, mother of Charles H. Powers, left nothing undone to give us boys a good time.

She was a New England woman—had been in her girlhood employed in the mills at Lowell, Mass. A woman of strong mentality and vigorous character, with rigid ideas of morality and propriety. Her influence over the cousins that were often in her home, was for the best. She loved us boys, but had little use for the girl cousins.

Then again, she knew what growing active boys like to eat, and there was always plenty on her table—all meals of the day being alike, as was the custom in New England. Three kinds of pie, all on one plate were usually to be had and with our youthful appetites we left little for the next meal. They were happy days, spent largely in fishing, hunting and swimming in the lake.

Then again, my cousin, Charley Powers, was a live wire—with a warm heart and cheerful greeting for everyone he met, and long after the mother had passed away he and his good wife, Cousin Ina (still living), made me welcome in their home. No wonder I cherish pleasant memories of those occasional visits. I love to go there now, although Cousin Charley is only a memory, as he passed away on June 12th, 1912, having lived all his life in the one house, nearby where Mr. Brink had his log cabin, where my infancy was spent.

David Richmond and Geo. K. Powers, were often there in our younger days, and more rarely Henry C. Powers, one of the four shown in the picture. David

Richmond was of a quiet disposition, somewhat diffident with strangers—and just a little odd, but dependable in every way—a faithful friend. He was for a while a student in the University, but the farm claimed him before completing the course, and most of his life was spent on various farms near to Whitewater, where his widow and daughter, Mrs. Corry Hull, still live. He died on Dec. 20th, 1910.

Geo. K. Powers, the youngest and smallest of us all, was I think the brightest as well. He was also for a time a student in the University. His life has been devoted to mercantile pursuits until age and failing health demanded a cessation of work. He and his good wife Nora, are now living at Chickasha, Oklahoma. (1924).

Nature endowed him with a cheerful optimistic disposition and a wonderful memory for the things he saw and heard from his father during his youth, and to that faculty is due the reminiscences appearing in this volume.

Henry C. Powers was a clever mechanic, a student well versed in history and geology. He spoke many languages and wrote scientific articles of a high order for publication. His later years were spent at Sioux City, Iowa, where he died September 11th, 1911.

A PRACTICAL MAN'S PHILOSOPHY

W. P. POWERS

"Not to waste time in useless regret, over a past that can never return, nor yet, to have a paralyzing anxiety over a future that may never arrive, but to make the most of the passing hour, in ways of improvement and legitimate enjoyment appears to embody the wisdom of the ages."

That man appeals to me whose heart is full of human sympathy and kindness, who is ever ready to lend a hand where needed, to speak a word of cheer to the downcast and broken

hearted, to radiate sunshine, and generate enthusiasm in the appreciation of our every-day common blessings which we all constantly enjoy from the Father of us all.

October 16, 1923. JAMES A. TOMLINSON.

UNIVERSITY O F WISCONSIN

At Madison I entered the Preparatory Department of the State University in September, 1853, at not quite eleven years of age.

WILLIAM PENN POWERS, GEO. KIP POWERS, AT AGE OF 13

Two years later found me in the Freshman Class, and losing one year through absence of a term on account of sickness, I graduated in the class of 1860—being seventeen years of age.

During my college years our home was on the bank of Lake Mendota, corner of St. Paul and Gorham Streets.

Having the use of a fine sail boat, I with others spent much time in navigating the lake and became quite an expert sailor. In those days the fishing and duck hunting was good on and about the lake. In summer we swam in its waters and in winter we skated on the ice and altogether derived much pleasure in the various sports afforded by the lake.

When I began at the University there was but one building: that is now known as the North Hall. The foundation had been laid for the South Hall, but from lack of funds the erecting of the building was delayed until the year 1855. Some classes were held in each of these and in the South Hall lived Prof. J. W. Sterling: at his table such of the students as desired were furnished with lunch, myself among the number—my father giving as a reason for such extravagance, that he wanted I should "learn how to behave at the table." So I infer that my table manners must have been susceptible of improvement. At that time there were no co-eds in the institution and no college yells—also no ball games other than one and two "Old Cat." The Athletic equipment consisted of two ropes with rings at the lower ends suspended from a limb of one of the oak trees in the rear of the North Hall, and under the same tree a set of parallel bars. On these we were wont to swing and go through various evolutions calculated to develop and harden our muscles.

During my last year the center building now known as Bascom Hall was completed, making three in all. Now I am advised that there are more than one hundred and all of them of much finer appearance than those I have mentioned.

DEDICATIO.

ILLUSTRISSIMO.

ALEXANDRO W. RANDALL,

Armigero Reipublicae Wisconsinensis Gubernatori.

HONORATISSIMO.

BUTLER G NOBLE,

Armigero Vice-Gubernatori.

Honorandis Curatoribus Hujusce Universitatis.

DOCTISSIMO.

HENRICO BARNARD LL.D

CANCELLARIO.

Omnibus denique, ubicumque terrarum, humanitatis Cultoribus, Reiquepublicae nostrae literariae Fautoribus

EXERCITATIONES HASCE JUVENES IN ARTIBUS INITIATI,

GEO. W BIRD.	MILAN W. SERL,
LEANDER M. COMINS,	F T STARKWEATHER
THOS. J. HALE	JOHN E SUTTON,
WM. P. POWERS	JOHN B PARKINSON,

HUMILLIME DEDICANT.

Nunc Statim habendas in comitiis universitatis, Madisone, Wisconsinensium, die Junii Septimio vicessimo, anno salutis MDCCCLX

State University

COMMENCEMENT

Wednesday, June 27th, 1860

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

SALUTATORY ADDRESS, - - - G W. Bird

MUSIC,

ORATION—The Philosopher the true Utilitarian, L. M. Comins

Language, - - - - T. J. Hale

MUSIC,

ORATION—Decay of Nations, - - W P Powers

Mental Power - - - M W Serl

MUSIC,

ORATION—Faith in the Union, - F T. Starkweather

Monuments, - - - J. E. Sutton

MUSIC,

ORATION—Ultima Thule, - - - G W. Bird

MASTER'S ORATION, - - - J F Smith

MUSIC,

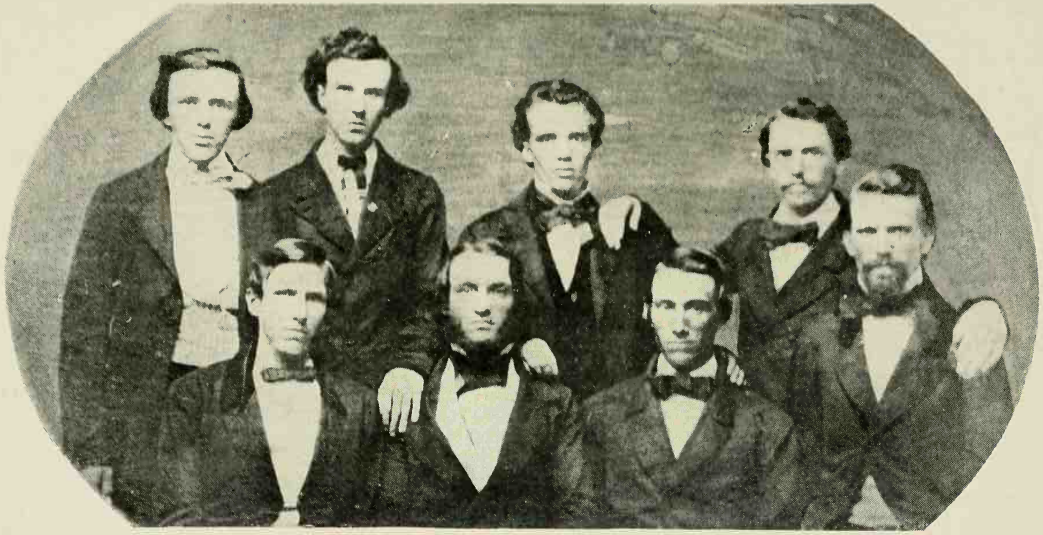
ORATION—"Learn to labor and to wait" with Valedictory Addresses - - J B Parkinson

MUSIC,

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

MUSIC,

BENEDICTION.



W. P. POWERS. F. T. STARKWATER. JOHN E. SUTTON. L. M. COMINS.
GEO. W. BIRD, T. J. HALE, M. W. SEARL, JOHN B. PARKINSON

My classmate, Hon. J. B. Parkinson, former vice-president of the university, and myself are the two oldest graduates of the institution. He was for many years its professor of mathematics, civil polity and International law.

My class consisted at graduation of eight members, of which Hon. John B. Parkinson, valedictorian, and myself are the only survivors. Four of the eight, including myself, were a little later in the Civil War, and two gave up their lives in that sanguinary strife, Leander M. Comins and John E. Sutton.

Fred T. Starkweather and myself, were fortunate enough to return. A photo of my class showing the eight members hangs in my office as I write, while just above it is one of the Class of 1920 in which are shown eleven hundred graduates.

At the commencement of 1920 Hon. J. B. Parkinson, my classmate, and myself were present and received much attention, it being our sixtieth anniversary. (See account of Alumni banquet page 149.)

I had taken the full Classical Course and was particularly interested in the study of chemistry and natural philosophy as well as electricity, of which very little was known at that time, compared with what we have at the present day (1923). At my home I had a chemical laboratory where I conducted experiments in both chemistry and electricity far in advance of my class. I constructed galvanic batteries and an electrical plate machine which with a Leyden jar gave a very vigorous shock. With batteries and a small motor of my own make I obtained motion but at that time, the world had no conception of the development that has since taken place in electric motors.

My mother was anxious that I should become a lawyer, but all my taste was for mechanics, in-

herited from my father, and I naturally gravitated into a machine shop, then located on the shore of Lake Mendota a little way below the university grounds. This shop through assignment of the owner, Thomas P. Turner, a Palmyra man, had come into my father's hands. I was paid from the start one dollar and seventy-five cents per day, a very satisfactory wage for that time, considering my lack of experience.

During the year following, my father being general agent for the Kirby Reaper and having invented a self raker and having applied some of them to the reapers, I was kept busy in an effort to make them operate satisfactorily. The war was on and the young men were volunteering—I with some of them enlisted under the first call of President Lincoln, but my father took my name off the roll, not from lack of patriotism, but because he needed me to look after the self rakers, and they did keep me busy. In the summer of 1862 when the pressure to do my bit for the country became too strong for further resistance, I again enlisted, Aug. 18th, '62, and this time for good. I was soon sent as a recruit with others to the First Wisconsin Heavy Artillery, then stationed in Fort Cass, one of the chain of forts for the defense of Washington.

In this company where I served for sixteen months in the fortifications about Washington and Alexandria, there was little chance for promotion unless one was a roysterer and played a good game of pinochle. Some of us were restive under these conditions and with a view of getting commissions in colored regiments, secured the endorsement of our captain as to our qualifications, and later some were given commissions in other organizations. One of these was Wellington G. Sprague. He was a clean-minded young man, a rigid abstainer from liquor and tobacco, and of high

moral character. He was appointed a captain in a colored regiment and went to the front and in the battle of Cold Harbor was shot through the body—a very serious wound and one usually fatal. He, however, survived, owing entirely to his clean habits of life.

In the meantime I had been commissioned in the Fourth Wisconsin Battery as elsewhere told in this book, and one day I rode over to his part of the line in front of Petersburg and called upon him—a somewhat rare thing, such was the prejudice among officers in white commands against those in colored regiments.

On the way over I was nearly unhorsed by a ball from a sharp-shooter's rifle which struck the ground just in front of my horse's feet, causing him to make a sudden jump which doubtless led the rebel to think that either I or the horse had been hit. When returning I avoided that open space, being advised by an officer that the enemy had sharpshooters posted in trees watching for a chance to kill any officer passing.

When I bade him goodby, he said, "I well know, lieutenant, that you cannot invite me to return the call", and I could not, as he would not have been courteously received by my brother officers in the battery.

I saw no more of Sprague and had lost track of him, when many years after the war, there walked into my office in Chicago, a tall, fine looking well dressed man, with grey hair and long flowing whiskers, saying "Is this Mr. Powers?" Replying to my admission, he said "I am Sprague." Well, I was glad to see him and we passed a pleasant hour in reminiscent conversation.

He told me that after the close of the war he had been for ten years an officer in the regular army and that since then his home had been in Topeka, Kansas, where he had been in the real estate business and had

been fairly prosperous and that he had little to complain of.

At parting I said, "Tell me Sprague, were you able when serving with officers in the regular army, to maintain the high standard of conduct that you did when I knew you?" He answered, "I know well the conditions you have in mind, and they were not different in my regiment from what they were with you, but whenever the officers lined up in front of a bar, I called for buttermilk, and they called me "Buttermilk Sprague"; But, said he, in an impressive manner, *"I have lived to see the last one of those officers buried."* A lesson in temperance.

Sprague has gone to the other world along with the large majority of the Union's defenders.

Among the other clean-minded young men in the 1st Heavy Artillery Company was Edwin R. Smith, for many years after the war a teacher in Burlington, Wisconsin and later a resident of Riverside, California, until his death a few years ago. I much enjoyed the evenings spent with him at the Mission Inn whenever in Riverside and I greatly miss him now on our occasional visits to that unique and beautiful hotel.

Another of the same character was Page Goodman, as well as his brother, Edward, the former still living in good health at Whitewater, Wisconsin. He was and is a musician—a fine singer. Encouraged by his example while in camp I learned to play the flute and to read music, playing by note. In distributing his favors the God of Music had passed me by, and in my youth I could not tell one tune from another except by the time. My "struggle" with the flute, however, improved my ear for music, and of late years I am able to sing familiar old time songs in chorus, but have never been able to carry correctly a tune by myself.

My ability to play the flute was of inestimable value after I took my place as first lieutenant in the Fourth Battery. With it I was able to learn all the bugle calls by which the evolutions of a battery are directed. The Captain is accompanied by a bugler riding beside him, who blows on his bugle the orders given by the captain. The lieutenants in command of each section of the battery, hearing the bugle calls, must give the orders to their subordinates. Without the ability to master these calls I could not have qualified for my position and except for my experience with the flute I could not have learned them.

Our captain in the Fourth Battery could not tell one call from another, and sometimes the bugler blew by mistake a call different from what the captain had in his mind and a different movement of the battery would ensue, whereat he occasionally indulged in not very mild profanity. There were many other fine fellows in the Heavy Artillery Company, too many to mention in this article. I speak of these last two because I have seen much of them since the war.

Sixty years have passed since my army service, and but few are now living and that any survive is due to their having had correct habits of life.

It was not my fortune to participate in any of the great and decisive battles of the war. I, however, saw enough of service in action to satisfy my ambition in that direction. My first service was as told elsewhere, in the fortifications about Washington. It was a mild form of soldiering—our principal duties being to keep ourselves and our accoutrements in fine condition and to take part in daily drills and occasional excursions into the country to meet an imaginary enemy, and some picket duty designed to familiarize us with real war, should we be transferred to more active fields.

Occasional visits were permitted to the cities of Washington and Alexandria and we now and then found ways of getting to these without permission—the countersign surreptitiously obtained affording means for such visits during the night. On such occasions we usually took in a theatre or perhaps a walk through the streets, returning late in the night or very early in the morning while the countersign was yet good.

Having become fairly proficient with the flute I was detailed in September '63, into the drum corps to play the fife. This was quite a favor as it relieved me from all guard duty and all I had to do was to play with the drum corps at guard mountings and dress parades. This service continued until I was commissioned in November.

After my promotion I was more fortunate and saw some active service, incidents of which are told in the following pages, which contain excerpts from some of the letters written to Margaret F. Knight, to whom I was engaged and who became my wife after the war was over. They have been "censored", the expressions of affection usual to young lovers being eliminated, as being of no interest to others, and some allowance should be made for the enthusiasm of youth under fire for the first time after a year and a half of peaceful service. They are thought to portray faithfully how matters looked to the writer at that time. They were preserved with many others by the girl who received them, in a package labeled on the outside "Letters from a War Veteran To a War Widow".

There were many letters written and received during my service in the Heavy Artillery, most of which I still have, but they do not contain anything that is deemed worthy of reproduction here—so uninteresting was our service in guarding the National Capital.

THE WAR VETERAN

THE WAR WIDOW

Of course it can be said in our favor that "They also serve who stand and wait", but it was galling to our pride when the army, defeated in the second battle of Bull Run, marching ragged and dusty by the gate of Fort Worth, where we stood in our natty uniforms, and some of the veterans would call out and say "Is this place hard to hold?" There was quite a contrast between our appearance and theirs and we did not blame them for their sarcastic comments.

In the fall of 1863 I was commissioned by the governor of Wisconsin (Edward Salomon) as a first

W. P. POWERS, 1ST. LIEUT.
FOURTH WISCONSIN LIGHT ARTILLERY

lieutenant in the Fourth Wisconsin Battery, then encamped at Getty Station near Portsmouth, Va. With my commission came an order to return to Wisconsin on recruiting service, a most welcome order. The following two months I spent in Wisconsin, and then joined my battery, taking with me one hundred recruits, some for the battery, some for my old artillery company and some for various regiments in the Army of the Potomac. When delivering these to the First Heavy Artillery, then stationed at Battery Rodgers on the river at the lower end of Fairfax Street in Alexandria, I was given a warm welcome by my old comrades during the few hours I was there.

After obtaining receipts for all the recruits, I took the steamer for Fortress Monroe and arriving at Ports-

mouth was met by Captain Geo. B. Easterley who had brought a horse and an orderly for me and we were soon at the camp about six miles away and I assumed with some diffidence my duties as an officer of the Battery; Being promoted into it from the outside there was naturally some feeling against me on the part of those who felt they were entitled to the position. I was not the only one brought in, as a few weeks later came Lieut. D. L. Noggle, second lieutenant. This importation of officers from the outside was brought about by the captain having written to the governor of Wisconsin, requesting such appointments, saying "He had no one in the company deserving advancement." This was a very unusual and uncalled for assertion, as there were non-commissioned officers more capable than was I, and who should have been commissioned. Captain Easterly was a "martinet" officer and was very arbitrary and overbearing, assuming all the exclusiveness of an officer in the regular army in his treatment of men under him. After leaving the service he went crazy and died in an asylum. Possibly his mind was somewhat affected when he made that extraordinary request to the governor. That would seem to be a charitable way of looking at it.

The fourth battery was mounted in the summer of 1864 and we served with General Kautz's Cavalry Division—every man having a horse under him. In the spring of 1864 after some local scouting and a bloodless expedition to Smithfield and some picket duty, we were ordered to Portsmouth, where we embarked on a steamer that took us to Yorktown—the scene of Cornwallis' surrender in the War of the Revolution. The night before we took the steamer, being in camp in Portsmouth, extraordinary efforts were made to keep the men inside the guards, in the interests of sobriety.

I was officer of the day and my orders were to see that no one left the camp and to this end I was up and on duty all night, with numerous guards posted about the camp—but in spite of all this when morning came about one third of the men were too drunk to be of any service in loading the battery on the boat. The captain ordered me to put them in the coal hole, which I did and they were kept there for two days until we reached Yorktown. I shall never forget how they looked as they came out; some had been fighting and with bloody faces begrimed with coal dust they were even blacker than the negroes of the South. They were given the job of unloading the Battery and went at it with alacrity while those who had kept sober looked on and enjoyed the scene. To them it was a lesson in temperance. How they obtained the liquor in Portsmouth we never knew. Prohibition even under military rule was as difficult to enforce then as now.

After a few days at Yorktown we marched across the country to Newport News, where we embarked on a steamer and went up the James River to Bermuda Hundred along with the Army of the James, commanded by General Benjamin F. Butler.

LETTERS TO "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME"

Camp 4th Wis. Battery
Feb. 11th, 1864

My dear One:

I at last find an opportunity to write you and let you know that I am still in the land of the living and all right, though pretty nearly used up—physically.

I left Madison on Thursday at noon with ninety-six recruits for the following named organizations, viz: for 1st Wis. Heavy Artillery, forty-six; 19th Wis.

Regt., thirty-eight; 5th Regt., 2; 2nd Regt., 2; and 4th Regt., 8. It was quite a squad and I had no one to help me take care of them.

We arrived at Chicago at eight o'clock in the evening. I formed the men in ranks and marched them to the other depot, about a mile, and we were soon on board the train for Pittsburgh.

At Pittsburgh we changed cars again and after a delay of two hours started on. During this delay I marched the men up to the Soldiers' Home, where we obtained a tip top supper.

We passed through the tunnels and over the Alleghany Mountains early in the forenoon. The scenery was fine and we enjoyed it very much.

We reached Harrisburg at seven in the evening, and had to lay over until three in the morning.

After getting supper for the men at the "Home" I gave them permission to go where they were of a mind to over the city, only they must be sure and be back at three. I roamed about the city during the early part of the evening and then went back to the depot where the men were quartered. The boys all behaved themselves well except one who got into several rows and withal made me considerable trouble. The men were there long before the appointed hour, every one, and we again got under way for Baltimore, arriving there at seven o'clock Sunday morning; took the men to the "Home" and went to the quartermaster's office for transportation for the heavy artillery men to Washington—started with them and the 2nd and 5th recruits at eleven, arriving in Washington at 4 p. m., took the boat and reached Alexandria at six—marched the men down to Battery Rodgers and delivered them over to Major Messervey who was considerably sur-

prised to see me and I suppose not very glad—at least I was not to see him.

Well, you'd better believe the boys were astonished and such a rush as there was and such a shaking of hands you never saw. They were awful glad to see me and I was to see them. I found the boys in No. 1 tent all right. Page Goodman took me out in a few minutes and said very confidentially he wanted me to go with him and make a call. I went along over to a tent all alone by itself and upon entering met Ed Goodman, who arose, shook hands and introduced me to "Mrs. Goodman", a rather good-looking lady, formerly Lottie Thorne. So you see Ed is married and our suspicions were true. He asked particularly about you and would hardly believe but what we were married. I finally convinced him, though.

Well, I saw nearly all my old comrades—Tom Fields among the rest, who was as full of the D——l as ever. Every time anyone would come in and shake hands with me he would step up and shake hands with them, too, mocking me, which made some sport. I asked and answered innumerable questions and finally went to bed.

In the morning I went up to General Briggs's headquarters and turned over the 2nd and 5th recruits and then started for Baltimore, notwithstanding the boys tried every argument that ingenuity could devise to persuade me to remain over one day longer. There was going to be a dance that night in the mess house, and nothing would do but I must stop and go to it; but, although I would have liked exceedingly to have stayed with the boys one day more, duty would not allow it, and I left them.

I arrived at Baltimore at noon and found all the boys. They were glad to see me back, for they thought

I was a pretty nice kind of a fellow—wasn't it strange? Well, they did, and they showed it in a great many ways. They overloaded me with cigars, apples, oranges and other edibles, all the way down. We took a boat at 9 o'clock and were soon steaming down the bay.

Saturday evening. I had to leave the above the other day—I will finish it now.

I went to bed in a good stateroom, and when I awoke in the morning we were at Fortress Monroe. There I left the recruits for the 19th Regt. with the provost marshal and with my eight started at nine on a boat for Norfolk, where we arrived at ten. From there we crossed on the ferry to Portsmouth, where we found the captain and a wagon to take up our luggage, also a good horse for me to ride. We rode up together, a distance of six miles, to the battery.

The captain was very glad to see me, especially as he needed me. The other officers are 1st Lieut. M. McDevitt and 2nd Lieut. Wright. They are both fine fellows and I like them and the captain very much. Lieut. Noggle has not reported yet.

The battery is situated on a low flat piece of ground in the middle of a pine forest just on the edge of the great Dismal Swamp. I haven't seen anything of that "Lover and Maid so true" who are said to roam about with their "firefly lamp" and "white canoe", but I suppose I shall meet them one of these nights.

Since I came I have been to Norfolk two or three times, and once to Fortress Monroe on business.

I have nothing of any account to do and a good horse to ride around the country at pleasure, and a man to take care of him. Then, again, I have the advantage of good society among the officers about here. They drink almost too much whisky though, for me. Lieut. McDevitt has married a Virginia girl, worth a goodly

sum of money. They live in a log house near by and must have pleasant times. The weather is glorious and has been for the last month, so they say. It is vastly different from the climate of Wisconsin, I tell you. I have been down to Portsmouth this afternoon to see Captain Sprague, who was formerly in the heavy artillery and is now in a colored regiment. He was astonished to see me, as he had not heard at all of my promotion. You cannot imagine what a prejudice there is here against the colored regiments and their officers especially. The officers of white regiments will not speak to them, notice them, or have anything to do with them. Their contempt for them is intense. They are all McClellan men and are down on freeing the "niggers" or anything of that nature. As I can't agree with them, I keep still and let them talk. (See account of call on Sprague on page 39.)

On Board Barges, off Newport News
May 5th, 1864

My dear one:

I did not expect to be able to write you again, but I will drop you a line to keep you posted up to the last moment. Yesterday morning, as expected we loaded onto these barges and expected to move immediately, but to our astonishment and chagrin an order came for us to unload again and not go with the expedition.

Since then we have been working every day to get the order countermanded so that we can go, and the general has at last ordered us to go with the rest; so we are now making final preparations and shall start this p. m., I hope. It has taken some tall wire pulling to get things fixed so we can go, but we have succeeded at last.

I should have felt awful about it had we been kept back here and not allowed to do our part. The expe-

dition has already gone, five iron-clads, four of them monitors, accompanying the expedition.

The expedition has gone up James River and is undoubtedly going to lay siege to Fort Darling, which is the key to Richmond by water. A heavy force of infantry and artillery has gone and you will hear of big things there, probably before you get this. Oh, I hope we may be successful and God knows we shall try our best. The Army of the Potomac is said to be fighting now—how true it is I cannot say. The weather is splendid and now is the time to do what we are going to.

Yesterday afternoon I went out and visited the captured "rebel ram" Atlanta, and one of our monitors, the "Tecumseh." They were a sight well worth seeing, and I believe they will do well against "Fort Darling." The river all last night and this morning was crowded with transports going up, loaded with troops. Oh, if we are only successful, won't it be grand? I believe Old Grant knows his business, and I go with the expedition confident of success.

I cannot tell when I shall be able to write you again, but I will as soon as possible. You must not worry, but keep good heart and believe that we are coming out all right. I have not had any letters in some time and I suppose it will be a long time before I will get any more.

I've nothing more to write, so I must close.

Camp: 9 miles from Petersburg, Va.
May 11th, 1864

My dear one:

I sit down to write you today feeling very doubtful whether the letter will ever reach you, as I don't know what I shall do with it after it is written. There may a chance of sending it turn up, so I'll write it anyhow.

I wrote you last at Newport News—we were lying there for want of transportation. On Friday afternoon we got two vessels and loaded our horses on, swung out into the stream and anchored till daylight Saturday morning, when we started up the James River. It was a beautiful day, though very hot, and we had a fine ride. The banks of the river are very beautiful and we passed several places of interest, among which were Jamestown, of Capt. John Smith notoriety; Harrison's Landing, where McClellan embarked his army at the close "of the Peninsular failure", and just beyond the battlefield of Malvern Hill. Further up we passed City Point, where all our prisoners have been exchanged: here we came in sight of our entire fleet lying opposite to a place called "Bermuda Hundred"—here the expedition had landed and we hauled in and landed also on a dock constructed from canal boats, lighters, etc. We camped near the river and waited for the arrival of one of the vessels loaded with our horses which had got aground off Hog Island. It did not come till the next noon. Before we got there the Rebels had destroyed two of our gunboats with torpedoes and a battle had been fought a short distance in advance of where we now lie for the possession of a railroad running to Port Walthal, on the Richmond and Petersburg Railway.

Many wounded were brought into the landing while we were there that morning. It was a sad and suggestive sight, but we have since learned to look at such things without being affected by them.

The moment our horses were disembarked and fed, we started for the front, which we were told was about seven miles towards Petersburg. The roads as we marched along were strewn with clothing of all kinds which the soldiers had thrown off, it being most dreadfully hot. Occasional reports of cannon came booming

through the woods, reminding us of where we were going and what we might expect. About four o'clock we reached the extreme line where our troops were throwing up breastworks. Everything was then quiet and we passed along the line and camped in our present position about dusk, on the left of the line about half a mile from the Appomattox River. We received orders to march at daylight of the following morning (Monday) in the lightest possible order without blankets, baggage or tents.

Evening.

Since writing the above I have had a piece of extremely good luck: can you imagine what it was? Well, I'll tell you. A big bundle of letters came and you'd better believe I watched them eagerly as they were read over and there were two for me. Oh, wasn't I glad! As I was watching the pile a heavy volley of musketry and cannon opened on our left within a few hundred rods of us, and so intent was I to get a letter that I hardly noticed it. So accustomed have we grown to the sounds of battles that we pay no attention to such things unless they are right upon us. I got back under my tarpaulin and was greedily devouring one of the letters when the rolling of musketry seemed almost continuous—so much so and so near that we all jumped up, thinking the Rebels were right upon us, when an officer standing near remarked that all the regiments of infantry were ordered to turn out and discharge their muskets, loaded since yesterday's battle. That convinced us that all was right and we went on reading our letters. I was glad it was not an attack, as I couldn't have stood it to have waited to read your letters. But I will continue my story.

At daylight on Monday morning we marched towards Petersburg with the entire force here, which

is supposed to be in the neighborhood of 40,000. After marching about three miles we halted in a large field where the line of battle was formed. We waited there two or three hours in the boiling sun for the troops on our right to come up to the line. The line of battle extended from James River clear around to the Appomattox River, so it was impossible for the Rebs to flank us. We were on the left near the Appomattox.

About 10 o'clock the whole line moved forward, meeting with but little opposition at first. A scattering fire soon opened upon the infantry on our front and the fire soon became quite lively. We were here kept in the rear, as our guns were rifled and so not so good for short range and for throwing cannister in thick woods, as smooth-bore guns of larger calibre. About noon we were ordered to plant our battery on a hill a short distance from the Appomattox to silence a Rebel battery on the opposite side of the river. We were ordered not to fire unless fired upon by them first. We left the caissons under the hill out of range and went up the hill and were just unlimbering when someone cried out, "There comes a shot." I turned in my saddle and looked over the river and there on the other side was a regular built fort with four embrasures, from one of which was rising a puff of white smoke. An instant later, whiz, bang! came a shell and exploded below us on the hillside. This was the first idea I had that there were any Rebels or fort there, as the captain had not told me where we were going or what we were going to do. I dismounted just as another shell burst over our heads and, giving my horse to a man to hold, ordered the men to load with percussion shell. (These are shells made with a gun cap in them so that they explode when they strike.)

We opened on them quicker than I can write it and the way we put shells into that fort was a caution to Rebels. The distance was a mile and a third and our gunners did splendid execution. We took it cool, aiming each piece with care, and after attaining the range almost every shot struck the fort. All this time the Rebels were not idle, you may be sure. Their shells came whistling over, but most all of them burst short of the battery owing to their fuses being cut too short. Occasionally the pieces of shell whistled over our heads and amongst us, doing no damage, however. Their's were heavy, smooth-bore guns, 32-pounders, and were no match for our neat little steel 10-pound rifles.

My section had a very narrow escape from one of their shots. It was a ricochet shot, striking in the valley below between us and the river, throwing up a cloud of dust and bounding over the hill, keeping just above the surface of the ground. I saw that shell distinctly as it came up the hill and stepped to the left to avoid it. It struck the ground about 20 feet in front of the right piece of my section and had it exploded there, nothing would have saved the section from total annihilation. But, luckily, its fuse was imperfect and it did not burst, but, ploughing a furrow in the ground a few feet, rose and passed obliquely through the center of the section about two feet above the surface of the ground. It missed my right piece by about a foot and a half and the three cannoneers who were standing on that side loading the piece. It passed about four feet to the right of me, as I was standing in the center of the section, and, just grazing the limbers in the rear, struck the captain's private horse, passing directly through her body, of course killing her instantly. I speak thus explicitly of this shot because it was the only one that failed to explode and so the only one that we

saw the movement of. The others exploded and, of course, the pieces were not visible to us as they went by, so we don't know how near *they* came to us. But that shot came plenty near enough to suit me and if I hadn't seen it and dodged it, I might now have been minus a pair of legs, which would have been very inconvenient.

Well, we kept the shells flying with good effect for half an hour, when the Rebels got up and traveled out of there, very lively. We fired one hundred and eight shots in all at them, and if they escaped as lucky as we did without losing a man, they did remarkably well.

The captain felt sorry about the mare, as she was a fine animal, but he was, of course, glad it was no worse. Their guns were no match for ours.

A short time after they skedaddled we witnessed an artillery fight between another Rebel battery of heavy guns back of the fort and one of our gunboats which had run up the Appomattox. It was a sharp fight and to our regret resulted in the destruction of the gunboat, which blew up and burned, at which the Rebels jumped and hollered enthusiastically. They cheered to our sorrow that time, but twelve hours later we cheered to their *bitter* sorrow, as I will relate when I get around to it.

About two we were ordered to go with the right and left section to another part of the line where sharp fighting was going on, leaving the center section there to keep the Rebels from again occupying the fort. As we came up to the line we passed the surgeons' camp where they were dressing the wounds of the poor fellows who had fallen. It was a sad sight but we would not allow ourselves to think of it. We were not brought into position where we could fire, but were kept just in the rear to be used if necessary. We were out of range of the main fire, but occasionally a stray

shot would hum past us, though so high as to do no damage, to us. We neither gained nor lost ground, and at night we lay in the same position, to rest if possible. If ever I was thankful to see the sun go down it was that night, for the day had been terribly hot and sultry, and *very many* were sunstruck. Had it not been for a canteen of whiskey which I had, I don't know how I should have stood it, for it was awful. You in Wisconsin can form no idea of how much soldiers suffer for want of water and from heat during a battle. I hope never to go into a battle without a canteen of whiskey.

That night we lay down completely tired out and though muskets were rattling in front of us all the time between the pickets, it did not prevent us from sleeping soundly. A regular battery laid just in front of us and a short distance in front of them was our extreme picket line. At mid-night occurred the most bloody and terrible fight of the whole two days. It was in this wise: The Rebels, thinking to capture this regular battery in front of us and us, too, silently massed a brigade of their troops in front of our position and suddenly charged upon our picket line, thinking it unsupported. But the movement had been foreseen by General Martindale, commanding our brigade, and unknown to the Rebels he had made preparations to receive them. As they came triumphantly on expecting an easy capture, a brigade of our boys suddenly sprang up before them as though born of the leaves of the forest, and poured into them a galling, scathing fire that was terrible beyond all description. The Rebels, the *unharmed*, the *wounded*, and the *dead* all fell together to the ground before that storm of leaden hail.

Paralyzed with sudden terror they knew not what to do and so laid on the ground some two or three minutes until our boys had loaded again, when, they coming to their senses, arose to their feet, (those that were able) and attempted to rally. Again our boys poured into their scattered and thin ranks their galling fire before which they melted down, like grain before the reaper. Those who escaped the fire broke and fled in wild disorder when our boys set up a cheer long and loud, that I'll bet made the blood run cold in many a Rebel heart. Our loss was trifling—theirs was terrible. The ground in front of us was literally strewn with dead and wounded. Their wounded lay there till morning, filling the air with their groans. The Rebels would not come after them and would not let us get them, so there they laid until the Rebs fell back in the morning.

The sound of those volleys of musketry I can never forget. Awakened as I was out of a sound sleep by that continuous rattling roar it seemed as though all the demons of hell had been let loose around us.

Well I must close now as it is very late and we are under marching orders to go at three in the morning somewhere. At some other time I will give you an account of the next day's fighting and of other events which may happen in the future. Good night.

Morning.

Contrary to expectation I am still here. We got hitched up ready to go at daylight but an order came to unhitch and stay in camp—you can bet I was glad as it is a miserable rainy day and I didn't feel like going at all. All the other troops have gone off towards the right of the line and there will undoubtedly be fighting today; but I will go on with my story. On Tuesday morning there was no fighting on the left where we

were until about eleven, it being confined entirely to the right with the troops under Gilmore. Of the result of their fighting I know nothing. About eleven our brigade advanced, driving the Rebels before them, very little artillery being employed owing to the country being so rough and so heavily timbered.

We at length gained the Petersburg and Richmond railroad, where the column halted and we soon destroyed a large portion of the track, tearing up the iron and ties, and piling the ties up with the iron on top and burning them. The work of destruction being completed, our wounded, with those of the Rebels in our hands, were carried to the rear—the dead buried, and then we fell back to our present position, our old camp. The object of the two days' fighting was to destroy the railroad, and so we were successful.

Lee cannot now be reinforced from North or South Carolina without great difficulty, and the destruction of the railroad is a severe blow to them.

What our loss was, I do not know, but it was not heavy, nothing like that of the enemy.

Yesterday was very quiet, there being no fighting along the line except by the gun-boats in the Appomattox. What the result was I do not know.

Our news is very meager, but we have heard that Grant has gained a great victory over Lee and now pursuing him to Richmond. God grant that it may be so. We feel confident that we can whip them here if General Butler will only lead us against them. Richmond we are bound to take this summer. The country about here is entirely deserted but abounds in chickens, sheep, hogs, etc. Some of the residences are furnished splendidly. The owners, taken unawares, left everything just as it happened to be when they heard of our coming. It was a total surprise to them.

What we will do next remains a mystery—nothing is known here an hour ahead: that's the way it should be.

Well, I have given you a very poor account of this affair, but it's the best I can do. If you would see the circumstances under which I write you would not wonder that the letter is disconnected and full of mistakes, both of spelling and grammar. I would not write to anyone but you under the circumstances. But I know you will be anxious to hear from me and I want to spare you any anxiety on my account.

Now I will answer your two letters received yesterday. They are No. 19 and 20, and are the ones that were lost when we went to Yorktown from Portsmouth. There must be three or four more for me somewhere and I wish they would come. I can find no fault with your letters since I left you. They have been just as good as they could be and longer always than I had any right to expect. You are a good girl to write me such great long letters, and if I can't pay you now I will some time. So you have actually gone and had your hair cut off? I wonder how you look. I wish I could see you. Well, I have followed suit and had my flying tresses lopped off also, as I couldn't carry a comb to comb my hair with under the present reduced state of baggage.

Yes, I heard from the 1st Heavy Artillery about a month ago, but learned no news that would interest you.

Camp near Petersburg, Va.
May 17th, 1864

My Dear One:

At last I have a chance to write you and I gladly embrace it for I know you will be anxious to hear that I am all right after the battles of the last few days.

We have had hard times, and hard luck: and I have to thank God and your prayers that I have been spared while so many brave and true hearts have fallen. Long before you receive this you will doubtless have read in the papers all about our late movements, and about the disastrous failure of General Butler's movement against "Fort Darling." But I have no faith that you will get the true account in the papers, for papers never publish the truth concerning these reverses. I never knew until I went into action myself, at least I never realized, how little truth there is in newspaper accounts of army operations. They don't pretend to publish the truth, and I honestly believe that our papers tell more and bigger lies about battles than the Rebel papers do. In every movement that I have had anything to do with it has been so. The accounts which we get here daily in New York papers of our own operations are simply ridiculous: exaggerated beyond all description, so as to favor our own side. But enough of this—

I will give you as good an account as I can of matters as they have occurred since I wrote you last. Thursday night we lay here in camp, nothing of interest occurring. Friday noon we were ordered to the front and marched immediately towards Drury's Bluff. About six miles from here we came upon a turnpike road running from Richmond to Petersburg. This we followed about two miles toward Richmond when we came to the battlefield where fighting was then going on for the possession of the road and the enemy's breastworks—nothing but artillery was engaged at that time. We were halted just in the rear and there we waited in the thick clay mud, it raining hard all the time until the next day about ten o'clock, when we were ordered forward. Our infantry had charged and taken the

first line of the enemy's works about three miles from "Fort Darling," and about seven from Richmond, in a direct line. So far our loss had been very light. As we went up to our new position we passed through the grounds of a splendid residence—the finest I have seen in this part of Virginia. We planted our battery just in the rear of the Rebels' abandoned earthworks, about half a mile to the left of the turnpike, to support the center of our line of battle, commanded by General Brooks. General Heckman's brigade was upon our right; General Gilmore's troops were upon the left.

Nearly a mile in front of us a Rebel fort loomed up, upon the crest of which waved two Rebel flags. Between us and that were the two lines of skirmishers, ours and the enemy's; they were continually peppering away at each other all day, killing and wounding a good many. We immediately opened upon the fort with our battery, which soon attracted the fire of the Rebel sharpshooters and of another Rebel battery to the left through the woods, upon us. The main fort soon replied, throwing case shot at us (these are hollow shells filled with innumerable small leaden balls and with just enough powder in to burst the thin shell and let the balls go scattering. These shot, by means of a fuse, are bursted just before they reach the object aimed at and the contents fly in every direction). We soon silenced the fort, our shells bursting in their embrasures so that they could not load their guns. The battery upon our left we could not touch for the reason that it was invisible to us and our skirmishers were in the woods between us and them so that we might kill our own men as well as the Rebels. So we had to lay there and take their fire without the privilege of replying and I tell you it was very uncom-

fortable. Their shells and case shot burst all around us and how we escaped as well as we did is a miracle to all. We lost one man from the battery. He was wounded through the leg by a ball from a case shot. To be under fire while lying idle so, is intensely disagreeable, but one don't notice it if he is engaged at the same time in firing upon the enemy.

About four o'clock p. m., we with another battery opened a furious cannonade on the Rebel works to cover an assault which General Gilmore was to make from the left. For some reason unknown to me the assault was not made. That it was not made was, in my opinion, a great mistake.

At sundown we were ordered back a short distance to a position safer for artillery. At daylight on the following morning we returned to the position of the day before, but a short time after were ordered back to a rise of ground about a third of a mile where we could still command the fort and were at the same time out or range of the Rebel battery on our left. We laid there all day Sunday in almost perfect safety, only a very few shots reaching us and those doing no damage. During Saturday night the Rebels had piled the crest of the fort with sand bags, leaving loop holes between them for muskets which rendered the taking of the fort by assault immensely more difficult, if not impossible. That's why a charge should have been made the night before. Fighting was carried on all day Sunday by the skirmishers of both sides together with considerable artillery but neither side gained an inch, and the sun went down with us in the same position. In this useless firing our side lost a good many men—the Rebs employing sharpshooters in the tree tops and in every convenient spot from whence they would pick off our men very easily. We fell back in the same position we occupied the night before with

orders to return at daylight. At three o'clock on Monday morning we went back to the old spot in a dense fog, such as I never saw before and I hope I may never see again under like circumstances.

During the night the Rebels had received re-enforcements under General Beauregard from Richmond and we had scarcely got our pieces into position before all of a sudden a furious cannonade opened upon our right from the fort which we had engaged on Saturday. The roar of their cannon was almost incessant and the whirling, humming screeching shells as they went through the woods to our right made wild unearthly music that henceforth I should much prefer to be excused from hearing. A moment after there rose on the thick, misty air a terrible ringing cheer such as Rebels only can give and then the quick sharp crack of muskets which soon swelled into an undistinguishable crashing roar. The cannonading ceased and nothing was heard for ten minutes but the roar of muskets and the shrill yells of the exultant Rebels. Then all was quiet and though we could not see four rods through the mist, we knew that the Rebels were repulsed, by the sound of firing. There was a perfect silence of perhaps ten minutes and then down they came upon our left with the same unearthly yell. Here they were met by the similar volleys of musketry and were repulsed. They immediately came down again on the right fiercer than before, and the struggle this time was long and bitter. The General had brought up a rifled battery of 4 20-pound guns and also a light battery which threw cannister into their advancing columns with terrible effect. The mist now became thicker and thicker mingled with the smoke of the battle, so that it was utterly impossible to see any object forty feet off. Thus you see it was almost impossible to use artillery as you could not tell whether

you were firing into the Rebs or our own men. Through this mist the approaching columns of the Rebels could not be seen until they were right into our lines and not knowing the spot where they were going to strike, our troops could not be massed to repel them successfully. At length they succeeded in turning our right by driving back the negro troops and coming in in the rear of General Heckman's brigade, captured almost the entire brigade. At the same time they forced their way up to the two batteries which were playing on them and before they could be withdrawn captured them, having killed many of the men and horses. One piece of the 20-pound battery was saved and some of the others, how many I have not been able to learn. It was plainly to be seen that the day was going against us and that nothing short of a miracle would save us from a general stampede. An order was sent up to us to withdraw from our position and get to the rear but the orderly never reached us, having probably been killed or wounded on the way. So we remained there all unconscious of how matters were going while the Rebels were forcing our men back to the road, cutting off our only avenue of escape. We waited there with anxious hearts I tell you, for we knew that the day was going against us. Fortunately for us a staff officer came galloping by, going over to the left. He was surprised to find us still there and ordered us to get into the turnpike and down to the rear as quick as we knew how if we didn't want to go to Richmond. We limbered to the rear and went down the narrow road on a gallop, passing through the yard of that splendid residence I spoke of, just as our line of battle was falling back over our only means of exit. As we came through the gate their thinned and scattered ranks stood just to our left gallantly firing into the advancing hosts. The yard that the day before looked

so beautiful with its dense shade trees, was now a scene of horror in its misty, smoky darkness. On every side lay dead and wounded. Through the trees the Rebel shot and shell went crashing by, and around us, and to add confusion to the scene, stragglers by the hundreds and Rebel prisoners were hurrying to the rear. Limbers, without the pieces, (which the Rebels had captured) were being dragged about by riderless horses. wagons, their drivers scared near to death, were trying to get out and all was a scene of turmoil and confusion beyond description. The same good fortune that seems to have protected us everywhere, did not desert us there, and we emerged from the wood with the loss of but one man, a lead driver on a caisson. We fell back down the turnpike in perfect order about half a mile when we turned into the right and took a new position in a ploughed field to check the advancing enemy, if possible. But our Infantry rallied, a new line of battle was formed which held the Rebels in check, and by their indomitable bravery prevented a second "Bull Run Skeddaddle." About ten o'clock the fog, which to us had been ruin, and to the Rebs a Godsend, lifted and the sun came out clear and warm. The Rebels withdrew seemingly content with their success and left our line of battle just this side of the wood. Our forces were rapidly drawn back and the retreat commenced in good order, leaving a line of skirmishers so that the enemy would not know we were falling back.

Our wounded that remained in our lines were brought off—nearly all, however, fell into the hands of the enemy.

We held our position until about 4 p. m., when the skirmishers were withdrawn and we came into camp without any opposition from the enemy. What the loss was I have no idea, but it was heavy. We returned

to camp just before dark completely tired and used up. I never was so exhausted in my life. I had nothing to eat from Sunday afternoon until I got into camp last night and you had better believe I was hungry. For three nights I had scarcely any sleep and all told, I was mighty glad when I got a chance to rest. This morning I awoke all right and am now ready for another campaign, but there is one thing we want before we go out again and that is a General.

The responsibility of the whole affair comes upon General Butler and I doubt not he will be removed. When I was in Wisconsin I was a Butler man, but before I had been in this department a month I was down on him just as all the officers of the department are. As I have seen more of his doings I have become more and more dissatisfied with his style and this thing caps the climax. No one in the department has or has had any faith in him as a general in the field. He is good to govern a city of Rebels like New Orleans but as a general commanding troops in the field he is a failure. When the expedition was being formed, we had no idea that he would command it. We all supposed that General Baldy Smith was to command and if he had, this thing never would have occurred. It is said among high officers here, and I have no doubt but what it is so, that General Smith on Sunday morning remonstrated with General Butler and advised him to fall back and strengthen his line, telling him that he never could hold it in the world if the Rebels attacked him. The trouble was here: Butler attempted to keep his line continuous from the Appomatox river clear around to the James, and of course as he advanced away from the junctions of the two rivers his line became more and more extended and consequently weak. I saw it plainly—I said repeatedly on Sunday that if the

Rebels came down on us they could carry our line anywhere and defeat us. Well, our troops fought well, none can deny that. We captured quite a number of prisoners which have gone to Old Point and no doubt we killed many of the Rebels. What we will do now, no one knows—not even Butler, I guess. We shall probably lay here until we get reinforcements and then we shall go at them again. Next time I hope we may be under a General*

There has not been a particle of generalship shown since we landed here. Well, I must close for tonight. I hope that you are well and happy. Good night.

Wednesday Morning, May 18th.

It now remains for me to finish this hastily written and disconnected letter. I have tried to give you the facts as they are, without regard to composition and I know you will overlook all mistakes and consider the circumstances under which I write. I hope the next campaign we go out on may be attended with more success and less stormy weather. It rained about every day we were out the last time.

Fighting is now going on about a mile from us but I guess it will amount to nothing more than a skirmish. We have cheering news from the Army of the Potomac up to the 13th. Oh! if this business was only over and we were back home, what a happy day it would be! I received a letter from you on the field last Sunday and it did me lots of good. You must write me regularly and just as often as you used to. I will write you every chance I have. I hope to get another letter from you today.

*It was here that, according to General Grant, Butler was driven into a bottle and the cork put in.

Camp 4th Wis. Lt. Battery Near Petersburg, Va.
May 20th, 1864

Dear One:

I received a good letter from you day before yesterday just as I was mailing my last to you. I was awful glad to get it, but sorry that you were feeling so anxious about me. I don't know as you can help it, but I wish you would not think of the dark side so much. I am not going to get killed, but on the contrary am coming back one of these days, all right, to gladden the heart of one dear girl who has been so good and kind to me.

That will be a happy day for us all. I ask no greater joy. It seems a long ways off and there may be many clouds and uncertainties between, but all will come out right in the end. "He" under whose guidance and protection we have so long been safe will not now desert us.

Since writing you last we have had easy times, not having left camp and there is no prospect of a move. Indeed we cannot move until we receive reinforcements. We have got a position here of immense strength and it is well fortified. I do not think they will attack us here and if they do I have no fears of the result. There is skirmishing going on nearly all the time and there is now considerable heavy cannonading going on just to the right of us. It is our forces shelling the Rebels out of the woods. Last night there were two charges made by the Rebels, merely as feints, which were repulsed easily. We have grown so accustomed to this constant firing that we now scarcely notice when it commences or when it ends and pay no attention to it unless it is accompanied by a Rebel yell. They are very active in front of our works trying to throw up earthworks, but in my opinion they have no force here at all and are simply trying to scare us and keep us inside our works

while their main forces are co-operating with Lee against Grant.

Our mail facilities are excellent as we get our mail every day regularly. You must write me just as you always have. Your letters are everything to me now, just as they always have been. I received a letter from Father on the same day I got your last. Loraine is at home and Father wrote that she and Mother were going to write to you to come out and make a visit. I want you to go if they do write, for I want them to get more acquainted with you. You will have a good time, for it will be pleasant and Loraine will do her best to make you enjoy it, for she thinks a great deal of you, in which particular she resembles her brother. How does your father get along? What does he think of the war? Give my best wishes to him, and tell him we are bound to give Johnny Reb our best licks and do our biggest, but at the same time we feel a good deal like a steamboat without a helmsman, or a six-mule team without a driver. In other words, we think Butler don't amount to a hill of beans as a fighting general in the field. Still we hope he may do better in future. Well, I must close. Good bye.

Camp Near Petersburg, Va.
May 29th, 1864.

Dear One:

I am going to write you a letter today though I haven't got anything to say except that everything is all right with us. I have been anxiously expecting a letter from you for several days, but somehow it don't come. I hope I may get one tonight for it's dreadfully lonesome lying here in camp without hearing from you.

I don't know how I should live if it wasn't for your letters, for there isn't anything to do or think about here in this miserable locality. We can't get any-

thing to read except the newspapers occasionally and they are filled with such confounded lies that it sickens a man to read them. The weather is fine and comfortably cool now. Nothing worthy of mention has occurred since I wrote you last. We have not moved out of camp at all.

The campaign here is ended. We shall do nothing more on the offensive and unless the Rebels attack *us* shall see no more fighting for sometime. The Rebs, I think, have enough to do in attending to Grant, without meddling with us, so I guess quiet will reign here for some time to come.

General Butler has accomplished his mission (so the papers say) with "Complete success," and is now resting on his laurels. What it is that he has gained *we here* cannot see. What he has lost, is patent to us all—six thousand brave men.

The papers come to us filled with long columns written in his glorification, telling how he is constantly in the saddle, superintending affairs; telling of his "coolness under fire," and of the vociferous cheers with which he is greeted whenever he rides along the lines, etc., enough to disgust any true patriot. I have so far failed to see him under fire and have failed to hear of one single cheer given for the commanding general and have yet to see the man in this army who has the least desire to cheer him.

All this is of no interest to you, but I cannot help writing it, for it makes one so mad to read these lying accounts and think that they go through the North, unrefuted and believed by everybody. Well what can I write that will be of interest to you? I don't think of a single thing, so I will close.

(There were many more letters written, but want of space precludes their production. W. P. P.)

The following report appears in the official records of the Union and Confederate Armies—War of the Rebellion—Series 1, Vol. XL, Part 1, Page 744, No. 287.

Report of Lieut. William P. Powers, Fourth Wisconsin Battery, of Operations July 27th to 30th.

Camp Fourth Wisconsin Light Battery,
Near Jones Landing, Va.,
August 3rd, 1864.

Captain:

I have the honor to report the following record of the operations of one section of the Fourth Wisconsin Battery, equipped as horse artillery, under my command in the late movement at Deep Bottom:

We left camp, with the cavalry division under General Kautz, at daylight on Wednesday morning, the 27th of July. Crossed the James river at Deep Bottom at 10 a. m., and camped about a mile from the river until the following morning at 10, when the division moved toward Malvern Hill, at the foot of which we met the enemy in some force. A sharp skirmish ensued, during which though under fire, we were not engaged. The enemy was repulsed. In my section one man and two horses were wounded. A line of battle was formed on Malvern Hill, from which we marched at about 1 o'clock on Friday morning to the ground occupied by us on the first night, where we remained until daylight. Here one horse with saddle, bridle and blanket escaped from the section and was lost—probably picked up by the cavalry.

At noon on Friday the 29th, we were formed in line of battle with Sheridan's cavalry, near to and with both flanks resting on the river, where we remained until the following morning at daybreak, when the division returned to camp.

Captain Geo. B. Easterly,
Commanding Fourth Wisconsin Battery.
Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. P. POWERS,
1st Lieutenant Fourth Wisconsin Battery.

AN UNDESERVED CENSURE

In the action covered by this report we came near being captured and were saved from it by the timely arrival of a battery on our right, which opened fire on the advancing enemy with grape and cannister, quite a surprise to us and very opportune.

It enabled us to change our position under orders and while doing so, passing rapidly through some timber, one of my riders ducked his head between the horses of the leading team for safety, which resulted in a collision with a tree and the breaking of a pole. I remained with this piece while the spare pole was substituted while the rest of the battery went on. The enemy was closing in upon us, and we barely escaped.

When I joined the battery in the new position, bringing up the repaired piece, I was sharply criticized by General Schenk in command—he saying, "Lieutenant, your place is with your battery." Brother officers of other troops heard it and said it was unwarranted, for had I not remained to hurry up the repair of the damaged piece it would have been lost.

Probably if the general had fully understood the situation he would have commended instead of criticizing my action.

For further movements of the battery see report on page 728 same volume as above, of General Kautz, under date June 20th, 1867, of an action in which the Fourth Wisconsin Battery was engaged.

Also see report on page 743 of Captain Geo. B. Easterly of movement under date of June 17, 1864.

Also on page 744 see report of Lt. D. L. Noggle, under date of August 9th, 1864, of operation of one section, July 30 to August 1st.

In October, 1864, I came down with a severe attack of remittent fever and went to the hospital at City Point, where I was for six weeks. About this time the captain resigned and the command devolved upon Lieut. Noggle. In an action at Deep Bottom, four of the six pieces and most of the horses were captured by the enemy through the mismanagement of General Butler.

The end of the war seemed to be in sight and thinking that the battery would not be reorganized, I tendered my resignation, having been sick in a tent for six weeks in October and November, home looked to me very attractive. It was a mistake which I have always regretted. The battery reorganized and Second Lieut. Noggle was made captain and served until the end of the war in the spring of 1865. Had I remained I would have come out with the title of captain, which sticks to one through life, while "lieutenant" does not. When I reached home the draft was on and I put in the winter helping different communities to fill their quotas, liberal bounties being paid for recruits. With the coming of spring the war was practically ended by the surrender of General Lee to General Grant at Appomatox and there was great rejoicing all through the North. Very soon the Nation was saddened by the assassination of our beloved President Lincoln.

At that time there was a great deal of interest among the farmers in the growing of sorghum or Chinese sugar cane, and my father was having built at Watertown, mills for crushing the sugar cane. During the

summer I was canvassing for the sale of these machines and in the fall I put up one of them in the saw mill of my Uncle Joseph Powers at Hebron, Wisconsin, fully expecting to have a profitable business in making sorghum syrup from the cane grown by the farmers of the country. The amount of cane proved disappointing and for what syrup I made there was no sale, and later in the following spring I sought to make vinegar of the syrup and this too proved a failure, as the grocer to whom I submitted samples said "This is not vinegar, it is only spoilt water." That year marked the end of the sorghum craze and the stock of mills on my father's hands proved a total loss, causing him serious financial embarassment—the debts thus incurred he paid several years later.

Soon after the closing of my sorghum mill on November 28th, '65, I was married to Margaret F. Knight, of Waterville, Waukesha County, Wisconsin. Her father, Benjamin W. Knight, was one of the pioneers of Wisconsin, a millwright and a very high class man. She was the sweetheart to whom the letters were addressed that appear in this volume. The excellent letters she wrote me during the war did much to cheer me up and to keep me from the demoralizing influences that proved the ruin of some of my comrades.

At the time of my marriage I was "broke" and for the expense of the trip to Milwaukee, where the ceremony was performed, I borrowed the money—sixty dollars. I would not advise marriage under such conditions today, but times are different and *so are girls.* We made our home for the first fifteen months with my parents at Madison and no doubt were quite a burden on my father in his straightened circumstances. I rigged up a shop in the stable and with a small foot lathe which I had made before going to war, I made

some money making working models of reapers and grain drills for agents' use in canvassing. I also made sacharometers for testing the sorghum syrup for a Chicago firm, and realized quite a little from them.

In the fall of 1866 my father was in La Crosse, Wisconsin, and there met a gentleman, something of an optimist, who thought there was a great chance at North La Crosse for profit in making shingles and wooden pumps, and who was anxious to go into the work as a silent partner. The following winter we spent in getting out some tools and machinery for this, doing the work in an unoccupied shop which we rented on the marsh between the two lakes north of Madison. With the coming of spring, in 1867, we went to La Crosse, my wife and I driving up, having acquired a horse and buggy during the year before.

At that time La Crosse was the end of the railroad system to the great northwest, everything for the region beyond being transferred to the Mississippi river.

The firm of W. P. Powers and Company was organized—the aforesaid gentleman being the Company, giving his credit such as it was to the concern. We put up a pump shop and shingle mill on six lots bought for the purpose on Black River, where later the big mill of C. C. Washburn stood and now (1923) a part of a city park. At that time there were some half dozen sawmills along the river, all of which long ago disappeared, with the giving out of logs on Black River. The beautiful Copeland park now occupies the site of these mills and the factory erected by us, as well as the home where we lived, which I built several years later.

My father was with me until the project proved a disappointment, when he returned to Madison and moved to Chicago. He had put in about one thousand dollars, while I had put in a lot of hard labor. We

owed considerable money and the shingle and pump business was not profitable. My partner, a lawyer, became involved in trouble with the Government through appropriating some drafts belonging to soldiers and ran away between two days and I was left to pay some of the debts; this I ultimately did and no one but myself lost any money. I sold my interest in the property for one dollar, the purchaser assuming the indebtedness, and I did not even get that except theoretically. An auction sale followed and I bid in a lot of wooden pumps, about one hundred—all of which were in the rough. To do this I borrowed of the Batavian Bank one hundred dollars, the bank giving me credit on the strength of the president having known my father in previous years at Madison when the president was State Bank Comptroller.

The next two years were lean ones for us—we lived in a house of three rooms, for which we paid $8.00 per month. It was hard by a sawmill that ran day and night, and with my foot lathe set up in under this mill and belted to its power, I earned some money turning out acorn decorations for the cabins of some steamboats that were being built in the ship yards. I also helped out as a millwright at work in the mill, and occasionally there would come a farmer for whom I would fit up a wooden pump, so with one thing and another we kept the wolf from the door.

For the manufacture of the pumps I had before this developed a belt made of wire, which ran inside the hollow auger and removed the chips; in this way I bored a *sixteen* foot log by changing ends, the holes meeting in the center. I patented the chain belt thus made, this being the first of many patents taken out by me, and which have been fairly profitable. This belt attracted the attention of the saw mill men, who gave me orders for large

sizes and widths which they used to carry the sawdust from underneath the saws to the furnace where it was burned to make the steam that drove the mill machinery. On a large order from Green Bay mills I made in five days, working day and night, it being a rush order, the sum of $600.00. The wire for this was ordered from the east by a hardware dealer of La Crosse, who took large chances in so doing, and except for this accomodation I could not have filled the order. His name was F. C. Jones, a Christian man with a heart and with confidence in his fellow men. He has long since gone over to the Majority and I doubt not has a place near the Great White Throne. He certainly did me a great favor. On the strength of that order I sold a half interest in the patent for four thousand dollars and besides did for a few years, a profitable business in supplying mills in the lumber regions of the west. It put me on my feet financially and I have never been off them, since those strenuous days.

The one hundred pump tops that I saved from the wreck, led me in time into the handling of iron pumps and windmills and for a number of years I did a lucrative business in La Crosse and the surrounding country. By the introduction of the tubular well I made the farms of that region into suitable ones for stock raising—something that had not been practicable before my day, owing to quicksand through which open wells could not be sunk deep enough to furnish a good supply of water.

Before this, in the late fall of 1868, the future looked very dark and I went with two acquaintances to the southwestern corner of Minnesota and made a homestead entry on a quarter section of land, at what was then called Oakabena Lake—a region entirely unsettled. This came near to changing the whole current of my

life, but fortunately with the coming of spring the skies brightened for me and I never went to the claim again. I suppose some prosperous farmer is holding it down at this time, at least I hope so.

North La Crosse at the time of my advent in 1867, was a benighted community—nothing flourished there but saw mills and saloons. There was no school except a small Catholic affair kept by one Arthur Maguire. The community was not favorable to anything else. A few kindred spirits were accustomed to meet in Richards Drug Store. They called us the "Drug store Cabal."

We determined that a school building was needed and demanded an appropriation of twelve hundred dollars by the village government for that purpose. A meeting was called to take place at 7 o'clock to vote on this proposition. We well knew that it could not be carried under a full vote and we hatched up a scheme to "put it over." At 7 o'clock sharp we were inside all primed for action while most of the people were outside. By previous arrangement one of the "Cabal" called the meeting to order and another nominated me for chairman. I took the chair, being rather hastily elected, at once, when another offered a resolution appropriating the money ($1200) for a school building. The motion was seconded by another of the "conspirators"—put and carried viva voce before those outside realized what was going on. I at once declared the motion carried. By that time the hall was partly filled and loud protests were heard and a demand for a division was made, which I ruled out of order; then a reconsideration was demanded; this I ruled out of order, as those demanding it had not voted in the affirmative. The meeting broke up in disorder and a delegation headed by Arthur Maguire was sent to Madison to explain the high handed methods by which the motion

was put through, to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. A. J. Craig, who was asked by the committee to set aside the action of the meeting and order a new election. A. J. Craig, the superintendent, was my teacher some years before in Palmyra and I quietly slipped down to Madison, a collection being taken up to defray my expenses, explained the situation to him, acknowledged that the meeting had been somewhat rushed, but that it was the only way in which we could get a school building. He told me to go home and rest easy, that the action would be sustained as being strictly legal, and it was and a building was erected, and the first public school established therein. It was exceedingly difficult to get an appropriation to sustain the school and the "Drug store Cabal" got together the following winter and sent me to Madison to lobby for a bill, putting the village into the city of La Crosse, as the 5th Ward, and this was done without any vote being taken in the village and in opposition to the expressed will and sentiment of the majority of the voters. A great deal of ill feeling developed and some of the "Cabal" were threatened with death, but we all survived and lived to see a prosperity follow this high handed act that fully justified it. The "Drug store Cabal" as I remember it was made up of J. B. Richards, druggist where we met; Philo M. Plumb; Jas. B. Canterbury; Isaac Dimon; Henry Getts and myself—all except myself have passed away. We never regretted our somewhat informal method of action in view of the good results secured by it.

Soon after this I was nominated for city clerk on the Republican ticket. The "Drug store Cabal" worked valiantly for my election, but when the votes were counted I was defeated, being comparatively unknown in the main part of the city. How many times since I

have thanked the good Lord for my defeat, but at the time it was a disappointment. Had I been elected it might have made me a politician in place of a mechanic and inventor—I have known some good men ruined by successful ventures in politics.

In 1873, being fairly prosperous I transferred myself and business to the south side, the *real* city, and added to my line—steam heating, gas fitting and plumbing—at which I continued to be fairly successful. Much of the work was done by my own hands in the early stages.

My Wife in 1875

Later as the business increased additional help was employed. During those strenuous years I was maintaining in the country about La Crosse, crews of men drilling wells and erecting windmills which work was fairly profitable.

I also took contracts for street sewers and water pipe extensions in the city and in addition to these was doing plumbing and steam heating. I also put down in the city a great many wooden pumps having at the bottom in the gravel a special filter patented by myself which proved a success and yielded a considerable profit.

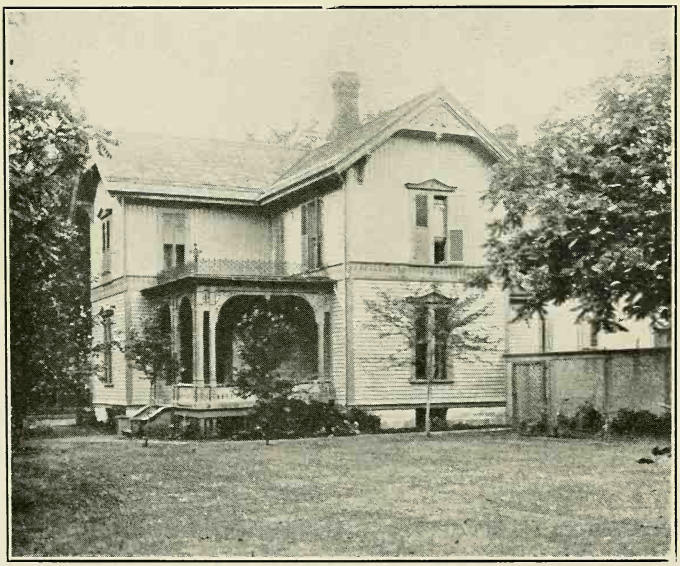
An artesian well was put down by the city of La Crosse about 1875 on the city lot, northeast corner of Fourth and Main streets. The water in this rose to within seven feet of the grade of the street and would come no higher. I made a contract with the city to cause a flow of the water and was to be paid one dollar per barrel for the amount discharged four feet above grade in twenty-four hours.

Carrying out the contract, I sunk a pit four by six feet square to a depth of twenty feet, locating it about twenty-five feet from the artesian well. Then I drove a two-inch pipe from the artesian well ten feet below grade, to the bottom of the pit. The bottom was of coarse clean gravel as all over the plain on which the city is built. The two-inch pipe was connected to the artesian pipe and in the pit to a hydraulic ram. The waste water from the ram was absorbed and taken away by the gravel. The result was a discharge above the grade of about four hundred and fifty barrels per day, for which I was paid four hundred and fifty dollars.

The water thus secured was supplied to drinking fountains on several adjacent street corners and was very greatly appreciated—the city water taken from the Mississippi River being of doubtful purity. Some years

afterward the lot was sold by the city and the well abandoned. Then a well put down near the water works was utilized by pumping to supply the drinking fountains. These fountains are still running, supplied with city water, which is now pumped from driven wells back of the city near the bluffs and which is considered good. This article is written to establish my claim to having been the first to supply good drinking water to the public drinking fountains at the street corners.

By a similiar arrangement a year or two later I brought to life a dead artesian well for Mr. Stephen Field, a pioneer resident of Troy, Wisconsin. He had paid out eight thousand dollars in the effort to get a flowing well, without success. This job gave me an



OUR HOME IN LA CROSSE, 1877 TO 1890

opportunity to spend a day or two with my relatives at Palmyra, it being only a short distance from Troy, and I had not been there for a number of years.

In 1875 I put up a shop building on the corner of Third and Badger streets, where I did business until the coming of the Northwestern Railroad into La Crosse—when the company purchased the property as part of their right of way. Then for a few years I occupied a store on Main street between First and Second, after which I erected in 1887 the building on the corner of Fifth and Jay streets, now occupied by the Baker Niehbur Company, my successors in the heating and plumbing business. The hot water heating plant in this building, the first I believe, in Wisconsin, developed a need of automatic control and this resulted in the invention of the POWERS THERMOSTAT, the development of which and kindred appliances, has been my life work throughout the thirty-five years that have since followed.

In 1887 and '88 I served one term in the city council, where I did my best to oppose the encroachments of the saloon interests, thereby losing considerable profitable plumbing and steam heating work in the breweries of the city. My zeal in the temperance cause brought about my defeat for re-election, which was just as well, as my business suffered seriously on account of it.

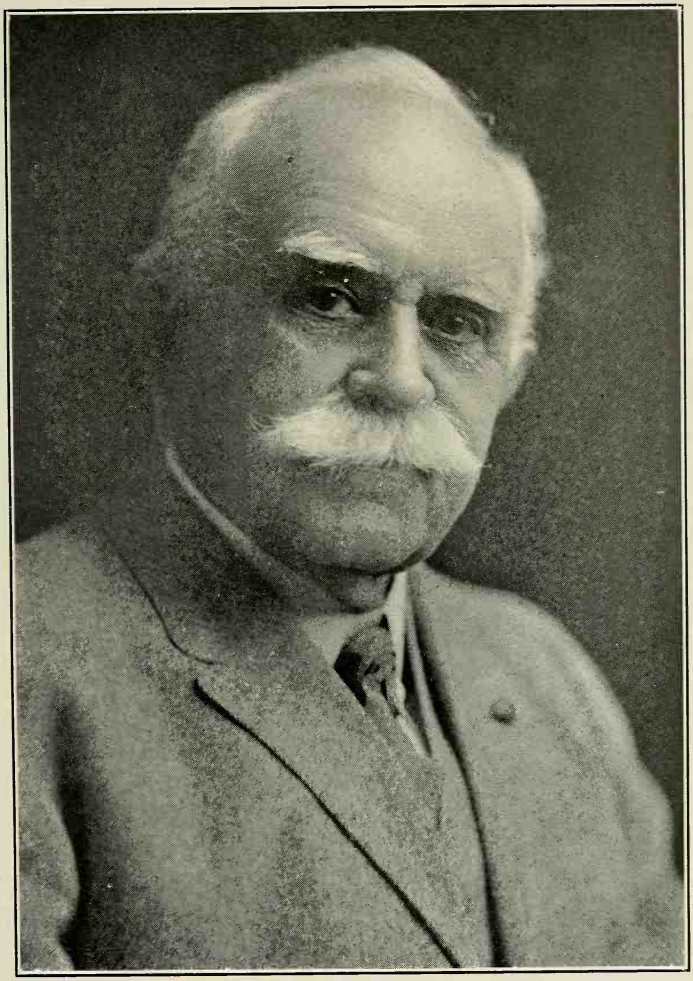
While in the council I was on the committee that built the wagon bridge to the Minnesota shore and my name with those of my fellow members is cast on an iron tablet at each end of the bridge.

On March 15, '90, my wife died in Chicago, leaving me with the four children that had been born to us—Fred W., Mary L., Donald J., and Robert A. These three sons growing up with my expanding business, became identified with it, and having proved to be very

capable, have developed it to a degree far above my early expectations and are now conducting it, relieving me of all the detail necessarily connected therewith.

MY WIFE IN HER MATURER YEARS. TAKEN ABOUT 1885

In the beautiful Oak Grove Cemetery, at La Crosse, a block of granite marks the grave of my first wife and that of her parents and there I expect will be my resting place when my work is done.

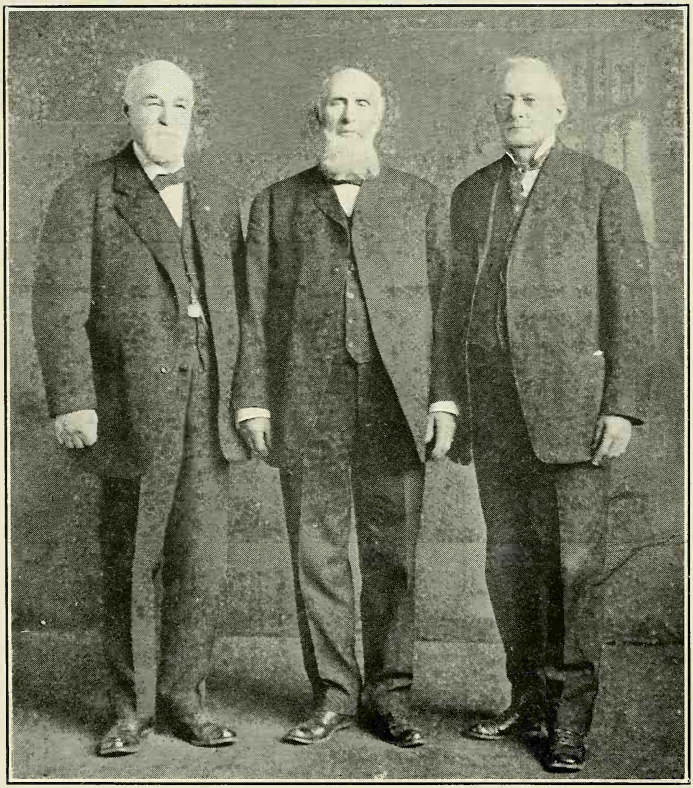


Now (1924) having passed the allotted three score and *two* tens, when most people are laid on the shelf, I am still fairly active—am running a branch office of the Powers Regulator Company, of which I am still president. In this way I avoid a life of idleness and am privileged to live in the fair city of Los Angeles, and be contented.

WILLIAM PENN POWERS

FOR AULD LANG SYNE

Among those of my friends in the years that are past, that have come nearest to my ideals of life and have afforded me the most inspiration were: Captain Isaac H. Moulton, Sam'l Y. Hyde and Nelson D. Allen, late of La Crosse, Wisconsin; Rev. Leonard W. Brigham, for many years our Pastor in La Crosse; and Benjamin M. Frees, late of San Diego, California.



SAM'L Y. HYDE ISAAC H. MOULTON NELSON D. ALLEN

Captain Isaac H. Moulton

In his active years a steamboat captain on the Mississippi River—a position he was said to have gained working up from a deck hand by sheer merit, aided by his ability to sing "Daisy Deane" and other popular ballads of the day.

To the end of his long life he was a good singer and for many years was in the choir of the Universalist Church in La Crosse of which my wife and I were members. A man of imposing appearance, over six feet in height and with breadth according, with abundant whiskers, a form so straight that he almost seemed to lean the other way. With a kindly smile and a good word for every one he met, he was easily the most popular man in La Crosse. He accumulated a fortune in transferring freight cars over the river before there was any railroad bridge, and later was handling coal and salt while station agent for the C. M. & St. P. Railway at La Crosse.

An ideal man—I can see him now driving his handsome span of black horses on the way from his home to his office. Many pleasant evenings in his hospitable home presided over by his good wife, Hannah, were spent by us, where a cordial welcome was sure to be given. Living a little beyond ninety years he passed away and there has been no one to fill the place he left.

His vocabulary often included what Oliver Wendell Holmes called "Sunday language in a week day form of speech," but such adjectives were so appropriate and so well expressed that even the parson could find little to criticise in his conversation.

S. Y. Hyde

Another pillar of the Universalist Church in La Crosse, was Samuel Y. Hyde—a man of great business

ability who, as he told me, first came a young man to La Crosse County working with a crew of threshers. From that beginning he became the owner of a line of stock and grain elevators throughout the northwest, and much other property—a companionable man of commanding appearance, six feet in height—of genial nature, ready with a good clean story at any time; an appreciative listener, always ready to help in any good enterprise. He was a friend worth having—a lover of California, spending here many winters, and at last giving up his useful and honorable life in Los Angeles.

His life and accomplishments furnish an inspiration and encouragement to any young man who is willing to begin at the bottom and work up in ways that are honest, and considerate of the welfare of others.

N. D. Allen

Nelson D. Allen was another one of my La Crosse friends. Like the other two he was a good Universalist and a very genial and interesting man. He and his good wife, Martha Washington Allen, added much to our church and social gatherings.

With the Allens we went, some twenty years ago, to the Yellowstone Park, one of the most enjoyable of our many outings; leaving the Park and the Allens at Gardiner, we were handed a telegram from J. R. Phelan, superintendent of the Alliance division of the Burlington Road, inviting us to stop at Alliance, where he lived, and later in a very hot afternoon we were approached by the conductor of the train, who asked if our name was Powers, and to our assent, he said he had orders to take on Superintendent Phelan's private car at the next station and place us in it. It was an agreeable change from the hot Pullman to the private car, where we could dress and undress as we chose, and

the supper of juicy steak prepared by the colored chef in charge was much enjoyed. Early in the evening to our surprise, came into the car the owner, Mr. John R. Phelan, and his estimable wife whom we had known for many years as Mrs. Barker in Chicago. They had come up the road to meet us. The next two days were spent in an excursion with them to Lead City in the Black Hills, where we inspected the Homestead Mine, the most valuable one in the country and which has furnished the wealth of the Hearst family. This outing was a fitting ending to our interesting trip to that wonder of the world, the Yellowstone Park.

Both the Allens and Mr. Phelan have joined the majority, and their passing is greatly regretted.

A GOOD MAXIM FOR THE PRESENT

"Nightly forbear to seek thy couch for rest
Ere thou has questioned well thy conscious breast
What sacred duty thou hast left undone.
What act committed that one ought to shun.
And as fair truth or error marks the deed
Let sweet applause or sharp reproof succeed
So shall thy feet while this great rule is thine
Undevious walk in virtues paths divine."

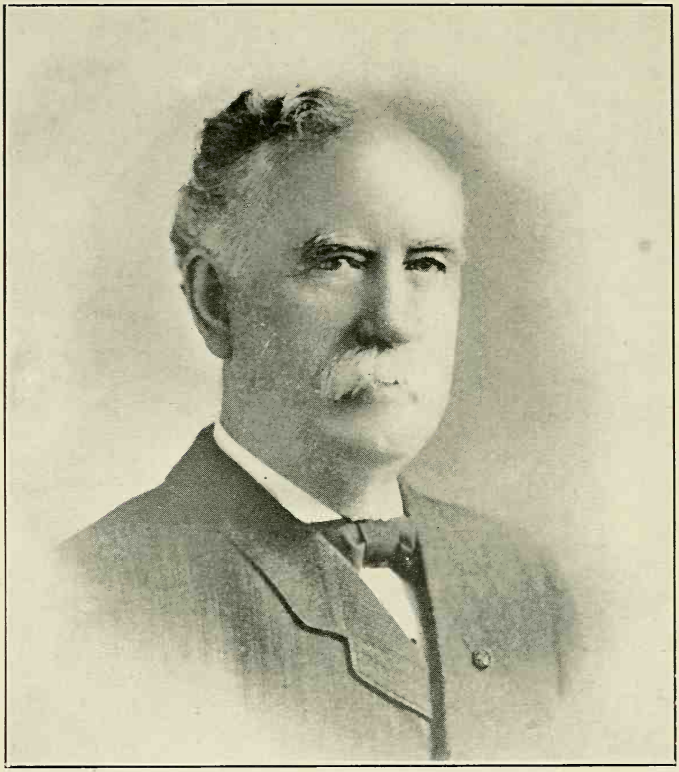
—Written by Epictetus 1800 years ago.
—W. P. POWERS.

Would'st do a kindness, great or small,
Just do it now, nor think to wait:
Tho right, were best not done at all
Than done alas too late.

—S. H. M. BYERS.

Some people are born so bright that they neither need or heed advice; but such people are generally unlucky.

—WILLIAM A. SPALDING.



BENJAMIN M. FREES

Ben Frees, as he was called, came into my life at a comparatively recent period, we being fellow trustees in the Lincoln Park Congregational Church in Chicago some twenty years ago. He was a veteran officer of the Civil War, a captain of a company raised at Monroe, Wisconsin—a man of sterling qualities and upright character, who accumulated a large fortune in the lumber business, having shortly before his death, fifty lumber yards scattered through the West. He

made the manager of each of these yards a partner and such was his judgment of men that he hardly ever lost anything by the dishonesty of those in charge of his yards. His distinguishing characteristic was a sublime confidence in his fellow men, at least those who came up to his standard of honesty. As an example, he offered to, and did loan the writer, when the Powers Regulator Company was acquiring a factory building, twenty-five thousand dollars without other security than a note—the sort of a thing that I have known few capitalists willing to do.

Dying at his home in San Diego a few years ago, he left one hundred thousand dollars each to the Y. M. and the Y. W. C. A., besides numerous other bequests, among which were substantial amounts to each living veteran who had served in his company in the Civil War. The world is unfortunately very short of wealthy men like Ben Frees.

Rev. L. W. Brigham

For eight years pastor of the Universalist Church at La Crosse, Wisconsin—was an eloquent preacher and active worker in every movement for the betterment of society. He was honored and respected even by those interested in business lines to which he was actively opposed, such as the saloon interests. To his genial nature and eloquent appeals in the way of liberal Christianity, I owe my church affiliation—as before I knew him I was only an occasional attendant at church services, not being in sympathy with the so-called orthodox beliefs at that time; but listening to Brother Brigham I became interested and have since been identified with church activities. Although a member of

REV. LEONARD W. BRIGHAM

the Congregational Church. I am still a Universalist in belief, having in my youth read the convincing sermons of Theodore Parker, under which I became a firm believer in the Fatherhood of God. Under the changed conditions of creeds, there is less difference than existed in my younger days.

Rev. Brigham has a son, L. Ward Brigham, who is pastor of St. Paul's Universalist Church in Chicago, and *he* has a son, Warren Ballou Brigham, pastor of the Grove Hall Universalist Church in Boston, Mass.

On October 19, 1919, these three ministers, father, son and grandson, occupied the pulpit together in the church of the younger one in Boston. This service was given much publicity at the time, a picture of the three appearing in the Boston Globe of October 20 with an account of this very unusual service.

Brother Brigham, with his good wife, is still living not far from my home and we often see them and enjoy talking over the times of long ago.

THE POWERS REGULATOR COMPANY

In the fall, after the death of my first wife, I moved to Chicago, and established the business of The Powers Regulator Company in a corner of my father's factory, in a room twelve by sixteen. From that small beginning through various changes incident to development it has grown to where we now have a modern factory building with forty thousand square feet of floor surface, equipped with the most up-to-date machinery, in which we turn out nearly a million dollars worth of goods a year, all in the line of Temperature Control.

Our work in the early years was limited to residences and later to school buildings and it was with difficulty that owners and architects could be convinced of its desirability, while now it is regarded as a necessity in all high class buildings and also very generally in the field of industrial work in which it has proved to be of advantage. The capable management of my

sons makes it possible for me to spend my declining years in California, where I have resided for the twelve years past.

The Powers Regulator Company was not brought to its present enviable position without much labor and trouble. Opposing interests through patent litigation and merciless competition made our path for ten years a difficult one, but it led to victory some years ago and now we have nothing to regret or complain of.

All of the following expositions, except the Paris, were attended by myself and wife. With me at the Centennial in 1876, was my first wife—in the later ones, my present wife.

In the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, I had an exhibit of the wire belting used as sawdust conveyers in saw mills, on which I received a diploma and medal.

At the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893, we had an exhibit of our Thermostat, an operative one, which attracted much attention, although at that early day it was very crude.

At the Paris Exposition in 1898, a beautiful medal was awarded The Powers Regulator Company on its exhibits of Thermostats.

At Buffalo, New York, in the year 1902, the company maintained an exhibit in the Pan American Exposition, receiving thereon a diploma and medal.

At San Francisco in the exposition in 1915, we had in operation an exhibit which controlled the temperature of the Horticultural Building.

It is a theory of mine that one should have a good reason to justify him in leaving the comforts of a home, especially if that home is in the City of the Angels. Perhaps the home and the city is enjoyed

more as a result of an occasional venture into outside regions. At any rate even a resident of the incomparable city of Los Angeles has from time to time an attack of the wanderlust that calls for the satisfaction afforded by a trip to less favored places. It is our custom to make a trip East once a year in the spring, ostensibly to attend the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Powers Regulator Company.

The Powers Regulator Company publishes a paper under the name "Tuesday Talks". It is intended for circulation only among our branch offices and salesmen, and the purpose of it is to afford an opprtunity for the dissemination of new ideas and accomplishments and to encourage greater efforts in bringing our devices to the notice of the public. Extracts are here given from the issues of October and December, 1918; December, 1919; July, 1919; May, 1919; June and September, 1920. They cover some interesting experiences of a personal nature and throw some light on the development of the Powers Regulator Company and the difficulties we encountered and the victories we won.

(The name of this paper has been changed to "Thermostat.")

"Tuesday Talks" June 1920.

FACTORY CONDITIONS OF THE POWERS REGULATOR COMPANY, THEN AND NOW

By W. P. Powers

At this time when we are settling into our new and up-to-date factory, over which we are so very happy, I am inclined to take a retrospective view of the road over which we have passed during the thirty years that

have elapsed since we commenced operations in Chicago in 1890. My thoughts go back to the little room, 12 by 16 feet square, from which were turned out the first House Regulators made in Chicago, the space having been given us by the courtesy of the Union Wire Mattress Co., of which my father, David J. Powers, was president.

It thus appears that the first, and until recently, the last of our work has been done in the same building from which we have just moved, although we have occupied several other quarters in the meantime.

This limited space was soon outgrown, and we moved to 90 Illinois Street, where we had about eight hundred square feet in the machine shop of Crary & Son, where we put in our first meager mechanical equipment and began to do our own work.

This space soon proved inadequate and the World's Fair in 1893 found us occupying about four thousand square feet, on the third floor of the same building, with an office on the floor below, where we engaged our first stenographer. Soon after we moved our office to 36 Dearborn Street, and began operations in school buildings, using the round thermostat (as now shown in cut), not as yet having seen our way to supplement it with air pressure. The first Thermostat controlling with air pressure was brought out in 1895.

A somewhat serious fire (the second one in this building), originating in the floor above us, caused us to move to the Bradley Building, on the west side, on Fulton Street, where we occupied about six thousand square feet of floor space; so each of these changes showed a healthy growth.

About fifteen years ago we purchased of the Union Wire Mattress Company, the building where we made

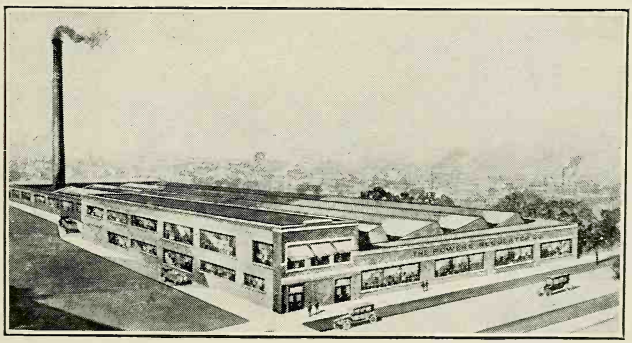
our humble beginning with the floor space of less than 200 square feet, having developed the business by that time to a point that required about 8,000 feet, which we used on the second floor, renting the rest of the building to various tenants.

As the business grew, year by year, we spread over the other floors, crowding out the tenants one after another, until, when we left, we were occupying about twenty-six thousand square feet of space.

During the last seven or eight years our line of specialties has been developed, requiring more and more room for which we are now well provided, having a space of about forty thousand square feet, all in a fireproof building, where we will have no haunting fears of burning, and where we have what we have long wished for: the office and factory under one roof.

We may well feel proud over the result of our thirty years of strenuous work, and rejoice in the assurance of being able to go on to still larger things in the years that lie before us.

And now a few words of a personal nature. The writer claims some credit for the foundation work of the company, for the creation and development of the ap-



pliances on which its initial success was secured, but freely ascribes to others the "palm", for the prosperity that has come with these later years. To the very efficient management of F. W. Powers, ably assisted by our Eastern Manager, Don J. Powers, this prosperity is mainly due. And then to Mr. Bowman and Mr. Snediker, who have so ably co-operated in the work almost from the beginning, much praise must be given. And to the loyal workmen, some with us for many years, we are also indebted; one of them, Henry Van Goodsnover, dating back to the 12 by 16 shop, and last but not least, we must give a large measure of credit to our office force for the faithful service they have rendered.

"HONORARIUM"

"Tuesday Talks," June, 1920.

On Saturday, May 1st, 1920, there gathered on the floor of the factory, those of the shop men who have been with the company for ten years and more, including Mr. Henry Van Goodsnover, who was the first man in the employ of Mr. W. P. Powers, before the Company was organized, the office force, the city sales force, the men who were in Chicago from the branches and agencies, and the mangement, and Mr. W. P. Powers was invited to step into the factory to see something new.

Upon his arrival, Mr. L. T. Bowman, who came with the company as superintendent twenty-seven years ago, being associated with it continuously ever since, and lately in charge of the new factory construction and equipment, spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen and fellow associates of every station: It is thirty years since the incorporation of The Powers

Regulator Company, and this, in connection with the practical completion of this new factory building, presented an occasion which a timely thought fittingly selected as an appropriate opportunity to express to the founder and seventy-odd-year-young President of the corporation which bears his name, Mr. William Penn Powers, our feeling of admiration for him and his evident success in the battle he has so valiantly waged against odds not only visible but hidden ones as often. The modus operandi which has gained him success has been based on integrity and justice, and although there are other means to obtain, or rather seemingly obtain, the same ends, his is the only one which affords the sublime satisfaction of being able to look into the mirror without having your conscience make you blush in shame of yourself, and your mind think uncomplimentary or worse thoughts, which is the plight of the other man whose slogan is "Make money, honestly, if you can—but make money."

Gentlemen! As an American citizen, I am ashamed to confess as my conviction, that this despicable principle governs a vast number of modern Americans.

This corporation is not of the mushroom variety, nor has it been marked by any spectacular advancement by leaps and bounds. It has attained its success by a constant grind—persistent efforts to produce something superior in its class against seeming impossibilities have been clung to with a bull-dog tenacity until disposed of. Able management, never satisfied, with an organization second to none of its size, of which the gentleman would be unreasonable if he did not feel proud. Our president belongs to a class of men which is rapidly becoming obsolete. Pardon the slang—"Passing the buck" and "Let George do it," seems to constitute mod-

ern aims. Not he—during twenty-seven years I have never known him to ask a man to do what he was not willing to do himself. Somewhat impatient at times, perhaps, but—and this is what has won and rallied us mechanics, us producers—he always knew what he wanted and knew when he got it. "Fiat justitia, ruat coelum" "Let justice be done though the heavens fall," is the war cry which has carried to victory.

And now, my dear sir, permit me to assure you of our fidelity, individually and collectively, also our sincere wishes that Providence will grant you many, many, more years in which to enjoy the well earned privileges of your achievement. As a token of these sentiments, I am delegated to present you with a memoir of this occasion.

SILVER PITCHER PRESENTED TO W. P. POWERS

Following this Mr. Henry Goodenover, who was with us since more than thirty years ago, stepped forward and presented the beautiful silver pitcher and tray shown on the preceding page.

W. P. POWERS AND HIS NUMEROUS INVENTIONS

(From the Plumbers Trade Journal, New York, June, 1916.)

It is astonishing how much activity and success some men manage to crowd into this brief span of existence which is called life; and, after all is said and done, it is largely a matter of improving one's time. Wasted time or misdirected energy is responsible for most failures. The Powers Regulator Company, of Chicago and New York, is monumental evidence of the well directed activity of one man—its president, W. P. Powers, now a resident of Los Angeles.

President Powers' life has been one of interest as well as service. Though born in 1842, in Whitewater, Wis., most of his early childhood days were spent in Palmyra, Wis., which was founded by his father, David J. Powers, who, by the way, was one of the pioneers of southern Wisconsin, migrating to that unsettled region from Vermont in 1838. As a result of his father's election to the state legislature, the family moved to Madison where, at eleven years of age, the future president of the Powers Regulator Company entered the University of Wisconsin in the preparatory department, graduating therefrom in 1860, at the age of seventeen.

His tastes being all mechanical, it was only natural that he preferred work in a machine shop, of which his father—an all-round mechanic and inventor—was assignee, rather than a profession as was the choice of most of his classmates. In less than a year, however, the Civil War broke out, and like many other patriotic young men, the youthful apprentice enlisted, serving sixteen months in the ranks, and after that as first lieutenant of the Fourth Wisconsin Battery, participating in—among other battles—the sieges of Petersburg and Richmond, the fall of which marked the close of that great struggle.

The war over, the young lieutenant took unto himself a bride—Miss Margaret F. Knight, daughter of B. W. Knight, another pioneer of Waukesha County, Wis., also a mechanic of high order. To this union he ascribes the mechanical leanings of his three sons, the eldest of whom, Fred W. Powers, is manager of the company; the second oldest son, Don J. Powers, being in charge of the New York and other eastern offices, and the youngest, Robert A. Powers, who is in the factory, giving his attention to the production of the high grade appliances for temperature control and other specialties for which the Powers Regulator Company is so well and favorably known.

Early in 1867 Mr. Powers went to La Crosse, Wis., where he built a shingle mill and plant for the manufacture of wooden pumps. It was there he made his initial invention, a belt constructed of wire for use in a machine for boring pump logs—a hollow auger, the belt carrying the chips back from the bit discharging them at the rear. This wire belting made in larger sizes and of heavier wire came into wide use as a conveyor of sawdust from under the saws in saw mills, to the furnace, where it was used as fuel. This inven-

tion is said to have given Mr. Powers his first financial success. While the making of wooden pumps was not a success, it led to the handling of iron pumps and wind-mills, and this eventually into plumbing and steam heating work, finally culminating in the inventions upon which the success of the company has been since achieved.

In the late eighties, having fairly prospered, Mr. Powers erected a three-story brick building in La Crosse, especially adapted to the plumbing and heating business. This is now owned and occupied by Baker and Niebuhr, the former being one of Mr. Powers' graduates. In this building, he installed the first hot water heating system in Western Wisconsin. During the winter following—1887-88—it proved good, but had a bad habit of boiling over and discharging through the expansion tank a considerable part of the water in the system. This presented a case for "necessity to mother an invention," and resulted in the birth of the No. 1 Powers regulator, his first idea in the line of temperature control. While there was no more trouble of the nature related, another developed—his office often became overheated, and so "Mother Necessity" was given another job, and there was born the original Powers thermostat. With these two devices was laid the foundation for the success that has favored the company—many improvements, of course, having since been made, as doubtless many more will be in the days to come. Fully realizing that his inventions were of value, and that a wide field was to be reached and covered, the inventor went to Chicago in 1890 and shortly after his arrival established the Powers Regulator Company: then and now, mainly a family corporation to which Mr. Powers gave his best efforts for something like twenty years. In the meantime his able sons have

grown to thoroughly know the business with its many practical and theoretical details, and have taken the burden from the father's shoulders. It is sufficient for President Powers to make a yearly trip eastward, to look things over, but he confesses that he finds no opportunity of doing any better as regards the successful management of the company's affairs than is being done by those in charge. He is, therefore, quite content to spend most of his time enjoying the exhilerating climate for which southern California is famed. While he admits that some of the friends of his youth have achieved a wider renown, and accumulated more wealth, he doubts that any of them have ever gotten more comfort and satisfaction out of their lives than has fallen to his lot. It might be added also that as regards the rendering of service for human needs and comfort, it is doubtful if any of these friends ever exceeded Mr. Powers in that respect. His has been a life of service, and his every reward was truly and justly deserved.

RESULT OF A DULL SERMON?

"Tuesday Talks," October, 1918.

By W. P. POWERS

In 1887, after twenty years of strenuous and fairly profitable work in La Crosse, Wisconsin, I erected a three-story brick building in which to continue the business of steam heating and plumbing. It was equipped with a hot water heating plant, the first one in the State so far as I knew, it then being a new thing in this country. In the winter following, the heater developed a disposition to boil over, resulting in the discharge of a considerable part of the water through the expansion tank.

This made necessary many hurried trips to the basement and caused much trouble. I began a mental search for some means to prevent this and one Sunday during the sermon—which may have had some dull passages—the idea occurred to me of utilizing the relative boiling points of water under different pressures to control the draught. I could hardly wait for the benediction in my anxiety to consult the encyclopedia and verify my conception as to the effect of pressure on the boiling point.

Early Monday morning I projected a pipe with a closed end into the boiler, filled it with water, attached a damper controlling diaphragm, and by nine o'clock had it in operation and our troubles were over as far as boiling was concerned. This in principle was our No. 1 Regulator, of which many thousands have been sold in the thirty years since that day.

There was no more boiling over, but the office was often over-heated and I began to study up some means to prevent that. Reasoning along the same line, it occurred to me that as the tube in the boiler limited its temperature at a point a little above the boiling point of its contents, a tube in the air would do the same if charged with a liquid having a boiling point a little below the temperature desired.

A druggist across the street told me of a hydrocarbon with a boiling point of about 60 degrees. I went to Chicago and procured a pint bottle of this fluid, came home and put up a tube in the office, connected it with a diaphragm valve on the radiator, filled the diaphragm and tube with water up to near the top, then put in a little of the volatile fluid, and a plug to confine it, and this constituted the first Powers Thermostat. It gave good results so long as the fluid did not escape or become absorbed in the water.

Before another heating season came on I had made the disk thermostat with the corrugated partition forming a compartment in which the volatile liquid was confined and substituted the air column for the water, and this made a practical device, having, as I believed, a commercial value—which has since been fully demonstrated.

These two regulators were later combined in a way to operate the dampers, resulting in our No. 4 Regulator, which has met with a large sale.

Realizing that there was a nation-wide field for this appliance I went to Chicago in the fall of 1890, leaving my son, F. W. Powers, in charge at La Crosse, he having been made a partner in the business a year or two before. This was later sold and he came to Chicago when the Powers Regulator Company was organized, of which he is the efficient manager and to whose efforts the growth and present prosperity of the company is very largely due.

Our entrance into the field of schools and public buildings may be the subject of another article.

OUR ENTRY INTO THE FIELD OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS

"Tuesday Talks," December, 1918.

By W. P. Powers

In my previous letters I told of the origin of the Powers Regulator and showed how it, like most inventions, had necessity for its mother.

At the time of its inception there was another in the field of temperature regulation, although unknown to me.

For about three years our efforts were confined to residence work, and through advertising in the popular magazines we sold a good many of the No. 1, 2, 3, and 4 Regulators, and had we been satisfied to limit our work within residence walls, we would have had smooth sailing.

At the World's Fair in 1893 we maintained an exhibit. It makes us laugh when we think of it now; such a contrast with our appliances of today. We were able to operate a damper with our 12″ round thermostat, the changing of temperatures being secured by alternate applications of warm water and ice. Crude as it was it attracted considerable attention from the passing throng.

Among others came a man from the East who had placed some of our machines in residences and who, full of enthusiasm, told us of a large school in Long Island City that he was sure we could get by going after it. We went, having at the time more of nerve than of suitable apparatus. We equipped this building of twenty rooms, using dampers which were segments of circular drums swinging on centers like a pendulum over the hot and cold air openings, and operated by 15″ diameter, round thermostats.

Crude as it was, it worked and we were paid $2,000.00 after trial and acceptance.

At this time I secured the services of Percy MacCallum and opened an office in New York at No. 8 John St., with MacCallum in charge. In a later article I may pay tribute to him for the invaluable service rendered by him up to the time of his death, in the competitive troubles which followed our entry into this field.

We were looked upon as intruders by the party above mentioned, who was in possession and who be-

lieved himself by "Divine Right" entitled to absolute and sole occupancy. He was wont to say that the art of temperature regulation was like a raft floating in the water, and of a size just sufficient to carry one and that he himself was that one. If another should get on, the raft would sink. We got on, and strange to say the raft did not sink, although a violent commotion ensued. The raft seemed to grow in size and floatation and has been growing ever since, until now it carries a large number of so-called temperature regulators besides our product. It has become a ship and the Powers Regulator Company is on the upper deck, its competitors occupying various strata below, down to the hold.

Our installation in the Long Island school was the signal for attack and a desperate attempt was made to push us off the raft. Five years of litigation in the courts and merciless competition in the field followed.

Our method of operating dampers gradually, and the ability to hold them in mixing positions as opposed to the open and shut method of our competitor (the original occupant of the raft,) found favor with engineers everywhere and in the end gave us the victory; and now no one would advocate handling dampers in the old open and shut way. And I am proud to have been the first to thermostatically hold ventilating dampers in mixing positions.

SOME EARLY CONTRACTS, AND HOW THEY WERE SECURED

"Tuesday Talks," March, 1919.

By W. P. Powers

Encouraged by our success in the Long Island school, we naturally turned to Chicago, where many school buildings were being erected, all of them carrying temperature control, for which very high prices were being paid, somewhere about $100 per room. Our expectations of a cordial welcome in our own city failed of realization. We submitted proposal after proposal, at prices well below those being paid. We rang the changes on the advantages of our system of gradually operating the mixing dampers compared with the open and shut method, but could not get the engineer of the board to recommend it. He was intensely conservative and, as we now know, honestly so.

Finally we brought influence on the Board of Education that resulted in our being given an order to equip the Ray school with the understanding that no money was to be paid until the work had been tested through a winter and been approved by the engineer. The engineer fully expected that failure would result and considered this as the easiest way to get rid of us. Much to his surprise, the Powers system made good, and before the close of the winter it was accepted and paid for, and we were awarded contracts for seven schools on which we had in the meantime been low bidder, decision having been reserved, awaiting the result of the trial in the Ray School. The engineer who had stood so solidly in our way gave us a testimonial letter, which we published and used to good advantage, and at the same time he wrote a clause in the specifications calling for gradually operated dampers in all future school

buildings. The dampers in the Ray school were mounted on vertical shafts and set at an angle of 45 degrees, so that only one-eighth of a turn was required to open them fully.

The room thermostats, like those of the Nos. 2, 3, and 4 Regulator, but of larger diameter, were used, as we had not yet employed a supplementary power to operate the dampers. This was in 1894.

Soon afterward, we turned our attention to Detroit and Toledo, where two large jobs were up for figures, bids to be opened on the same day, on the Lucas County courthouse at Toledo, at 12:00 o'clock and the Central High School at 2:00 o'clock, at Detroit.

Our ambition at this time was far ahead of our apparatus, and we wonder now that we had the nerve to tackle these jobs. I brought over from New York, Percy MacCallum to help land these two contracts. We thought it likely that the other party would cut his prices, in view of the fact that we were on the "raft" and, apparently, to stay.

MacCallum at Toledo put in our bid and was low, and, according to arrangement, telephoned me the other party's price which was still up, whereupon I added $500 to my proposal, which was already written, with the amount left blank, and put it in. We were still about a thousand dollars low. McCallum returned to New York, and a few days later I ran over to Toledo and joined the small army of contractors awaiting action of the board. I received scant courtesy at the hands of the heating men.

So strong was our competitor that they each thought themselves compromised if seen talking to me, and when I approached them they would edge away from me on some excuse or other. In fact, I discovered that,

diplomatically speaking, I was "persona non grata." None of them was interested in my figure, although it was low, and I don't blame them now, for really I had nothing in the way of apparatus to handle the job if I got it. It was a gravity steam indirect heating system. But, with courage greater than judgment, I was doing my best to land it. Despairing of any assistance from heating men, I was wondering how I was to get an audience, when one of the members of the board came out wearing a Grand Army button in the lapel of his coat. The usual greeting of comrades of the Civil war followed, and in response to his question of what I was doing I explained the situation and said to him that it looked as though I would be unable to get a hearing. He assured me that he would see that I was heard, and an hour later a call came out for Mr. Powers, and I went in, to the surprise of the heating contractors who had given me the cold shoulder.

The board listened with attention, thanks to my Grand Army comrade, while I explained our method and told the story of the monopoly maintained by our opponent and the high prices which they were getting. At the end of my half-hour's talk I went out and back to Detroit, feeling that the board was with me; and so it proved, for a few days later the contract for heating was let to a local firm with instructions to use our apparatus. Suits for infringement were threatened, but the board stood pat and could not be bluffed by our opponent, the erstwhile sole occupant of the "raft", now carrying two.

Then I went to work to invent and create the thermostat required for air-operated diaphragm valves, and we had them when the building was ready, and the Lucas County courthouse (shown in our catalog) has

been ever since one of our best references. In my next letter I will tell you of the strenuous fight we had in landing the Central High School contract at Detroit.

SOME EARLY EXPERIENCES

"Tuesday Talks" May, 1919.

By W. P. Powers

In connection with the fight for the Detroit High School, and going back for a moment, I want to mention an incident connected with the Ray School in Chicago which was given us on trial as told in a former article.

Some time after the acceptance of our work the engineer of the building who had been very friendly to us and our apparatus, suddenly changed front and sent a letter to the Board of Education saying that the Powers System was a failure and asking that it be removed and that of our opponent substituted. Here was evidently some fine work. Interviewing the principal, Mr. Lawrence, he said that he knew of no trouble with the regulation, that everything was working fine, and he gave me a letter to that effect which I presented to the board and we heard no more of it until later at Detroit.

As showing the state of mind of the enemy,—about this time we put in a bid of around eleven hundred dollars on each of two Chicago schools and were opposed by bids of one dollar each by the "raft man" who was present as well as myself when the bids were opened. His bid was accompanied by a letter of explanation, the burden of which was that rather than see the schools subjected to experimentation with inferior apparatus, they would do the work for a nominal sum.

Imagine his surprise when the committee without remark recommended the awarding of contracts to his company. These bids were accompanied by certified checks for fifty odd dollars each which were subsequently forfeited and we were awarded both contracts.

Later on, when we were low on the regulation for the Lewis Institute, after advancing every possible argument against us, they went to the trustees with an offer to put in the work for one thousand dollars less than the Powers bid. The Chairman, canny Scotchman that he was, told them "They were not doing that kind of business." Then they endeavored by prophecies of failure and threats of litigation to have us held to furnish a bond of a surety company in large amount, but Judge Kohlsatt, who was on the Board, said he could see no reason why the Powers Company should be subjected to the expense of a surety bond. These were the things we were up against and that we had to surmount. I mention them here that you salesmen who think competitive conditions hard now, may know what a rocky road we had to travel in our early days.

But to Detroit: The contest over the Central High School extended over many months while the building was going up. Every possible obstacle was put in our way. At a meeting of the full board we were both present by invitation to tell our story in each other's presence, I sat and listened to the "raft man" while he pleaded his cause. He dwelt on the magnitude of his company and compared it with our meager showing, in which he was quite justified. Among other things, he said: "Gentlemen of the Board, it will never do, to let the Powers Company have this contract,—they will advertise it all over the country and it will do us an immense amount of harm." No wonder the members of the board smiled at this convincing argument.

He cited the failure of our apparatus in the Ray School in Chicago evidenced by the engineer's letter, dwelling with great earnestness on this but forgetting to mention the letter of the principal.

When he had finished I gave them a straight talk and referring to the alleged failure at the Ray School told them of a conversation I once had with the engineer before he turned against us, in which I asked him what business he had been engaged in before he became a school engineer. His answer was "Separating." To my request for an explanation he added: "Separating fools from their money." Then I said to the board: "Gentlemen, you can judge for yourselves whether or not in condemning the Powers apparatus he has temporarily gone back to his old vocation." This was a center shot and my opponent arose in anger, saying he would not stand that, but failing to find support, he sat down and I went on with my argument. We were awarded the contract and before the building was ready in 1896, I had developed the gradual acting thermostat, employing supplementary air pressure, which we used there and of which many thousands have since been placed, its form having been more or less changed without varying from the principle involved, i.e., the balancing of the air pressure against that of the expansion disc. This is unquestionably the most efficient and dependable thermostat that has ever been made. Even the "raft man" admitted to me a long time after, that that was a real invention, transforming temperature into relative air pressure.

"AN INNOCENT ABROAD"

"Tuesday Talks," July, 1919.

By W. P. Powers

With an ambition inversely proportioned to our acquirements we turned our attention to securing government contracts and were low bidder on the Post Office building at Buffalo. We laid siege to the supervising architect at Washington, where I was much of the time in attendance at the patent office.

The determining factor at the Treasury Building was one Henry Adams, a plausible gentleman who was an expert in giving the glad hand to an applicant and sending him away confident of success when nothing was further from his intention in the matter. An expert in making promises, he quieted me with an assurance that the very next job that came up we should surely have; so I let up on the Buffalo job.

The Washington Post Office was the next, the heat regulation being a sub-contract, amounting to about $5,000, and we were the low bidder. The Philadelphia Steam Heating Co., managed by Mr. Chas. F. Wood received the contract and it was up to us to get our stuff accepted. Mr. Wood was then as now a staunch friend of the Powers Regulator, having placed a number of our house machines at Knoxville, Tenn., where he was superintendent of water-works in 1893-4, and had shown us many favors since. When reminded of his promise, Henry Adams developed a bad memory and we went over his head to the supervising architect. Here I was ably assisted by Mr. Wood, the heating contractor, and Mr. Percy MacCallum, our eastern manager, to whom I have referred in a former article and of whom too much cannot be said in commendation. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word—ac-

tive, alert and untiring, making friends wherever he went. In his untimely death in 1901 The Powers Regulator Company sustained a great loss. Our efforts finally resulted in permission being granted the heating contractor to use our system. While Mr. Wood and myself were felicitating ourselves on the happy outcome, there came into his office, in the partly completed post office building, a young man who introduced himself as William Steele, Philadelphia representative of the "Raftman's" company. Not knowing me and therefore regardless of my presence he opened up by saying he had learned that the use of the Powers apparatus had been authorized and that unless it could be prevented he would lose his job, etc. etc. If Mr. Wood would give him a letter to the Department saying that he preferred their system, it would enable him to get the matter reversed and in that case he was authorized to offer him one thousand dollars. Mr. Wood appeared to be interested, remarking that "A thousand dollars didn't grow on every bush" but ventured the opinion that it ought to be worth more, giving me a wink at the same time. Of course I took it all in, busying myself with examining a folding camera which lay on the table and apparently paying no attention to the conversation. In response to Mr. Wood's suggestion, he raised his offer to two thousand dollars and later to three thousand. Mr. Wood then asked him if he thought that would be treating Powers right to which he answered, "Powers be d——d: he would do the same if he had the chance." (Implying that we had that amount of money, which was a violent supposition in that day.)

Mr. Wood finally gave him the glad hand, a la Henry Adams, and dismissed him saying that he "would consider it," and the young man went out feeling that

he had saved the day and blissfully ignorant of the fact that all this had been said in my presence. Following his exit there was much merriment on our part, Mr. Wood repeating "Willie Steele the Willy Boy," etc., over and over again as he danced about the room in his usual vigorous way. In one thing this innocent "Willy Boy" was right. He did lose his job—a fate meted out to every employee of the "Raftman", who at that time allowed us to get a contract. That his employer ever knew the full extent of his "innocence" I doubt, as we kept it to ourselves.

The Powers Apparatus went into the building, a cut of which appears in our first general catalog, and the job has ever been a good reference.

MISSING A TRAIN THAT PROVED A GAIN

"Tuesday Talks," December, 1919.

By W. P. Powers

In the summer of 1899 we were asked to submit a bid on the regulation of a high school building at Wausau, Wis. The request came from a firm of Milwaukee architects with a Teutonic name. We were surprised at receiving it because at that time the prestige of the "Raftman's" company was very great, especially in its home city of Milwaukee, and we were little known and usually had to elbow our way in and then were lucky if we got recognition. We afterwards learned that the invitation was given us at the special request of the Board of Education of Wausau, who wisely recognized the need of having some competition.

The architects in their loyalty to the local company sought to sidetrack us, as will appear later, and but

for the missing of a train would have succeeded. Unable to get a sight of the plans without going to Milwaukee, I planned to take the nine o'clock train one morning, but reached the depot a moment too late. I felt the chagrin that one usually does in such an event and resolved to be more prompt in taking the eleven o'clock train. As I walked by the parlor car of the later train on my way to a coach (for at that time I did not aspire to the luxury of a swiveled chair) a tap on the window attracted my attention and looking at its source I saw Mr. E. W. Brooks, a director of our company, and Mr. J. D. Ross, his partner in the lumber business. Entering the car in response to the query "Where are you going?" I told them to Milwaukee to see the plans of a school at Wausau. "Wausau," said Mr. Ross; "I can get you anything you want at Wausau. I am well acquainted with Mr. Jones, president of the board, and that's where our mills are and where we are going." I thanked him and said I would be glad if he would put in a good word for me, etc.

At Milwaukee I left the train, called on the architects, and was shown the plans and told that the meeting of the board was to be held on the following Thursday, while as a matter of fact it was to be held on Wednesday. This was the "derailing switch" with which they thought to side track me. Planning to go up to the board meeting on Thursday, I received in the morning early, this telegram from Mr. Ross:

"Mr. Jones wants to know why you failed to have your bid in last night. Adjourned meeting two days on your account. Will you be there?"

Then I saw how the Milwaukee architects had bunkoed me.

At the adjourned meeting I was on hand with the

low bid. The Milwaukee company was also represented by their head salesman, Mr. D.

The next day we were called separately to plead our case before the board. Mr. D. went first and after he came out I made my plea. Before the arguments, Mr. D. had proposed that whoever won should set up the highballs, for which he had a great capacity. After the arguments the board adjourned and we went to the hotel for lunch. On the way, Mr. D. said, "Powers, I'll buy the high-balls—I am sure of the contract," and so we had them. After lunch the board voted unanimously in my favor. I was told by one of the board that Mr. D. advanced the following "argument" in his favor. He said: "Gentlemen of the Board, rather than see Mr. Powers get this contract I would take off my breeches and go that way through the streets of Wausau." Notwithstanding this powerful appeal they gave me the contract. In justice to my opponent I will say that probably this figure of speech was due to a succession of high-balls that advanced his zeal beyond his judgment.

But for my meeting with Mr. Ross and Mr. Brooks (both of these fine gentlemen have now passed to the other side) Mr. D. would have had the contract by default and but for my missing the earlier train I would not have met them, so it would appear that sometimes a miss results in a "hit."

GET TOGETHER BANQUETS

We occasionally bring in all our representatives for a get-together banquet, the object being to swap ideas and experiences, and in that way build up and strengthen our salesmen.

To these gatherings they come from the East and West Coasts as well as intermediate points, at the expense of the company. This enables a full acquaintance among them and is productive of good results.

The folded picture shows the party at the banquet in Chicago in September, 1920.

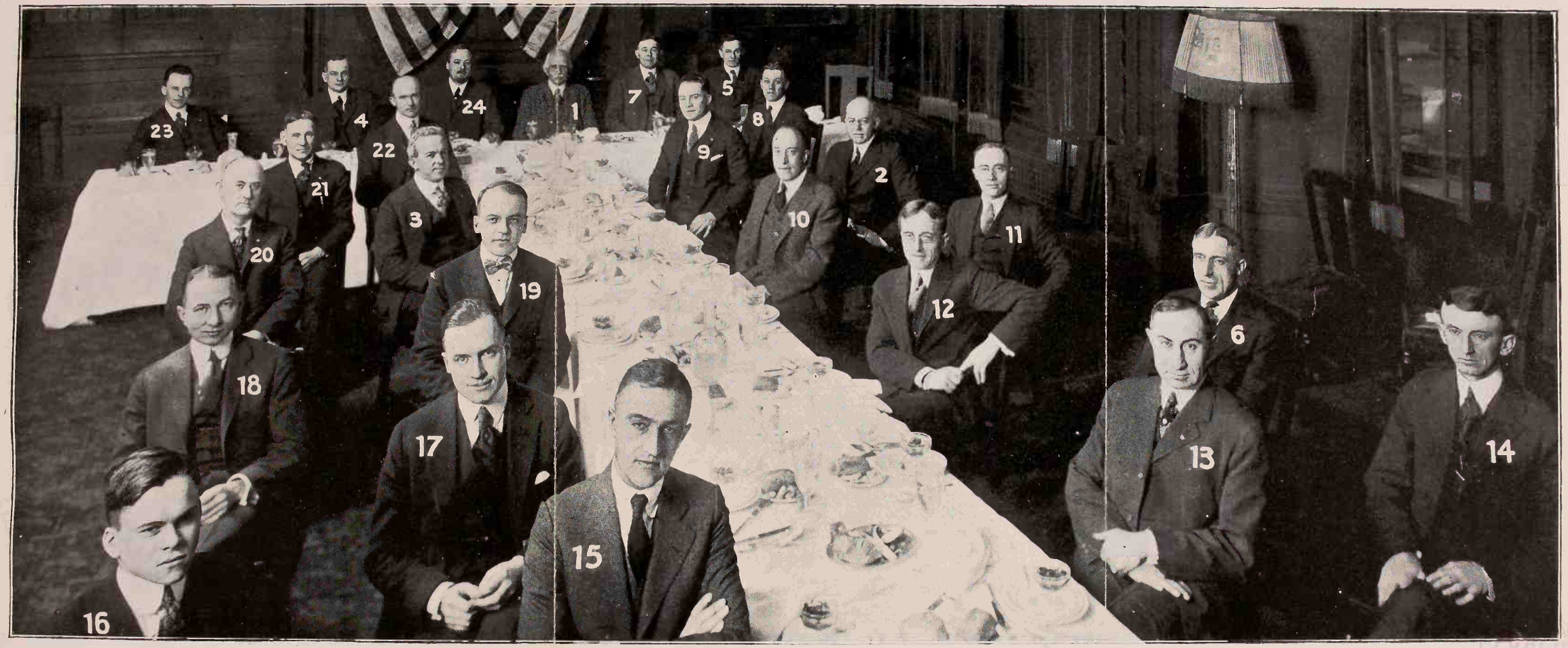
A TRAVELOGUE

"Tuesday Talks," September, 1920.

By W. P. Powers

The articles I have furnished heretofore for "Tuesday Talks" have dealt entirely with the past, but this time recent events are so prominently in my mind I find it difficult to get very far back, and so I am going to tell our readers something of our experiences on our recent trip to the East, on which Mrs. Powers accompanied me.

We, who live in this favored land of California, sometimes get the idea that we have about us nearly all of the beautiful things that the world affords, and we are sometimes accused of being "boosters" for California. Indeed, I have read an account of a man from the coast who, while awaiting the arrival of the preacher at a funeral in a strange town, sought to fill in the time by saying a few words about "Los Angeles." We all get the habit more or less, but when we go beyond the mountains into the Middle West and the East in the spring of the year, when all Nature is awakening from her long sleep through the winter; when the elms and the maples are putting out their fresh green leaves in such luxuriance of foliage as only there, we are forced to the conclusion that there are beauties outside of



1. W. P. POWERS, *President Los Angeles, California.*
2. F. W. POWERS, *Secretary and Treasurer, Chicago, Ill.*
3. D. J. POWERS, *Vice-President, New York*
4. A. E. SCHAD, *Sales Manager, Chicago, Ill.*
5. M. O. SNEDIKER, *Supt. Research Dept.*
6. C. N. OLESON, *Superintendent, Chicago, Ill.*
7. FRANK BRIDGES, *Cleveland, Ohio.*
8. J. PEDERSON, *Construction Supt., Chicago, Ill.*
9. W. F. MCFARLANE, *City Sales, Chicago, Ill.*
10. M. S. JACKSON, *Buffalo.*
11. C. B. OWENS, *Toronto.*
12. OSCAR WEILBACKER, *Sales, New York.*
13. L. A. STEPHENSON, *Kansas City.*
14. HENRY HOFFMAN, *Detroit.*
15. A. F. MARGUARDT, *Minneapolis.*
16. HERBERT VETTER, *Office, Chicago.*
17. F. W. FALVEY, *St. Louis.*
18. F. W. ROCKSTRAW, *Pittsburg.*
19. H. E. RIGGS, *Auditor, Chicago.*
20. CHAS. LUDLOW, *Cincinnati.*
21. S. C. PROTHERS, *Miskawaka, Ind.*
22. T. F. MCCOY, *Boston.*
23. E. W. RIETZ, *City Sales, Chicago.*
24. H. C. WINCHELL, *Editor, Chicago.*

California. We enjoyed the lovely drives, in and about the different cities we visited, and our stay at Atlantic City was a delight.

I was glad of the opportunity to meet so many of our active workers at the get-together banquet in Chicago; to renew old and make new acquaintances among them. The new factory was to the writer a never-ending source of interest, pride, and pleasure, and it was with regret that I left it for our homeward journey. I felt that I would like to put on the overalls again and see if I couldn't hustle out some of those "back orders" for which our customers were clamoring.

Then the presentation of that beautiful pitcher, so unexpected, gave me a great deal of pleasure, especially considering the sentiment that prompted it, for we all love to have tangible evidence of appreciation of our work. The kindly words so well spoken by Mr. Bowman went straight to my heart. What better thing can be said of one by a fellow worker after an association of so many years than this: "He always knew what he wanted and knew when he got it." In return I can truly say that I always knew that I could depend on him to get what I wanted, and to get it quick.

I devoted a day to a meeting of "Old Settlers" at Palmyra, Wisconsin, a quiet little village of which my father was the founder in the pioneer days of the West, and where the years of my childhood were spent. I had the distinction of being the oldest settler present. Of course, I was expected to speak, but those who preceded me on the program occupied the time until adjournment for lunch, and after that a baseball game took the crowd, and I "ducked," not caring to be in competition with the greater attraction.

From there to La Crosse, Wisconsin, where my wife and I passed three very happy days with old friends. La Crosse was my home for twenty-five active years in the heating game, and it was there that The Powers Regulator had its birth. Then there were three days at Madison, a beautiful city, in attendance on the commencement exercises of the State University, my Alma Mater. It was the Sixtieth Anniversary of my graduation—class of 1860. We had a class reunion, just two of us—all that are living of a class of eight—John B. Parkinson and the writer. We were assigned to places among "The seats of the mighty" and when I sat down at the banquet table, I found from the menu card that I was to speak on the subject, "The Penalty of Graduating Fifty Years Too Soon."

On the following day we sat at the front of the stage and saw eleven hundred graduates file by to receive their diplomas, quite a contrast with our class of sixty years ago.

I was told that there are one hundred and fourteen buildings in the institution; and there was just one when I began, and only three when I graduated. The university now ranks with the best in the country. When I consider the greatly enhanced advantages now available to the students. I appreciate the fact that there is perhaps a penalty attached to having graduated fifty years too soon. But those fifty years have seen a wonderful development in our country, and have been of such transcendant interest that one cannot regret that his life was cast during that momentous period, even though he missed some later opportunities for higher education.

We are home again now in the "City of the Angels" and are receiving occasional letters from our friends in the East who are solicitous for our safety

from earthquakes, who appear to attach more importance to the slight shakes we have lately experienced than to the lightning and tornados that claim more victims a hundred times over than do "quakes". F. W. Powers takes a rational view of the matter when he writes that considering the recent census reports they are probably "growing pains."

PATENT MATTERS

The first patent granted me on temperature control was not obtained without great effort. This was in 1888—My application was rejected, numerous anticipating patents being cited, none of which involved the principle of my invention. I went to Washington, taking with me a glass model in which was plainly shown the whole action depending upon the difference of the boiling point of water under different pressures. This I demonstrated before the examiner, Mr. S. but he refused to see any novelty in the idea—I saw him off and on at various times for three weeks, submitting written and verbal arguments, against his references, all to no purpose. Had he been paid a thousand dollars to prevent my getting the patent he could not have shown more persistence than he did in opposing my claims.

As a matter of fact I fully believed at the time that he was influenced by other than proper motives—I do not now. Finally I made my case so strong that he surrendered and granted the allowance. He then said to me "Mr. Powers I don't know what business you are in back there in the West, but I would advise you to dispose of it and come to Washington and open an office as patent solicitor, for there hasn't been a case in

my division for five years handled with the ability and persistence you have shown. After that he never could do enough for me in later applications and was my friend as long as he remained in the patent office. In the last case that came before him he had been promoted to the judicial board, and I was in interference with the "raft man", we both having conceived the same idea on a thermostat similar to the ones he was using but designed to secure graduated action of dampers.

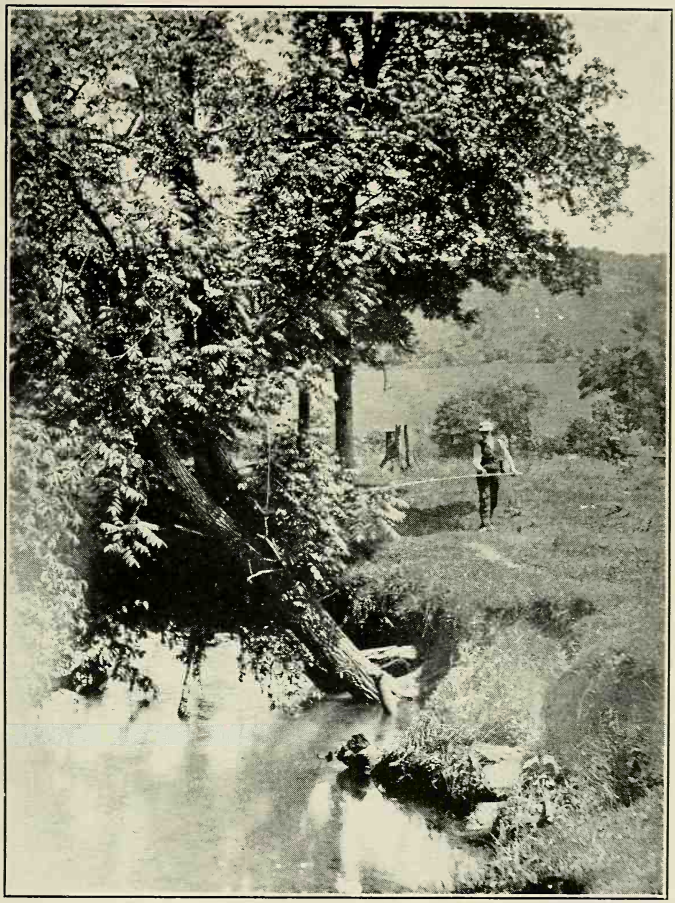
I was awarded priority and the patent issued to me.

Under the lease granted the "Raftman's" Company, for a liberal consideration, the device has been, and is now being used in their work, giving an approximate gradual action to valves and dampers.

In the years following, I made many trips to Washington and many arguments before the examiners in securing the various patents which have since been granted me. My relations with the examiners were very cordial, and now whenever I go to the Capitol City I take pleasure in calling upon those I knew—the few remaining having been advanced to more important positions in the patent office.

RECREATION

Although my life was a strenuous one for many years, it was not spent without occasional recreation and I never allowed business to interfere with a proper amount of it. Trout fishing has been my favorite sport and I have enjoyed many outings on the waters of Michigan, Wisconsin and Canada. While a resident of La Crosse, Wisconsin, it was my frequent recreation. We had a cottage in what we called the "Happy Val-

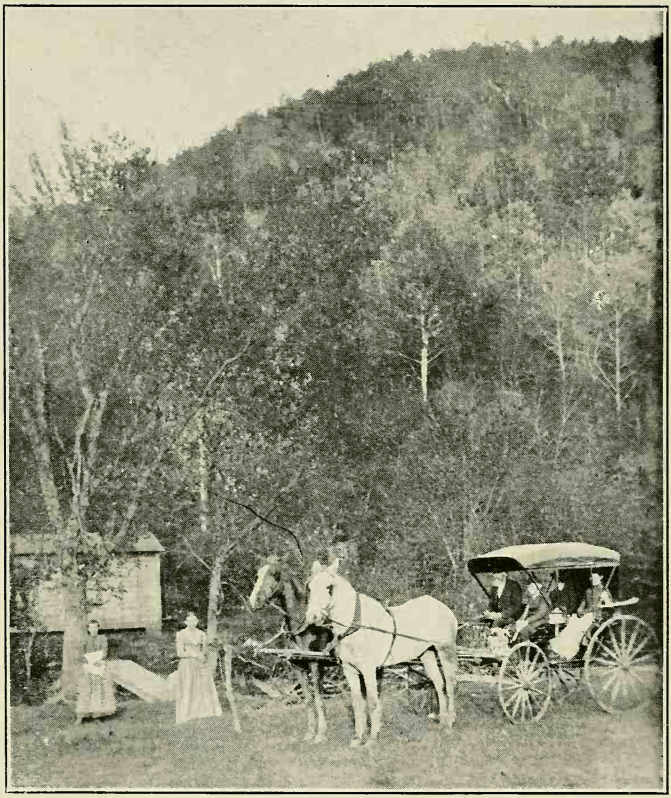


A Good Hole

ley", a name given to it by my first wife. It was twenty miles east of the city and down in the Coon Valley. A noisy brook ran down this valley through meadow and woods, with many a twist and turn, and was easily the finest trout stream I have ever seen and that is saying a good deal for I have been on many. In the

years gone by it was no trick to catch a ten-pound basket of the speckled beauties most any day.

First we were in the habit of driving out on Sundays, leaving home before daylight and returning late

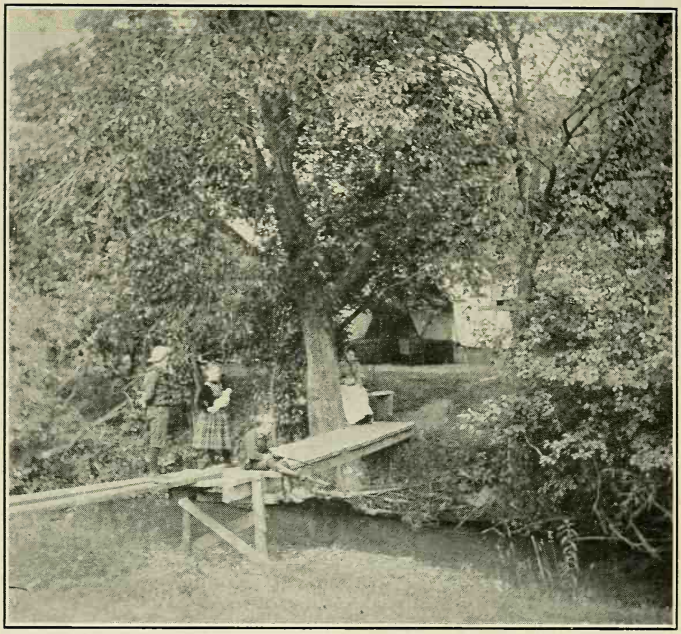


in the evening. In this way we brought no reflection upon our characters as consistent church members, and we excused ourselves with the thought that in those busy years the Sabbath was the only time that we

GUESTS AT HAPPY VALLEY

could get away from the daily grind, and we have never believed that it was anywhere laid up against us.

Returning we usually brought one or two baskets of trout and a part of these were often given to our orthodox friends, and we do not now recall that they were ever refused on account of the day on which they were caught.



THE CAMP

Later on we built a cottage on the bank of the stream hard by a spring of ice cold water where we often spent several weeks in the summer with the children then growing up, who were good sports, as was their mother.

There were many "good holes" and beautiful spots on the stream as shown in the accompanying pictures. In these, whether fished from the bank or from the gravel below, one was pretty near certain to get a lusty trout. In that lovely camp we had many visitors—who came upon invitation from the city—some being shown in the picture on page 129.

With the tent for overflow, we were able to accommodate quite a number of our friends. These happy

A Day's Catch

experiences were continued until the time we moved to Chicago in the fall of 1890. In the spring following the death of my wife, I bought my first camera, something I had long wanted but never felt that I could afford. After that my time was divided while in the Happy Valley between the rod and the camera, and with a dark room attached to the cottage I developed the plates exposed about the camp and on the river, making many beautiful pictures, some of which are herewith reproduced. They help to keep fresh in the chambers of memory the recollection of those happy days.

Whenever we go to La Crosse we devote a day with old time friends to the "Happy Valley" and I go over in my mind the days of long ago; the cottage is still

there and other and better ones, which are occupied in the summer by lovers of nature, following our example, but the trout are mostly gone—the automobile having made that stream as many others—too accessible, there being more fishers than fish.

Both Life and Death are splendid adventures.
By making best use of the one
We insure a beautiful outcome of the other.
—WILLIAM H. KNIGHT.

A PLEASANT RETROSPECT

The brook in the "Happy Valley," with many a ripple and silent pool, ran down through a number of forties owned by a Bohemian farmer whom we will call Jo. We leased the fishing privileges on the stream and he and his good wife chased off anyone trespassing on our rights. In the family were three girls, the two older ones working in the fields with their father—the younger one, not yet old enough to handle the pitchfork, came down across the footbridge into our camp one Sunday morning, all dolled up for the Sunday school, and said to me: "Please, Mr. Powers, won't you take my pup?" I placed the child with the pup in her lap in a hammock and made the picture below.

Now if this were all, it would not be worth mentioning; but there is more to it. This little girl with her latent ambition aroused, asked her father to let her go into the big city school. Jo thought it unnecessary, saying, "your two sisters got all the education they need in the little schoolhouse on the ridge (a mile and a half up the hill)." She persisted in her request and good father that he was, he sent her to the city, where she

graduated in the high school, taking the honors of her class. Not satisfied with this, she begged her father to send her to the university at Madison, Wis. This he was sure was unnecessary, but he did it and while she was in the sophomore year, he died, and in his will there was a provision for the completion of her college education.

My wife and I were present at her graduation in nineteen hundred and four, and were proud to know her and to see what she had accomplished. Now she is assistant superintendent in the high school in a large city, a position she is filling with credit to herself and the college where she matriculated. She has on several occasions said to the writer of this, that all that she is, she owes to us; that it was our coming into the valley,

ANNIE AND THE PUP

with our children, that awakened in her heart the ambition to make something of herself, recognizing the fact that there was something in the world for a woman besides working on a farm.

The two older sisters* married farmers and are prosperous, and have children, all of whom are being given a thorough education—as a result we may say of the example and accomplishments of the younger.

So while we rejoice in the memory of those halcyon days, we are glad to put to their credit, that more substantial benefit—the education and development for a higher service of those children of the valley, and the end is not yet, for those children and their children are likely to find their "places in the Sun."

FISHING EXPERIENCES

Some far-away trout fishing trips were made at various times. Once in 1902 to the Grand Pabos River which runs into the Bay of Chaleur from the Gaspe Peninsula, under the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, described elsewhere. Later, three trips were made to waters flowing into the north side of Lake Superior; and still later one to the Tobique and Serpentine Rivers in New Brunswick. Nowadays one must go to these far-away waters and into the wilderness to find any good fishing.

REV. DAVID BEATON

Among my outing friends was Dr. David Beaton, a Scotchman, our pastor for eight years in Chicago and an all-round disciple of Isaac Walton.

*These sisters are shown in the picture on page 128.

REV. DAVID BEATON

With him a week's trip to Batchawana Bay, in Lake Superior, from Sioux Ste. Marie, taken in a power launch, with a couple of young men from my old home, was very enjoyable, although we were not successful in the number of trout taken from the rivers flowing into the bay—but a week in close companionship with Dr. Beaton was well spent, although barren of other results. He was a man of great intellectual attainments, a good

talker and, what is more rare, a good listener. A few years later he invited me to go with him to New Brunswick in response to an invitation from Donald Fraser, who owned several sawmills and many thousand acres of fir timber in the wilderness drained by the St. Johns River and its branches, the Tobique and Serpentine.

It was a long way to go from Los Angeles to Plaster Rock, for a fishing trip, but the time and money were well spent. Mr. Fraser fitted us out with a driver, team and a heavy wagon on which we rode, carrying a canoe with guide and supplies, through the woods to the head waters of the Serpentine River.

It was well named for it pursued a tortuous course with many rapids, some requiring portages to avoid wrecking the canoe. There we spent three weeks in the wilds, finding shelter in the logging camps and finally emerging into the Tobique and down it to Plaster Rock, where the mill was located. All this was the gift of Mr. Fraser and a wonderful experience it was.

Both Donald Fraser and Dr. Beaton have since passed away—much lamented by all who were privileged to know them.

A FISHING TRIP IN CANADA

About the beginning of the present century I spent several winters in Montreal to introduce the Powers system of Temperature Control in Canada—these efforts were successful and were the forerunner of the fine business we now have in the Dominion from Quebec to Vancouver. This business is now handled by the Canadian Powers Regulator Co., owned by the Powers Regulator Co.

Mr. Jas. R. Wilson, a wealthy resident of Montreal, for whom I installed a Thermostat or two in his resi-

dence, learning that I had a weakness for trout fishing, said to me one day: "Some time when you are here I will put you onto some good fishing." Some months later, in July, 1902, I was at Moncton, N. B., awaiting the return from Prince Edwards Island of the officials of the Inter-Colonial Railway, for which company we were installing Thermostats in some of their cars. Remembering what Mr. Wilson had said and knowing that I had a few days to wait, I wired him, asking where the good fishing was. In answer came the following telegram: "I will give you three days' magnificent trout fishing. Take steamer Saturday morning at Dalhouse—get off at Newport—my man will meet you and make all arrangements. Wire me if you accept." It goes without saying that I wired my acceptance and was at Dalhouse as directed. An all-day sail down the Bay of Chaleur brought me at four P. M. to Newport, where I was met by a man who took me and my baggage to a house at the mouth of the Grand Pabos River, five miles distant. There I met with a hearty reception and was made welcome by Mr. and Miss Miles, brother and sister, both single. In the evening came the superintendent, saying he had orders from Mr. Wilson to report to me. I would say here that the fishing privilege on this river was leased by the Government to a small Club of five citizens of Montreal, of which Mr. Wilson was the president. Knowing that Mr. Wilson never fished on Sunday I told the superintendent that "Of course I would not think of fishing on the Sabbath," but that he couldn't get there any too early on Monday morning. Sunday was a long day, but during it, while walking on the beach, I was met by a fine looking gentlemen who extended his hand saying, "Friend of my friend, I bid you welcome." He was a doctor, a member of the club, and was quartered

A Good Cast

in the club house on the beach. I have forgotten his name, but I never will forget the cordial greeting he gave me.

On Monday morning bright and early came the superintendent and a guide with a canoe, well supplied with provisions for a three-days trip up the river. The Grand Pabos River comes down from the wilderness of the Gaspe Peninsula which lies between the mouth of the St. Lawrence River and the Bay of Chaleur. It was, and I doubt not still is, a beautiful stream, swift and running through a heavily timbered region. The two men poled the canoe up against the current, no easy job, while I sat in contemplation of the beautiful scenery and in the pleasant anticipation of a few days of real sport. Seven miles up the river was a second

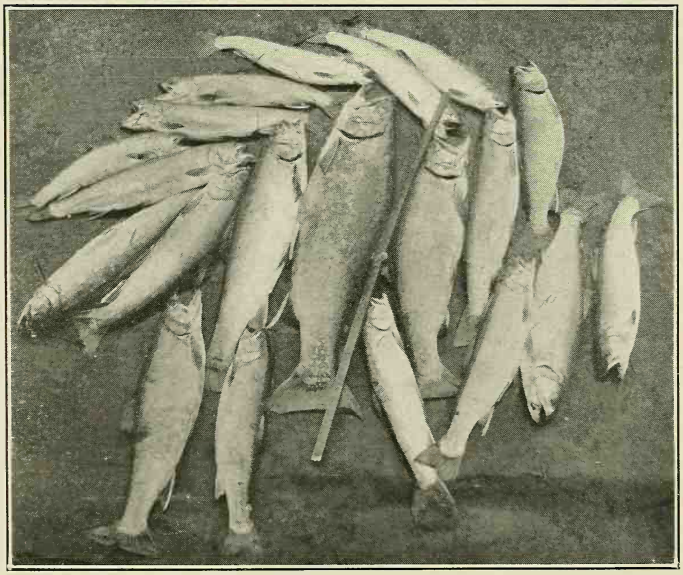
club house, at which we were very comfortable—the first night—and four miles farther up was a third cabin where we were lodged the second night.

In our passage up the river, whenever we reached a good place, which the guides well knew, we would stop

WEIGHING THE FIVE POUNDER

and I would cast my fly in the pool with the result of landing a half dozen of the speckled beauties, when we would move on to the next place of promise, perhaps a mile away, where a repetition would follow, the fish, real speckled trout, averaging about a pound in weight.

Late in the afternoon of the second day we saw in a deep and quiet pool a half dozen trout of large size and a strike followed my first cast, but like many of the big ones, "he got away" and the succeeding casts brought no attention. In accordance with a suggestion of the superintendent, we waited until nine o'clock, when it was as dark as at any time that night (July 30), when I cast again in the swift water just above the pool, having for a lure a piece of black lining torn off the guide's coat, attached to a plain snell hook, when



NOTE THE TWO-FOOT RULE

presto! came a strike with the result that a five-pound trout was quickly landed on the pebbly bank of the river, no time being given him in which to tangle himself and the line around the roots in the stream.

The trout, I suppose, thought the lure was a mouse, they being often in the river in an effort to cross. In fact, I caught one, a pound and a half fish who had a mouse's tail sticking out of his mouth, and when I cleaned him I found four others in his belly. Although unable to swallow the last one, he had eagerly jumped at the fly—a victim of too much greed.

The five-pounder I sent by express the next day to a taxidermist at Montreal and he now adorns the hall of my home in a frame, under an oval glass with a background of pictures made on the river where I caught him, enlarged and water-colored—a thing of beauty and looking now, after a lapse of twenty-two years, just as fresh and pretty as when he came out of the water. Now when I look at it I feel again the old-time thrill and the pull of the line as I landed him on the gravel bank.

We came down the river the next day with forty pounds of dressed trout, which I took with me and distributed among the officials of the Inter-Colonial Railway at Moncton. When I next saw Mr. Wilson I told him that I had no idea when I wired him that such an invitation would follow and that I felt that I had "rushed in where angels would fear to tread," to which he replied that he "wanted to show me what good fishing was." He certainly succeeded.

A few years later, with my two sons, Donald and Robert, I was on a fishing trip to the Missinabie region on the north shore of Lake Superior. Don, as we call him, had come on from New York, meeting us at Mis-

sinabie. We saw plenty of trout in the streams, but they would not rise to the flies, and worms being a necessity and not obtainable there, I wired Mr. Henry Winnett, landlord of the Queens Hotel at Toronto, to send me a bucket of worms. These came in due time and while somewhat expensive in telegrams, express charges and all, they enabled us each to take to our homes a fine basket of trout. On this trip I chanced to meet at Jackfish Mr. Jack Spillett, a retired conductor of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, who had just come in with a judge from Toronto, bringing two three-pound trout for the judge to take home. Mr. Spillett said, as I was admiring the trout: "Some time when you want some good fishing come up and I will give it to you." Some two or three years later I wrote him that I was ready to come and in a few days received a wire to meet him at Fort William on a certain day, which I did, going by rail from Chicago to Duluth, thence by steamer to Port Arthur and thence by rail to Fort William. Here Jack met me and having made all arrangements for an outfit and provisions, a canoe, etc., with the Hudson Bay Company, he with a young man, took me to a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway from which we went through a chain of lakes to one where we found a cabin belonging to a conductors' club, and where we had a few days of fine fishing—after which we retraced our route and went on east to Gravel River. Here, with the help of the section men, our 18-foot canoe and other equipment was carried on their shoulders to an upper stretch of the river about a mile away, from which with many a turn it found its way to the lake two miles from the station. I waited at a point nearer, the arrival from above of the canoe, and we fished the river with success until evening, when a tent was put up in a space cleared in the timber for the purpose, where we

passed the night and next day fished down to the mouth of the river. Returning from this last place by train, as we were approaching Port Arthur, where I was to leave him, I asked Jack to figure up the cost of the trip, all of which had been paid by him, so that I could pay it *all*. He demurred in an emphatic way, as was his wont, saying that when he invited a gentleman to go fishing with him, he couldn't pay a d—m cent, and I was not able to change his attitude. I, however, induced him to accept my rod, a fifteen dollar one, and I doubt not it has killed many a fine fish since that day, fifteen years ago.

Returning to Chicago, I brought with me, packed in ice, fifty pounds of dressed trout, from which I gave a liberal mess to each of nineteen different families.

SOMETHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY

On one of our trout fishing trips to Northern Michigan, we had a rather unique experience. Dr. David Beaton and my brother, Frank Powers, were with me. We caught a lot of trout, but they ran small. Some of these were caught in Wisconsin waters, where the size limit was six inches, while others were taken in Michigan streams where we later learned the limit was seven inches. So inadvertently we had violated the law. While waiting for our train at the station I had a hunch that those that were under the limit of length should be segregated and put out of sight. My brother thought it unnecessary, but I persisted and put all the undersized fish in one basket and put that basket in the telescope along with my fishing clothes. The wisdom of this was quite apparent later on, as will appear. The other two baskets of trout were given to the porter, who kept them in the toilet room.

As we were asleep in our berths, my brother and I were rudely awakened just before midnight and ordered to get up and dress, by a man who said he was Haskell, the game warden. "Are those your trout in the toilet room?" he said. "Yes," I said, "What about it?" "Well, get up and get your clothes on, you are going to get off at Menominee—you are under arrest for taking undersized trout." I argued with him that there were no such in the baskets, but he insisted on taking us off the train.

He went forward for a few moments, during which Dr. Beaton roused up and stuck his head out between the curtains and wanted to know what was the matter. I told him we were arrested. He said, "Where are my trout?" I said, "The game warden has got them and he'll get you if you don't keep quiet." He took the hint and disappeared in the berth and we heard no more of him, as the warden came back. He of course knew only of two in the party. Doctor Beaton was a canny Scotchman, and the pastor of our church in Chicago, a good sport with whom I have had many trout fishing trips. Like many others of my old-time friends, he has gone to the other world. As the train neared Menominee I induced the warden to allow my brother to go on, I assuming the entire responsibility and telling him that I caught all the trout myself, this being a fish story, did not have to be true; so my brother went on, taking the telescope that had all the undersized trout along with him, while the warden took the two baskets from the wash room.

By his order I went to the hotel where he was to meet me and go before the Justice at ten o'clock in the morning. In the meantime he had examined the two baskets in the wash room and found there were no undersized trout in them and had changed his charge to

taking trout out of the state, there being a law in Michigan prohibiting that, but rarely or never enforced.

In the morning I telephoned a business acquaintance, a man of influence in the city, advising him of my predicament, and received the assurance that he would come down and see what he could do about it—which he did later. After breakfast I went out on the porch in front of the hotel, where I found three old soldiers swapping experiences. I had my Grand Army button on and was welcomed as an addition to the party, with the cordiality that always manifests itself between comrades of the Civil War. One of them was telling how he was once arrested while in service. When he had finished I said: "Well, boys, I am arrested *now*," and to their interested inquiry I explained what had happened—of course neglecting to say anything about the basket of undersized trout. One of them spoke up in no uncertain tones, saying :"We will see Haskell and tell him that he better go d—n light on an old soldier if he wants to live in this town." And I guess they did, for between them and the friend I had called up, who got busy on it, Haskell did not show up and left town on the ten o'clock train and I was told by the District Attorney that I could go at my convenience.

I demanded my two baskets of trout, but all disclaimed knowledge of where they were. I insisted on getting them, saying I would not go without them, and finally the District Attorney reluctantly informed me that they were in the ice chest of a certain saloon, where I found them and late in the afternoon took the train for Chicago, where to their surprise and gratification I delivered the trout to my brother and Dr. Beaton. I have always thought the agent where I sorted the trout, who was a fisherman himself, wired the game warden and put him onto us, telling of the undersized trout.

TROUT FALLS

The picture taken in 1890 at Trout Falls, near Sparta, Wis., shows my brother taking solid comfort with his cigar while our two boys are doing up the dishes after dinner. The two boys are now grown men and have more serious business on their hands than washing dishes. The one at the left is Geo. G. Powers, manager of the Union Bed & Spring Co. The other is Robert A. Powers, my youngest son, now in a responsible position in our factory, shown on page 99.

A funny incident happened at this time. We had camped for two days on Tar Creek, a nearby branch of the La Crosse River, and when we were unpacking our suitcases in the pine woods on the bank of the river by the falls I missed my diamond stickpin, and a careful search through the carpet of pine needles on the ground resulted in finding a stickpin with three stones, but it was not mine, and the stones were not diamonds, although at the time I thought they were. My wife, who is a judge of diamonds, afterward pronounced them to be only glass. Someone in camping in that same spot had lost this pin. The one I lost was recovered at the place where we had camped on Tar Creek. Near the falls lived then and now, Pat Barry, who all these years has entertained fishers, his good wife providing excellent meals and comfortable beds. Thirty years after the incident above described, found me again at Trout Falls, and this time a guest of Pat Barry. To my surprise, when I was introduced by my companion, Mr. John P. Bird, he mentioned the fact that a man by the name of Powers was there many years ago, who had just lost his wife, and who had made an invention. I told him I was the man. He also remembered the loss of the diamond pin. What a wonderful memory he

had to have recalled at the mention of my name these incidents of so long ago.

Since writing this, I learn from a mutual acquaintance that Pat passed away last summer. Another good man gone.

CAMP AT TROUT FALLS

ELBOW LAKE

The accompanying picture was taken at Elbow Lake, near Dorset, Minnesota, in 1914. I had been east to attend the annual meeting of the Powers Regulator Company, and returning to the Pacific Coast by the Great Northern Railway, I was able to put in a few days at the lake along with my brother and son Don, who had come from New York to take part in the meeting. With us also, was Mr. Hanson, superintendent of the factory of the Union Wire Mattress Company. These three are shown each with a muskelunge of large size, of which we caught many in this beautiful lake.

Leaving the party there I continued on my way west, where I put in a few days in the Glacier National Park before returning to my home in Los Angeles.

THREE PROUD FISHERMAN AT ELBOW LAKE, MINN.

THE PENALTY OF GRADUATING FIFTY YEARS TOO SOON

W. P. POWERS, *Los Angeles, Cal.*
Class of 1860

(From the Alumni Magazine, Aug., 1920.)

When I sat down to the Alumni banquet, in Madison, Wisconsin, on my sixtieth anniversary and glanced at the back of the menu card, I learned for the first time that I was expected to speak on the subject, "The penalty of graduating fifty years too soon." While the dinner was being served, I was wondering what could be said on so weighty a theme, on such short notice. My name appeared first on the list of speakers and when the dinner was over, the toastmaster for some reason, probably from a feeling of sympathy or perhaps of friendship, refrained from calling upon me, and President Birge took the platform and gave a most excellent talk.

For his consideration, I shall gratefully hold the toastmaster in everlasting remembrance. Now after a few weeks, I can better write of the "Penalty" than I could have spoken at that time, as I am not an after dinner speaker, my work having been throughout, entirely on mechanical lines.

The word "Penalty" is suggestive of punishment, usually for some crime committed. It may also cover a denial of something desired, or as in this case a loss of opportunity.

That I lost much in the way of opportunities, by reason of graduating in eighteen hundred and sixty, I realize when I look at the array of magnificent buildings that now adorn the campus and contrast them with the old "North Hall" which was the only one

when I commenced, a youth not quite eleven years of age, in eighteen fifty-three; and when I think of the large number of professors and the various fields covered by them, and the technical, philosophical and chemical appliances now accessable to the student I fully appreciate the "Penalty" due to my early graduation; and when I think of the athletics, the fraternities, the class yells, and best of all, the Dear Co-Eds, I did certainly miss a lot, for we had none of these. The university was in its youth and so was I and a large part of the "Penalty" was due to my immaturity as I was only seventeen years of age when I received my degree of Bachellor of Arts. My Post Graduate course was taken at the front in the Civil War, where I received the second degree. With the university, as now equipped, there are certainly great opportunities for education compared with those that existed in my day, but candor compels me to say that, meager as they were, I could have made better use of them than I did.

But, there is another way of looking at this question. Had my graduation been deferred for fifty years, I would have been as much too old as I was too young and this could only have been averted by deferring my birth correspondingly and that would have entailed penalties that might have been even worse than the others, for I have been privileged to live through the grandest period that the world has ever seen: and if there is any virtue in signs, the grandest that it ever will see. I have been a witness to the wonderful development, not only of our ALMA MATER but of the great West, from the days of my childhood in Wisconsin where I was born, when the untutored savage was a common sight, when we led the simple life, where one man was as good as another (and sometimes bet-

ter), when there were no millionaires, no labor trouble, no automobiles to take their toll of human life.

I have seen the building up of our cities, the development of the railroad, the telegraph and the telephone, all constituting a grand and glorious panorama of progress, which I would not willingly have missed. Then it was given to me to know that grand and dignified man, "Chancellor Lathrop," who was at the helm in those precarious days when the State outside could see in the university only a "High School for Madison boys"; and then Professor Stirling as acting chancellor, a man of sterling character, sometimes stern but always just; and Butler, the "Walking Encyclopedia," as he was called; and Conover and Read and Dr. Carr, who presided over the chemical laboratory, in which I was greatly interested. It was indeed "Worth While" to know these men who laid so well the foundation of this great institution, in which we take so much pride today.

My graduation was just in time to enable me to take part in the Civil War, where two of our class of eight gave up their lives: Leander M. Comins and John E. Sutton. It was my good fortune to return and the memory of those years in the service of my country goes a long ways to offset any "Penalties" of a premature graduation.

Had I been consulted as to the time of my advent into the world and had I been endowed with a vision of coming events, I question if I would have been justified in choosing a later date.

It has been a wonderful age in which to live and now in the Evening of Life, with health and vigor unimpaired I am quite content with the role that has fallen to my lot. One of the compensations for hav-

ing graduated "Fifty years too soon" was found in the attendance at the commencement exercises where my honored classmate, John B. Parkinson , and myself were given places among the "Seats of the mighty" to which we, or at least I, could not have aspired coming from the class of nineteen hundred and ten, fifty years later.

It is a long way from Los Angeles to Madison, but had there been no other recompense for the trip, my wife and I would have felt well paid by the pleasure we experienced at the commencement of 1920. It was an experience we shall hope to repeat some day.

THE UNION WIRE MATTRESS COMPANY

For the manufacture of the wire belting used in saw mills, as elsewhere described, I designed and built some automatic machinery, that was thought to be quite ingenious and my father, at that time developing machines for weaving wire mattresses in Chicago, sent for me to come down and help him to overcome some of the difficulties he had met with and of which he had grown a little tired. This was in the year 1875. I was there for five weeks and the improvements I inaugurated my father, in his enthusiasm, said were worth *fifty thousand dollars*—my estimate was more modest.

Soon afterward the Union Wire Mattress Company was incorporated and I received from my father two thousand five hundred dollars of the stock which he said was compensation for the work I did in Chicago. I demurred at taking this, but my brother Frank, who was with my father, wrote me that father felt that I had earned it and would feel hurt if I declined it, so I

took it. Two years later when I had completed our house, shown on page 84, my wife and I went to Chicago where we found a credit of over five hundred dollars as our share of the earnings of the company, and this, coupled with orders on wholesale furniture houses, went a long ways toward the furnishing of our new home. Subsequently a stock dividend was declared which doubled my holdings and for many years after-

GEORGE G. POWERS

ward this company was so prosperous that we received cash dividends of 20% on the stock.

So we thought that the five weeks that I was in Chicago proved to be time well spent.

My holdings in the company now, known as Union Bed and Spring Company, have since been increased by purchase and inheritance and the company is doing a very large and satisfactory business, under the able management of my nephew, George G. Powers.

SOME CLOSE CALLS

I wonder if there is anyone left in the village of Palmyra, where my childhood was spent, who remembers the "Old Swimming Hole" which was just below a gravel pit a few hundred feet south of the west end of the dam? There was in this hole a large oak stump, the top being just above the water. The older boys used to dive off this stump into the deep water just outside.

One day when I was about eight years old, I went with another lad a little older than myself, to the hole (forgetting that I had been forbidden to go into the water until I had learned to swim), and while we were getting outside of our clothes there came Jap Westphal and another boy for a swim. Now Jap was older than us and bore a rather hard name, on account of which we were afraid to go in with them, but finally did so. These two went in ahead of us and one was "treading water" near the stump. Holding up his hands saying, "only so deep," and believing him, I waded in and was soon over my head and figuratively and literally in "deep water." As I came up the last time, I hollowed for help and Jap who was out half way across the pond (now the lake) came swimming back, and div-

ing down brought me out, in a semi-conscious condition, to the bank where I was with some difficulty revived.

During the time I was under the water my mind was active and I thought, among other things, how I would never see my folks again, and in the evening when my father gave me a good whipping, I almost wished it had come true. I thought it pretty hard to be drowned and licked the same day. After that I thought better of Jap Westphal. He disappeared from the village soon after and I never heard of him again. I feel that I owe him a lot.

It was a long time before I forgave my Uncle George Harris who was fishing from the dam, and who reported the affair to my father, otherwise I might have been spared the aftermath.

During my operation with the sorghum mill in Hebron (see page 76) I had occasion to go down under the saw mill to replace some belt hooks in the belt that drove the machine, when in some way the belt became caught and wound up on the revolving shaft. I was inside the loop of the belt and was jerked from the timber on which I was sitting and let go just before reaching the shaft and dropped into the water below, receiving nothing but a good wetting. It was however a narrow escape.

In one of my letters, written from the front during the Civil War, I told how I got out of the way of a thirty-pound shell (see page 56) that otherwise might have been my finish, but after returning from the war I had a still closer call as follows: I had for protection in the early days at North La Crosse, a small revolver which I kept at night under my pillow. In taking it from the drawer preparatory to putting it under my pillow in some way the hammer was lifted

and the gun discharged, the muzzle being in my right hand. The bullet entered just below the thumb and came out at my wrist, passing through four inches of flesh, and then through my night gown, just breaking the skin within a half inch of the navel. My wife, with our first baby, lay in the bed in line with the path of the bullet—had it missed my hand. As it was, the bullet, its force expended, dropped on the floor, where after a little search I found it greatly to my relief, for at the moment I was afraid that it might have been in my body. It was a close call, but while the scars can still be seen, so good was the condition of my blood that the wound healed by what the doctors call "first intention" and within a week I was able to use a hammer and chisel as before; but I have never kept a loaded gun within reach since that night, believing that it involves a greater danger than that afforded by a possible intruder.

Several years after my experience with the gun, I was, while alone in a little shop I had built near our home, caught in a belt winding about a swiftly turning shaft, my left hand and wrist being wound around the shaft, which providentially stood still while I was just able to reach with my right hand the main belt that drove the shaft and drag it off its pulley. My wrist was quite seriously abraded, and the scar is yet plainly visible. It has always seemed to me that the Providence, that is said to "Shape our ends," must have had some task in view for me to perform, for there was power enough in that belt and shaft to have broken every bone in my body.

Still later than this I was down in a forty-foot well, in La Crosse, while my helper and the owner of the place were above, working with a lever using a shingle block about a foot square, for a fulcrum. Before going down the owner, who was a life insurance agent,

had been urging me to take out a policy and telling several instances in support of his argument of some people who had been alive one day and dead the next, etc., etc. Through some carelessness on their part the shingle block came down the well. Hearing their shout, I looked up and saw it coming and straightened up against the side of the well just in time for the block to miss me—but as it passed it struck the visor of my cap, knocking it off, and also stripped the sole from one of my shoes and breaking loose the cross piece on which I was standing, caused me to drop a few feet until I stopped my descent by grasping the pump log just before reaching the water.

To their anxious inquiries "Are you hurt?" I made no answer for a moment, feeling that they were entitled to some punishment for their carelessness. After this warning I lost no time in taking out some life insurance on which I have been paying premiums for more than fifty years, and am waiting for the next thing to happen to further demonstrate my invulnerability or make liable the insurance company on the policy.

That I have been spared through these various accidental experiences has perhaps been for the reason that the good Lord had some special work for me to do—possibly the creation and development of a "Thermostat" which was to render service to many thousands of homes and people, bringing to them comfort and better health conditions.

GENEALOGY OF THE POWERS SIDE

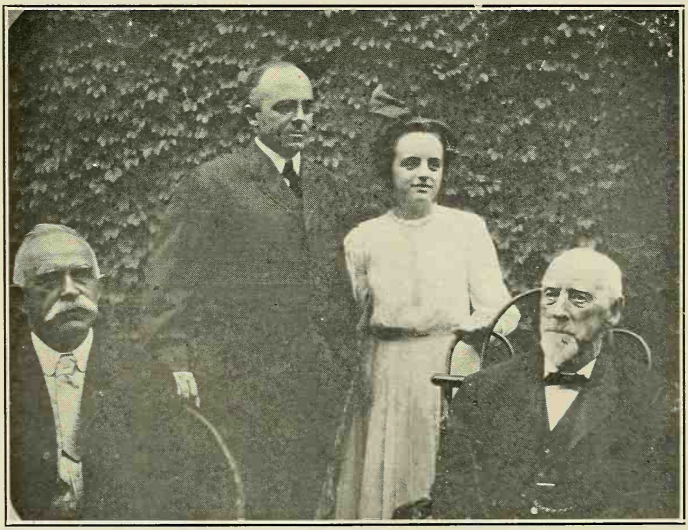
William P. Powers, married first on November 28, 1865, Margaret Frances Knight, daughter of Benjamin Wilson Knight. She was born at Waterville, Wiscon-

sin, June 25th, 1844 and died at Chicago, Illinois, March 15th, 1890.

Of this union were born Fred Wilson, August 13th, 1867: Mary Loraine, April 25th, 1870; Donald J., June 15th, 1875; and Robert Allen, December 6th, 1876, all at La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Fred W. married first on June 8th, 1892, Jessie Holmes, shown at the left sitting on the bank, page 129, born at La Crosse, November 26th, 1867 and died March 2nd, 1895, leaving a daughter, Jessie, born on the day of her death. Fred W. married second, Ida Topper, December 10th, 1901, at Pittsburgh, bringing her to Chicago, where they now live. They have a son, David J., born July 4th, 1906.

In this picture are shown four generations, my father, myself, my son Fred W., and his daughter Jessie. It was taken about 1905.



FOUR GENERATIONS

Jessie H. Powers married on December 29th, 1922, at Chicago, Dr. Carl Schultz, and they are now living at Hinsdale, Illinois, (1924).

Mary Loraine married an artist, Edward N. Marshall, Dec. 25th, 1900, and they are now living in Switzerland, and are without children.

Donald J. married December 27th, 1897, at Chicago, Louise Jukes, born December 5th, 1875, and now living at Dobbs Ferry, New York, without issue but acting as parent to Margaret Ellen, daughter of Robert A. Powers.

Robert A. Powers married September 7th, 1904, Margaret Heuron in Chicago, where were born to them, William Penn, August 15th, 1905; Margaret Ellen, June 30th, 1907; and Joseph Walter, October 27th, 1908.

The compiler of this, William P. Powers, married second at Chicago on September 11th, 1893, Mrs. Louise M. Selleck, and after twenty active years in Chicago, devoted to the building up of the Powers Regulator Company, and the development of its various temperature controlling devices, moved to Los Angeles, California, where he and his good wife are now, (1924) living in the home shown elsewhere, 511 So. Hoover Street.

Further family records can be found in this book in the reminiscences of George K. Powers. For more details, reference is advised to the genealogy of the Powers and Harris families made by William P. Powers, copies of which are on file in the Newberry library of Chicago:* The New York Public library; The Congressional library, Washington, D. C.; The Genea-

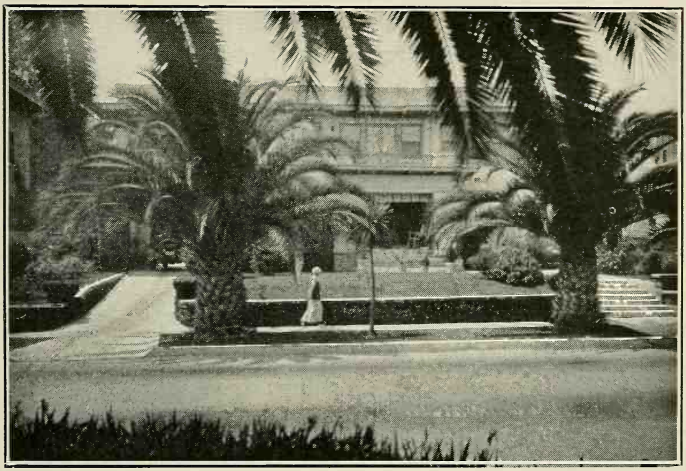
*Copies of this chart, folded in book form, may be obtained at $2.00 each by order addressed to W. P. Powers, 511 So. Hoover St., Los Angeles, California.

logical library, Boston, Mass.; and the Los Angeles Public library. This chart contains many pictures for which there is not room in this book.

MY WIFE, LOUISE

In the early winter of 1893 my father invited me to be his guest in California for six weeks. He was in the habit of spending his winters in Los Angeles, which doubtless contributed much to the length of his life. On this, my first visit to California, I met, and in the following fall, married my present wife. She had then been a resident of Los Angeles for ten years, and

although a great lover of the city was willing to leave it for a sojourn of twenty years in Chicago where as a wife and stepmother to my children she achieved a notable success. And not only did the children learn to love her, but so did all the friends who had known and loved their own mother. So in this age so replete with marital difficulties I feel that I have been doubly blessed in having made two successful and happy marriages, this being written just after having celebrated our thirtieth anniversary.



Our Residence in Los Angeles, 511 So. Hoover Street

Now we have a modest home in this beautiful city. We go east once every year to attend the annual meeting of the Regulator Company and see the friends and relatives we left behind when we came to the coast. We are members of the First Congregational church in Los Angeles, and have many warm friends in and out of it. I am also a Trustee of the Florence Crittenton Home and a member of the City Club, the Proximo Club and of course of the Grand Army and Loyal Legion.

GROWING OLD

A little more tired at close of day;
A little less anxious to have our way:
A little less ready to scold and blame;
A little more care for a brother's name;
And so we are nearing the journey's end,
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little less care for bonds and gold;
A little more zest in the days of old;
A broader view and a saner mind,
And a little more love for all mankind:
A little more careful of what we say;
And so we are faring a-down the way.

A little more love for the friends of youth;
A little less zeal for established truth:
A little more charity in our views;
A little less thirst for the daily news;
And so we are folding our tents away,
And passing in silence at close of day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream,
A little more real the things unseen;
A little bit nearer to those ahead;
With visions of those long-loved and dead;
And so we are going where all must go,
To the place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a little more tears,
And we shall have told our increasing years;
The book is closed, and the prayers are said,
And we are a part of the countless dead,
Thrice happy, then, if some soul can say,
"I happier live because he passed my way."

—SELECTED.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Following the death of my first wife I took up as a pastime, photography, and for the next thirty years devoted much time to it. The camera was my constant companion on all our travels as well as on all fishing trips.

Of all the good pictures I made lantern slides which have been shown many times in an amateur way in church and family gatherings.

Of lantern slides I have several thousand of my own make, illustrating our travels about the world.

The pictures of scenery which appear in this book are mostly of my own make.

When the Lumiere method of color photography came out, I was much interested in it, and coming from Chicago to Los Angeles a tourist in 1906, I brought with me two boxes of the color plates, the first I think that reached that city. These I first used with success on the beautiful flower gardens of Paul De Longpre, once the show place of Hollywood, long since cut up into business lots following the death of De Longpre. Over our garage is a second story which was built and used for a show room in which to project these pictures, and many of our friends have enjoyed them and the descriptive talk that accompanied them.

During the World War I gave up to the Red Cross this room and for many months it was used by the ladies' in making surgical dressings. This interim seemed to break the spell and caused me to lose my interest, so that little use has since been made of the room, the slides and the camera.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

In 1859 my father, David J. Powers, then the publisher of The Wisconsin Farmer, and secretary of the State Agricultural Society, in arranging for the state fair, to be held in Milwaukee, invited Abraham Lincoln, a lawyer of Springfield, Ill., to deliver the "address."

Mr. Lincoln had become widely known through the debates of the year before between himself and Stephen A. Douglass, both having been candidates for the United States Senate, and having radically different views on the great issue of that day, the slavery question.

My father rightly thought that he would be a drawing card, little anticipating the commanding position in the hearts of the world which he was later to attain. To the first letter of invitation, written in July, no answer was received, and a second letter, written a few weeks later, brought the following reply:

"Dear Sir:—Reaching home after an absence of nine days I find yours of the 12th. I have also received that of July 27th; and, to be plain, I disliked to decline the honor you tendered me. Two difficulties were in the way—first, I could not well spare the time from the courts; and secondly, I have no address of the sort prepared, and could scarcely spare the time to prepare one; and I was waiting, before answering yours to determine whether these difficulties could be surmounted. I will write you definitely on the 1st day of September if you can safely delay so long.

"Yours very truly, A. Lincoln."

Springfield, Ills Aug. 18. 1857

D. J. Powers, Esq

Dear Sir

Reaching home after an absence nine days, I find yours of the 12th. I had also received that of July 27; and, to be plain, I disliked to decline the honor you tendered me. Two difficulties were in the way — first, I could not well spare the time from the courts; and second ly, I had no address of the sort prepared, and could scarcely spare the time to prepare one; and I was waiting, before answering you, to determine whether these difficulties could be surmounted — I will write you definitely on the 1st day of September, if you can safely delay so long. Yours very truly

A. Lincoln

Upon receipt of the letter my father, reading between the lines, thought he saw the real reason for the stand-off when he remembered that he had said nothing about compensation in either of the previous let-

ters. He thereupon wrote him again, saying that he had neglected to mention in his former letters that there would be a compensation of $100, which appeared to strike him favorably, as in a few days a letter came to the effect that he was pleased to say that he had so arranged his matters in the courts that he could come. He came and delivered the address, and it appears in some of the "Lives of Lincoln." The interesting inference is that Lincoln hesitated to come to Milwaukee until he had been assured of a fee. Evidently he "needed the money," as did most people in that day, particularly struggling lawyers. Interested as he was in the absorbing topics of the day, he was little adapted to a talk to farmers, and the address gave slight promise of the wonderful heights to which his genius later on attained.

His address was largely devoted to the desirability of "steam plows," a want that is now so happily filled by the modern tractor of which he seemed to have a vision.

He was careful in his address to avoid anything of a political nature, but in the evening at the old Newhall House, to a select company of those of his own faith, he freely held forth on the subject that was next to his heart—the slavery question.

My father, after Lincoln had become the idol of the country, used to tell of this correspondence with some measure of pride and satisfaction. He said that he had given the letter to the Illinois State Historical Society, and it is now in the Lincoln Memorial collection at Springfield, Ill.

Now comes, to the writer, the interesting part of this matter. At the San Francisco Exposition in 1915, entering the Lincoln Memorial room in the

Illinois building, my attention was attracted to a frame over which was the inscription, "Letters of Abraham Lincoln previous to 1860."

Remembering the story often told by my father, I intuitively looked at the letters under the glass in the frame, and to my surprise and delight the first one I saw was addressed to D. J. Powers. The readers of this may well believe I lost no time in making a pencil copy of the letter, and later on a photographic copy was given me through the courtesy of the Illinois authorities.

This letter was easily the most interesting thing I saw in that great exposition.

HOW I SAW LINCOLN

Although I was at the State Fair in Milwaukee, when Lincoln delivered his address, I, a lad of sixteen years, was more interested in machinery than hearing a politician talk to farmers, so I did not see him. My father received him and introduced him at the meeting.

During my service of sixteen months in the fortifications about Washington I was occasionally in that city but never availed myself of the opportunity to see Lincoln, at which I have often wondered. In the late fall of '63 I was commissioned a first lieutenant in the 4th Wisconsin Light Battery and went gladly into active service at the front. It was there I was privileged to see the great President.

In that memorable campaign against Petersburg, my battery was on the front line facing the defenses of the enemy, when one day in the late summer of 1864 the word came that the President was coming, and we were ordered to do no cheering, and to make no noise

that would indicate to the enemy his presence, as that would have been almost certain to result in an attack along the line, or by sharpshooters who were ever on the watch to pick off any officers of rank. He finally came in sight on horseback, accompanied by several officers and rode by us as we stood about in perfect silence and worshipful attention. It was something never to be forgotten to have seen the man we all idolized as our great commander.

His appearance was quite a contrast with the natty officers, well groomed and accustomed to the saddle, while he sat upon his horse rather awkwardly, with stirrups low down, and his high hat, making him somewhat conspicuous. So he passed along the line, and gave many of us soldiers their first and only chance to see the one destined to be called for all time "the Saviour of his Country."

W. P. P.

SOME TRAVEL EXPERIENCES

In 1902 my wife and I made our first trip to Europe, visiting England, Switzerland, Holland, France and Italy. Again in 1905 we were abroad, taking with us on the steamer as excess baggage our Franklin automobile, in which we covered fairly well the north half of France, Belgium, England and Scotland. In 1910 we were four months in the Orient, visiting Japan, China and the Phillipines—a very interesting trip. In the spring of 1922 we went by steamer to New York, calling at several Central American ports, passing through the Panama Canal, making a two days stop there and at both Havana and Baltimore. During these two days we were twice in Washington, where I met some of my old friends in the patent office.

In March of the present year (1923) we again crossed the ocean and traversed Greece, Italy, Switzerland and France. We were with a conducted party, the Bureau of University Travel, of which my cousin, Dr. H. H. Powers is the president. Our leader was Dr. Geo. H. Allen, a man highly educated, well informed and endowed with infinite patience, something much needed with a conducted party. In Greece we toured over five hundred miles in an American car outside of Athens, visiting the ruins of Delphi, Corinth, Epidauros and Mycenae—a trip so strenuous that we were almost ruins ourselves at its finish.

Italy and France were less strenuous and possibly of greater interest and beauty. At Rome we had an audience with the Pope, Pius XI, a very impressive affair. The Pope in passing around the magnificient room in the Vatican, in which we were kneeling, took each by the hand, and gave an opportunity to all to kiss the Apostolic ring on his finger. We also, while in Rome, saw from a window in our hotel the kings and queens of England and Italy pass by—an imposing sight with their retinue of soldiers mounted and on foot and the crowds of people on the street.

At Kandersteg, Switzerland, we visited our daughter May (Mrs. Edward N. Marshall) who, with her artist husband, we found nicely situated in a chalet by the Kander River near where it emerges from the "Klus," the opening into the mountains. We made a trip through the "Klus" with them and up the Balmhorn trail to Selden, five thousand feet elevation, a very interesting and beautiful experience. Near by the "Klus" is the entrance to the Loetschburg Tunnel, nine miles long, leading into the Rhone Valley.

We were ten days in and about Paris, during which time we went to the battle fields of the World War

and saw the results of the destructive work of the Germans and some of the cemeteries where our brave soldiers are sleeping.

Then followed an automobile ride down among the chateaux of the Loire Valley—which we were glad to see after eighteen years that have passed since our former visit to them. After that we took in Monte Carlo and the Riviera and the Cathedral cities of France —also the Channel points of interest on the north, sailing for New York from Havre June 24th, on the S. S. France. When two days out of New York I had fifteen minutes radio telephone conversation with my son, Don J. Powers, who was on the sister ship Paris, bound for Havre. We were said to be a hundred or more miles apart—truly a marvel.

After a few days at Dayton, Ohio, with Mrs. Powers' son, Will Selleck and family, we went to Chicago for a ten days stop and then to our home in Los Angeles, which certainly looked good to us after an absence of four months.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

In the spring of 1921 we went to the Hawaiian Islands, my son Fred and wife accompanying us. We were three weeks at Honolulu in a cottage at Waikiki Beach, a most delightful experience. Dr. P. M. Woodworth and his charming wife, Marie, were there before us, having taken their automobile with them from their home.

During our stay they devoted their whole time to us, and knowing every place of beauty and interest, they gave us a wonderful time in that well named "Paradise of the Pacific."

Dr. Woodworth was for many years our physician in Chicago. He was for a long time president of the Lincoln Park Board and brought about many improvements in that beautiful playground. He is now spending his later years in Oakland, California.

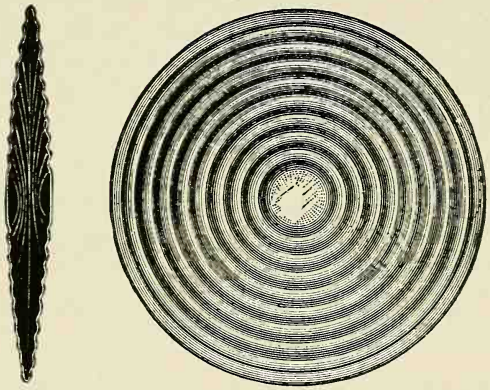
We also made a trip to Hilo, a night's ride by steamer, to see the volcano Kilauea—and were very fortunate in being there at the time of its greatest action for many years. Usually the boiling lava is several hundred feet below the surface of the crater, but while we were there it was flowing over the top in a mighty river of red hot lava—a half mile wide. Its constant eruptions threw columns of liquid fire forty or fifty feet into the air, making at night a wonderful spectacle —one never to be forgotten. It was a great sight even in the day time, but at night it was sublime. We were not able to approach it nearer than thirty or forty feet on account of the heat.

TRIP TO MINNESOTA

In the fall of 1861, David Richmond, Charles H. Powers and myself, intent on adventure, made a trip in a covered wagon from Palmyra, through Wisconsin, into Minnesota, crossing the Mississippi River at La Crosse, destined to be later on my home for many years. Westward we drove through a sparsely settled region, over the boundless prairies to Mantorville, and thence north to Redwing, Minn., returning through northern Iowa, crossing the river at Prairie du Chien and thence back to Palmyra. We were six weeks doing this, camping in the wagon at night. The country was mainly unsettled and prairie chickens were plentiful, and for us boys it was a wonderful experience. Nearly fifty years

after, boys no longer, we three covered the same ground in an automobile, following as far as possible the same route, only going beyond Redwing to the Twin Cities of Minnesota. This was an enjoyable experience and it was the last for all of us, as the two cousins very soon afterward were taken away. On this trip Cousin Ina, the wife of Charles Powers, accompanied us.

THERMOSTATS



It occurs to me that there may be some among the readers of this book who would like to know something about the Thermostat of The Powers Regulator Company, of which many thousands are in successful use throughout this country and Canada.

The Thermal Unit of these Thermostats is shown in the two cuts above, one in section. It consists of two corrugated shells of Phosphor Bronze spun together and containing a volatile liquid vaporizing at a temperature somewhat below that which is desired to be maintained. One will readily understand that if this disc were charged with water and heated above its boil-

ing point of 212 Fahr., there would be an expansion due to the steam pressure generated in accordance with that temperature.

The action is the same when the disc is charged with the volatile liquid, only the expansion takes place at living room temperatures, the disc expanding and contracting with every change of the temperature to which it is exposed.

This disc is mounted upon a metal frame with means for varying its relation to a double air valve mechanism which it operates, thereby controlling a supplementary air pressure of about fifteen pounds, which operates through a diaphragm motor, the valves or dampers governing the supply of heat.

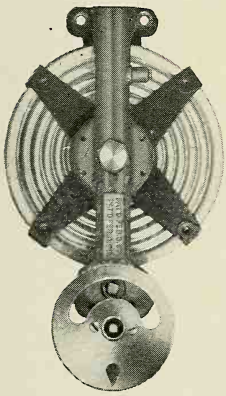


Fig. 1

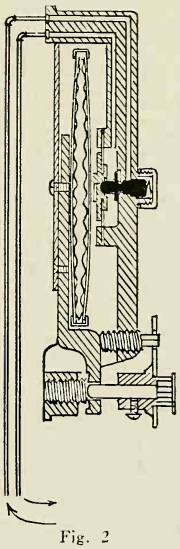


Fig. 2

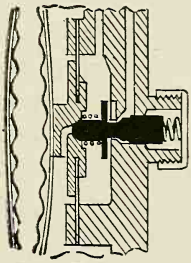


Fig. 3

This Expansion Disc mounted in its frame constitutes the Thermostat Fig. 1, shown in section in Fig. 2, with its valve mechanism in larger detail in Fig. 3. In service it is provided with a protecting cover bearing

a thermometer by which the temperature of the room can be read. It is located on the wall of the room, the temperature of which is to be automatically controlled, compressed air being brought to it through concealed piping, and from it through piping similarly concealed to the valves or dampers controlling the room's supply of heat. As shown in Figs. 2 and 3, there are two air valves in this Thermostat, the one at the right controls the admission of the air and the one at the left its discharge. When the disc expands due to rising temperature it first closes the discharge valve which is normally open and which is mounted upon an elastic diaphragm, permitting a slight lateral movement. Following the closing of the discharge valve, any further expansion of the disc causes the supply valve to open, admitting the compressed air, which passes through connecting pipes to the heat controlling appliances, this air exerting at the same time a pressure, through the medium of the elastic diaphragm, in opposition to the expansion of the disc, thus maintaining a balanced pressure condition, corresponding to the temperature of the disc. This holds the valves or dampers in proper position to supply the necessary heat. In ventilating systems the double dampers controlling the hot and cold air are held in mixing positions, something satisfactorily accomplished *only* by *The Powers Thermostat.*

This Thermostat, the invention of the writer in 1895, has not been materially changed since that time. In Fig. 4, it is shown in special form for residence work, or other conditions where an artistic appearance is desired. It measures two by five inches and with a finish to match the hardware is an ornament to any room. At Fig. 5 is shown a somewhat larger Thermostat used in school and public buildings where the duties are heavier and usage likely to be more severe.

Fig. 4

Fig. 5

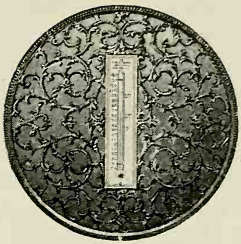


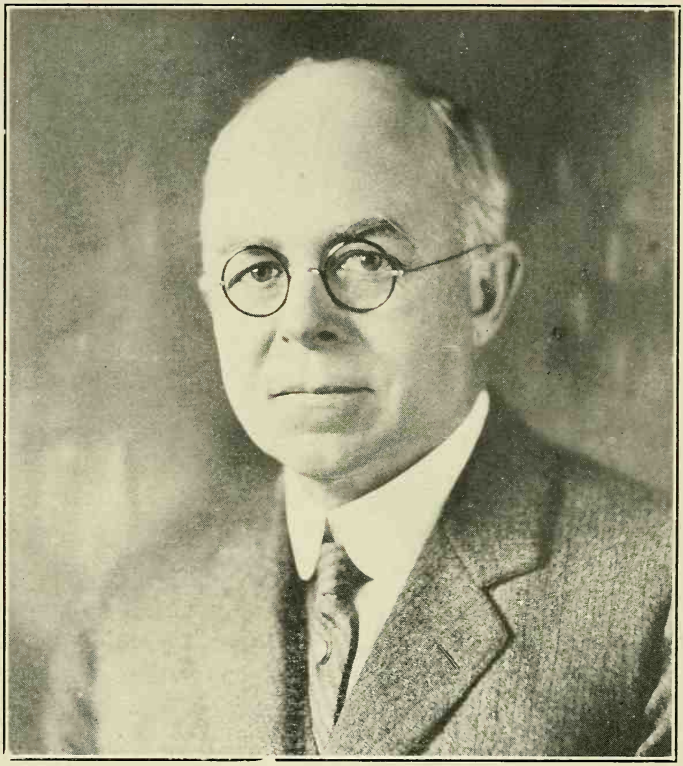
Fig. 6

Fig. 6 shows the round self-operating thermostat with its ornamental cover, first used in residence work as well as in some of our early school installations. This is mentioned in the articles: "The Result of a Dull Sermon," page 108; and "Our Entry into the Field of Public Buildings," page 110. This thermostat is still in use.

The Powers Regulator Company manufactures many other heat controlling appliances—most of which have been developed since my active connection with it. These have been brought out under the management of my three sons, Fred W., Donald J. and Robert A. Powers.

F. W. Powers is the Secretary and Treasurer and has charge of the entire business in the United States, also in Canada, where we are incorporated as the Canadian Powers Regulator Company, Ltd. We have about thirty branch offices in the large cities of the two countries.

It will be remembered by those who have read the foregoing pages that he was associated with me in the last few years of the plumbing and heating business in La Crosse, and was left in charge of that work when I went to Chicago in 1890, and remained there until

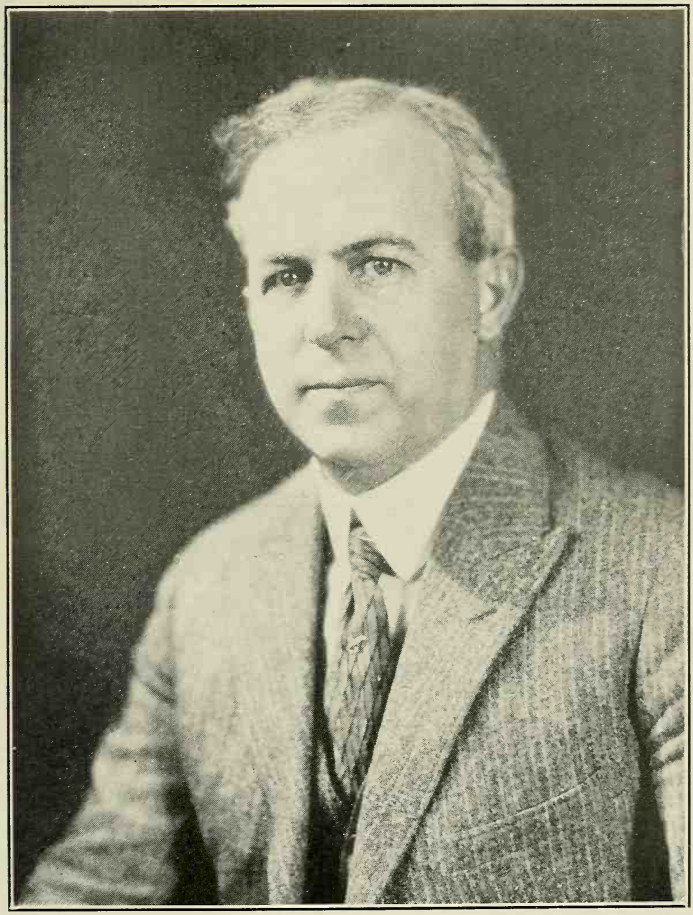


FRED W. POWERS

the business was sold—so he was well grounded in a knowledge of heating and engineering which has served a good purpose in the conduct of our present line of work. Few men have the administrative ability that he has shown, coupled with an inventive mind and a genial disposition—not easily ruffled.

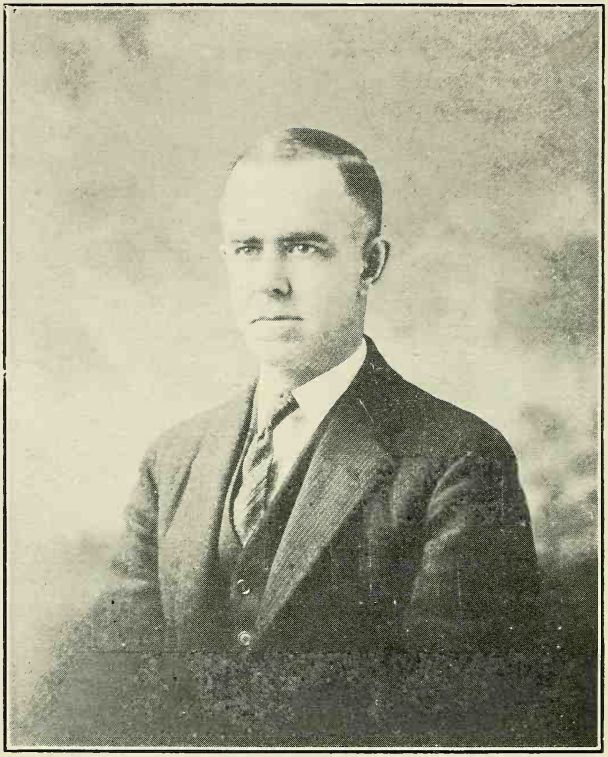
Donald J. Powers has charge of the Eastern offices with headquarters in New York, at 126 East 44th Street, where we have our own building with full

equipment for handling the large business coming to that office. He has a beautiful home at Dobbs Ferry, twenty miles up the Hudson River, and is as enthusiastic over life in the East as is the writer of this, in the West.



DONALD J. POWERS

Robert A. Powers is a competent mechanic in charge of much of the skilled work required in the manufacture of the various temperature controlling appliances made in the Company's Chicago plant.

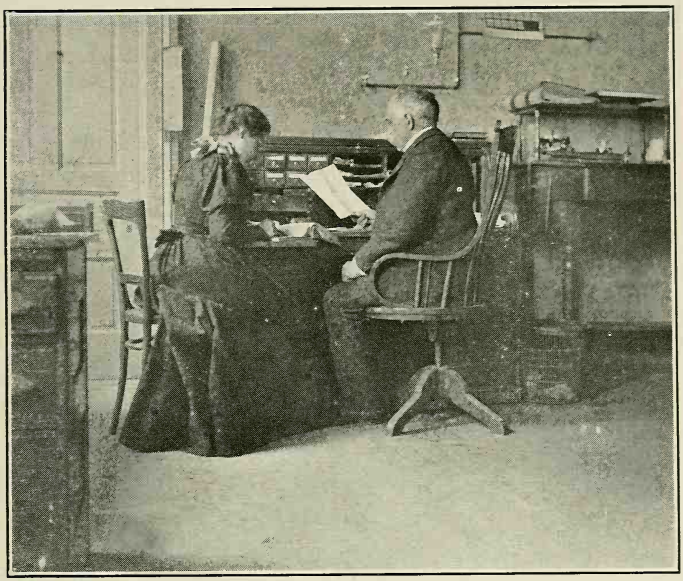


ROBERT A. POWERS

To the efficiency of these three sons is due the extraordinary development of the business during the past ten or twelve years, since my withdrawal from its active control. In the last half of this period the factory has been built and equipped with the most modern machin-

ery, at a cost of more than three hundred thousand dollars, all of which has been paid out of the earnings of the business.

W. P. POWERS.



A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST AT 40 DEARBORN ST. 1900

SOME FAMILY HISTORY

The following are some random sketches, made from memory, by Geo. K. Powers, of Chickasha, Oklahoma, of matters told him by his father, Levi Powers, and others, of the family life on the old homestead at Athens, Vermont. These were contained in letters to me. (W. P. P.)

My father, Levi Powers, was born February 17, 1811: died at Red Oak, Iowa, April 18, 1890. Mar-

GEORGE KIP POWERS

ried Caroline Kip November 1, 1838, New York City. Caroline Kip was born in Philadelphia, 1819; died in New York City August 15, 1851.

Her ancestors came out from Holland in 1635 and had a land grant from the Dutch East India Company, situated on the East River, Manhattan, now New York City.

The Powers boys attended trainings—sometimes on their return through Athens village the boy inhabitants would turn out and fight them. It may be that was the reason my father did not like to acknowledge he was born in Athens Township.

Our grandmother was jovial. She was of short stature, but well formed. Father said to me once in Whitewater, he would give $1,000 if he had an arm like his mother. Aunt Roxa said grandmother could stand under grandfather's outstretched arm. He was six feet and over in height. She was jolly and a good worker. Father used to help her make cheese. Sometimes when grandfather was away on his Boston trips, they would have some fiddlers and dance; doubtless neighbors were called to the festivity. As soon as grandfather hove in sight the fiddles stopped. He was of too serious a nature and religious to tolerate such doings. Father told Mr. Stoddard, of Red Oak, "There were just two parties in our house on Sundays, mother and the children would be in one end having a good time, and father at the other in the 40-foot kitchen reading his Psalm book."

In later years Priscilla Throne, her granddaughter, told me Grandmother Powers was the handsomest old lady she had ever seen.

Uncle Whitcomb told me our grandmother's ancestors, the Johnsons, of Phillipston, Massachusetts, were very prosperous, forehanded, influential people.

JOSEPH POWERS

Joseph Powers was the first of the boys to leave home. As a boy he worked in wood and metals. Once he made a shotgun, also out of brass wire made finely polished finger rings looking much like the real gold, which with Yankee shrewdness he traded to peddlers who came to the farm occasionally.

JOSEPH POWERS

He was ingenious and anxious to get away from farm life, and become a machinist, and before his majority left the paternal roof, and for the next six or seven years worked at Poultney, Vermont; Nashua, New Hampshire, and Lowell, Massachusetts, in cotton mills and machine shops. He was an expert at his trade and

was earning $1,000 per annum before he went west in 1837 (my father told me this), a large salary for those days to a man of any age.

Although he possessed great mechanical genius, he had the best commercial mind of any of the family. In 1870, the last time I saw him, he told me that during his stay in Lowell, where he worked several years prior to 1835, he got on a sloop and went to New York, and when he returned he "had more watches than money." These he traded off at a good profit.

In later years, when a mill and shop owner in Hebron, Wisconsin, he would go to Chicago to buy his tools. He traded at Hunt's Hardware Store on Lake Street, and after selecting the tools with utmost care and getting their lowest price, he would estimate what he would want to pay for them, then take gold out of his pocket and lay it on the counter, saying in his heavy voice, "Which would you rather have, the gold or the goods?" and they took the *gold every time.*

His first three years of western life were spent in Chicago. The reason he gave me for leaving there was that during those years he "saw his best friends laid under the sod," Chicago then being on low ground and very sickly, and besides he did not believe it would ever be much of a place. He finally settled in Hebron, where there is today a population of perhaps five hundred. There he became wealthy and when past seventy years of age went to Boyne Falls, Michigan, and built a saw mill, beginning again the life of a pioneer.

He went to Whitewater, Wisconsin, about 1840, where he and his brother, D. J. Powers, went into the milling business. He bought lands on which he doubled in a short time. One of his ventures was a shipment of nails by boat around the lakes, on which he got about twice their cost.

He became a large furniture manufacturer and owner of hardwood timber lands in Wisconsin and Michigan. He told me, referring to his early business in Wisconsin, that "the old women were more indebted to him for cheap bedsteads than to anyone else."

Levi Powers, my father, was the next one to leave home for factory life The drudgery on the Vermont farm was not suited to his nervous temperament. He left at about the age of eighteen with a few dollars he had earned at sundry times "working out." He said the hardest thing he ever had to do was to tell his mother he was going and bid her good-bye.

Levi joined his brother Joseph at Poultney, and they were together several years until they separated at Lowell in 1835, Levi going to New York City. The Irish had come over to Lowell in great numbers owing to a railroad being built from Boston to Lowell. These foreigners commenced working at the shops, and drunkenness and rowdyism began to prevail. Previously there were only two drinking men at work for the corporation.

Levi commencing work at a machine shop in New York in 1835, found, he said, "the workmen were as much lower than those of Lowell as one could imagine," and he quit work at the end of two days. He then remained out of work until later in the year when he bought out a grocery store in the best part of the city. He had for customers the Schuylers, Hamiltons and other noted and wealthy families.

He witnessed the great fire of New York in 1835; then the panic of 1837 came on, the worst the United States ever experienced. This caused him serious loss as he did a credit business, and a large part of his customers repudiated their debts. The outcome of his venture

left him very little to go west with, which he did in company with his young wife in the fall of 1841.

He made but one trip back to the old home until he went from Wisconsin via New York, about 1844, and brought his father and mother and his sister Edith (Mrs. Coss) and her family to their new home in Palmyra.

They went by steamer from Buffalo and were landed at three A. M. by the aid of a scow at Milwaukee. Not a pier at that time on any of the lakes. "Miskousan" was the way the name was then spelled—formerly Ouiskousan. They proceeded to Whitewater, fifty miles inland, where the two brothers, Joseph and David, had preceded them. D. J. Powers and his wife Eliza received them with hospitality, and for a short time entertained them in their new home, which was unfinished. Father, in describing the situation, said "at first they had a big log for a door."

Samuel Powers was the next son to leave the farm: he went to Lowell, Massachusetts, doubtless in 1834, and learned the machinist's trade. He was a fine workman and before he went to Wisconsin in 1842 was able to make and save a goodly sum of money. He was a great reader as well as hunter, and much interested in ancient history. He was a very generous person, made friends with the Indians during his first years in Wisconsin. Supplied many of them with ammunition free of cost, also went on hunting trips with them. He was the father of Charles H. Powers.

The first incident we have to record in the life of David J. Powers, who died at the ripe age of 94 years and seven months, illustrated how "life hangs by a thread." His sister Roxa, a girl of 12 years, took him while a small babe for a horseback ride. They were

both thrown off, but without injury. A fatal injury might have been the result to this young scion of the Powers family, but Providence ruled otherwise.

On his third birthday, with his brother Levi, a boy of six, and an older brother, he was taken to school for the first time.

The world looked large to him even at that early age, and Levi, who had a good memory, said seventy years later, that as they drove past the little country store with open door, David leaned forward and looking in said: "Oh, see them ten thousand dishes." His optimism, which he possessed in great measure throughout his long life, was thus early expressed.

Americus Powers, although a mischievous boy, developed into noble manhood and became a doctor, practicing in the Thompsonian School which prevailed in the thirties and forties of the past century. His mode of treatment proved very successful with the bilious disorders that prevailed so greatly in the opening up of the new country of Wisconsin, where he emigrated in 1841, and settled on the Coldspring farm between Palmyra and Whitewater, which he sold later to Warren Richmond, father of David Richmond.

His practice covered several counties, and his trips were long and arduous. As to pay for his services, he was not insistent. His nature was so generous that he rarely asked a patron for money, but took what was thrust upon him. He was obliged to ride much at night, and frequently slept allowing his horse to find his way.

To illustrate his kind nature: Once he was driving with a sleigh from Palmyra to Whitewater a very cold winter day; he had his brother Levi with his young boy (myself) as passengers. Although they had a good buffalo robe the child's feet got very cold and he cried.

Americus took the buckskin mitts from his hands and put them on the boy's feet for overshoes. The feet were warmed and the uncle drove bare-handed in the bitter cold. The child, now a man of over seventy years, remembers with loving gratitude the kindly act.

The youngest of them, Enos Lowell Powers, was the "bright and particular star" of the family. He was tall, well formed and a handsome young man. All the elder brothers favored and helped him. He was the pride of the family. He went to New York and lived with his brother Levi and learned the jeweler's trade in a downtown wholesale establishment. In 1840, having finished his apprenticeship, he was ready to go out as a journeyman. Two openings offered themselves, one in Charleston, South Carolina, and the other in Newark, Ohio. Consulting with Levi, the latter place was thought to be the safest opening: the outcome proved disastrous, for soon after going to Newark he contracted typhoid fever and died at the age of twenty-one years. Enos was the only member of the family who ever joined the Masonic order.

Mary Robbins Powers, the grandmother and wife of Josiah who was the Revolutionary soldier born in the fort at Leicester, Mass., related many incidents of the early time and life. Her father-in-law, Josiah Powers, was the strong man of the family. At the time the fort was built as protection from the Indians, he took down his log house, which was not far away, and carried the logs on his back and rebuilt the house inside the fort, or doubtless the stockade. The Indians were very troublesome. One night a very fleshy man who was sentry outside, laid flat on his stomach and watched and listened. During the night he heard the sound of a hog grunting and coming closer. He fired his gun in the direction of the sound and the next morning a dead

Indian was found in the grass near by. A boy in the fort was accustomed to cry frequently and loudly, and the Indians would come near in the night and mock him.

Josiah, the strong man, our great-great-grandfather, was a trader in live stock, and went on long trips from home in pursuit of business. At one time enroute for home he came to the Connecticut River at a time of flood. He essayed to cross by swimming his horse; people tried to dissuade him, but he persisted in crossing and his foot was entangled in the stirrup and he was drowned.

I did not mention Aunt Hannah. She was an innkeeper's daughter on some country road in New Hampshire. She worked at Lowell in the mill, saved $500 to start married life with Uncle Sam. She told me one thing about my father. He attended one term at some academy, and the Professor told her it was a shame he could not have continued his studies. Father spoke once of the master who urged him to continue to graduation and then study law. He had so poor an opinion of lawyers on account of grandfather's experience, he would not listen to the proposition. Mr. Stoddard in much later years told me he would have made a fine lawyer. He had good lessons in law while in New York, was called often to serve on jury in the Oyer and Terminer Court. At times listened to Daniel O'Connell, the great lawyer.

THE POWERS THAT WERE AND THE POWERS THAT BE

(Extract from Bellows Falls Times, Aug. 31, 1911.)

Address given at Athens, Vt., at a home coming by Rev. W. R. Davenport.

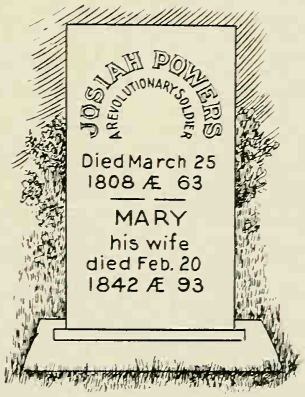
From the earliest times Athens has been the nursery in which were trained men for success in the world of business. Take the Powers family in early times, as one instance. Joseph Powers, born in Athens in 1809, became a machinist, made the first revolver ever constructed, emigrated to Wisconsin and established a plant for the manufacture of his inventions. Such was the success of his business that 200 of his employees were enabled to build homes for themselves out of their savings, from their wages. This Powers was also a poet and a member of the Wisconsin legislature, a combination of business and politics and poetry, not often seen in one man. Levi Powers was born in 1811. He became a merchant in New York, and later in Madison, Wisconsin, where he accumulated wealth and finally retired from business to enjoy the ripe fruits of his labors. Samuel Randall Powers, was born in 1807. He earned $3,000 while working at the trade of a machinist at Lowell, Mass., and later went to Wisconsin, built a flour mill and a grist mill. It is said that he was the best read man in history ever raised in Athens. David Johnson Powers was born June 3rd, 1814, and became an inventor and dealer in agricultural implements and general merchandise, founded two villages, became the president of the Madison Fire Insurance Company, entered politics and was elected to the General Assembly of Wisconsin. He took out at

least a dozen patents himself, and finally became a patent lawyer, Hemenway telling us that the Chicago bar considered this Powers "the best help" in patent suits of any man in the central West. He accumulated and lost several fortunes.

Americus Windsor Powers, was born in 1816, and became a successful merchant, from which he turned his attention to medicine and dentistry, which professions he practiced with great success in Wisconsin, and elsewhere, and accumulated a competence. Nathaniel Whitcomb Powers, was born in 1806. He was also an inventor and business man of success, having constructed a clock which would tell the time of day in every state capital in the entire union at the same time. Enos Lovell Powers, was born in 1820. He became a manufacturing jeweler, and died in 1843, after a successful business career. Now here are seven men by the name of Powers all of whom were brothers, sons of Nathaniel, who was the son of Josiah Powers, of Revolutionary fame. Thus did this town, from one hillside home, and from the loins of one man, send forth to the world seven men who became successful as inventors, as manufacturers, as merchants, as politicians, as statesmen, and as professional men.

Josiah Powers, a lineal descendant of Sir Roger Le Pour, who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, fought at the battle of Hastings and left behind him a glorious heritage, was the son of Josiah Powers, and was himself a Revolutionary soldier. He became lame by freezing his legs while on duty during the war, and once got lost in the woods while carrying dispatches from one detachment of the patriot army to another. He once saved the life of Gen. George Washington, shooting down a Britisher whose

musket was aimed at Washington. He helped to throw up the entrenchments at Bunker Hill, and fought in that battle, was among the forefront in the battle of Bennington, was with Washington at Valley Forge, and stood side by side with the immortal Allen in the taking of Fort Ticonderoga. He was in many battles and skirmishes, but as he himself said, "through the blessing of God not a bullet touched him." His mortal remains today lie in the old south burying ground in this town (Athens, Vt.). I wonder how reverently his grave is tended by those who today enjoy the liberty for which he fought.



EARLY COMPOSITIONS

Here are some of the literary effusions of my college days. We were required to write compositions which were read before the faculty and at occasional exhibitions.

The reader is asked to make due allowance for the crudeness of style due to an immature mind, these having been written when I was sixteen years of age. Doubtless the boys of the present day in high school are doing better work.

STOIC PHILOSOPHY

Zeno, the founder of Stoic Philosophy, was born at Citium, a sea-town of Cyprus, three hundred years before Christ. He early displayed a great desire for learning which led him to study the writings of the Socratic Philosophers which his father purchased at Athens. When he became a man, he removed to Athens and placed himself under the guidance of the Cynic philosopher, Crates. But being dissatisfied with the teachings of a sect which prided itself on a contempt for all science, he deserted Crates for Stilpo, and finally finished under Poleman where he conceived the idea of establishing a sect of his own, which he accordingly did. The disciples of this sect were called Stoics from "otos" a porch, because he first proclaimed his doctrines from a place called the painted porch. If we compare the doctrines of Zeno with those of the other sects of philosophy existing at that time we see that they were in a great measure compiled from the other schools, so that he was not so much the inventor of new opinions as of new terms. The moral doc-

trines of the Stoics were transferred from the Cynics. On the subject of Physics their views were the same as those of the Platonic school, and in many other respects they resembled the teaching of the other philosophers. Still they entertained many views peculiar to themselves, among which were their conceptions of divinity.

They considered that the universe as a whole contained two principles: The one active, the other passive. The active principle, the Divine Being, had the same connection with the passive matter as the soul has to the human body. And the motions of nature were governed and directed by the divine spirit in the same manner that the movements of the body are directed by the soul. Their idea of providence was that of a necessary chain of causes and events arising from the action of a power which is itself a part of the machine which it regulates and which equally with that machine is subject to the immutable laws of necessity.

Providence then was only another name for fate, to which both God and matter were subject. They considered the earth as spherical, immovable and the centre of the Universe. That both God and matter existed from eternity, but the present form of matter had a beginning and will have an end. The earth they believed to be subject to destruction from both fire and water, and that these different methods would follow each other in alternate succession. The ideal of perfection, towards which they all aimed, was called the wise man. He was supposed to be insensible to the pleasures and pains of sense, to exercise no pity or sympathy and to be free from faults. He could neither deceive nor be deceived, and in every way was a perfectly good and sinless man.

They did not imagine that their wise man actually existed, but he was made the standard to which all should aspire.

These were some of the principal characteristics of this sect of philosophy. It continued to flourish during the republic until after the reign of the Antonines.

THE LOVE OF FAME

The love of fame has in all ages and conditions of the world been the greatest attribute of human nature. In all the various phases and chapters of life from youth to age, from the cradle to the grave, go where you will, it is, and has ever been the ruling passion in the mind of man, encouraging and enabling him to overcome the many obstacles which present themselves upon the dreary waste of life. It animates the sports of childhood, gives health and vigor to the youthful mind, and implants therein the germs of its future greatness. It is seen alike in the courts of justice, and the halls of legislation; and again in a more terrible form, amid the exciting scenes of war, where brave and daring men are pouring out their blood upon the field of strife and carnage. It arouses to action the spirit of the youth, just entering upon the verge of manhood and fixes aloft his beacon star, far above the countless thousands who have gone before him. It is seen alike prompting the man in middle life to the many cares and responsibilities of a public career, and again amid the silvery hairs of age making light the arduous duties of the politician and statesman. What but the thirst for fame could have called forth the aspiring genius of a Homer; that blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle, whose works through past ages have been the models of literature, and will

continue to be as long as the revolving cycles of time shall hold sway over the abodes of man. Or Milton languishing in his lowly prison cell, what cheered him on in the production of that great work which is now the ornament of every table in the land? It was that he might not, as others, live and die and be forgotten, but that his name might forever exist upon the lips of posterity. But not amid the peaceful realms of poesy alone, but oft upon the bloody field of battle do we see this inspiring passion of the soul developed to its fullest extent. Like the gentle breeze wafting the noble vessel in the trackless deep, so is ambition if confined in proper limits, but if increased beyond those limits the man is hurried onward to destruction through the dark vistas of an eventful life like the once proud vessel now dashed upon the foaming rocks by that same gentle breeze now increased to the terrific violence of the tempest and hurricane. For examples, we have but to glance back through the faithful records of the past and observe the lives of those who have distinguished themselves upon the great battle-field of life.

It was the love of fame that so completely crowned the efforts of Caesar with his never-ending success. It was the ardent longing for a name that should remain and endure forever, through the everchanging sands of time that impelled him to the performance of those brave and massive deeds, which have so justly rendered him immortal, upon the page of the historian. And well did he succeed. His bravery and daring courage were unexampled and unprecedented in the annals of war. His armies were invincible: he was without exception the conqueror of the world but what did it avail him? With all the glory and renown which he had gained by his warlike exploits, he the victor in more than five hundred battles, the conqueror and

subjector of a thousand cities, met death which he had so often faced upon the battle-field, in a deep and well-laid conspiracy, slain by the hand of one whom he had ever regarded as his nearest and dearest friend, a victim to his uncontrollable ambition. Thus perished the greatest example of an ever-increasing ambition the world had ever seen. His was pure ambition and unfortunately for him was unmodified by those higher and nobler faculties of the soul which would have made him one of the brightest ornaments in the history of nations. Napoleon was the greatest of modern generals, the most invincible upon the field of battle, at the mention of whose name the united powers of Europe grew pale and trembled upon their thrones. Amid the strife and din of war, the sound of his voice struck terror to the hearts of his foe. Or like Scott's far-famed Roderick Dhu:

> One blast upon his bugle horn
> Were worth a thousand men.

This single man, this plebeian, stood up amid the towering monarchies of Europe, and smote the faithless kings, one after another, from their thrones, and planted thereon the victorious standards of France. Their scorn for his plebeian blood gave way to consternation, as they saw him bearing before him in his ever-onward and irrestistible career, the victorious goddess of Liberty, and scattering the mightiest powers of Europe, like chaff before the storms of Heaven. While they were yet astonished at his sudden appearance along the dizzy heights of the Alps, the thunder of his guns was heard shaking the shores of the Danube, and his victorious eagles were waving their wings over the capital of the Austrian empire. Look at him amid the burning sands of Egypt, leading along his gallant few,

worn out and famished by hunger and thirst, encouraging them on, and keeping down their mutinous spirits, until he should have carried out the plan which he had formed in his mind. Behold him there and think what must have been the stern, unyielding will of that wild ambitious man whom nothing could deter. When neither the mighty hardships of the trackless desert, nor the terrible sufferings of his dying comrades could swerve from the accomplishment of that great end, for which he had undergone so many hours of toil and labor. His wild ambition bore him rashly on trusting too much in the powers of his own glorious mind, until involved in the mazes of an inextricable war, with the united forces of Europe, the proud star of fortune which had hitherto adorned the crest of earth's greatest hero left the side of might. How the tide of war changed, how the spirit and activity of his noble mind were broken down and crushed! Let the bloody field of Waterloo and the rocky isle of St. Helena show. There, a lonely exile, subject to the taunts and jeers of England's haughty slaves, he passed the remaining years of his unhappy life. There, amid the gloom and uproar of one of the most tempestous nights that ever rocked that lonely seagirt isle, Napoleon's troubled spirit was passing to that unknown world where the sound of battle never comes and the tread of armies is never heard.

Delivered April 7, 1859,
at City Hall at the Junior Exhibition.

THEN AND NOW

The following story was told me some years ago by my father as illustrating the changes that have occurred in this country in the lifetime of one man, both in

transportation facilities of men and money, as also in the confidence of one man in another. His brother Joseph, my uncle, when a young man, was traveling in a stage coach from his home in Vermont to Boston, when at a station where the horses were being changed a man came out from a store and asked if anyone in the stage was going to Boston. My uncle in answer said: "I am going to Boston, but I don't see how that is any of your business." The man then asked him to step into the store, saying he would explain there in private. When in the store he asked my uncle his name and where he lived, etc., and then told him that he had a note coming due in a few days for three thousand dollars in a bank in Boston and that he could not go there to pay it, and he asked my uncle to take the money and pay the note for him. My uncle declined to assume the responsibility, whereupon the storekeeper said he didn't expect him to do it without being paid and urged him to take it as he had no way of getting the money to the bank. My uncle took the three thousand dollars and discharged the obligation. My father said the idea of Joseph making way with that money would never have occurred to him. Such was the inherent honesty of the Vermonters in those days. What a difference between then and now! Who would put that trust in a stranger now?

THE BELL TELEPHONE

The telephone was on exhibition for the first time at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. I was there with my wife, but did not see or hear of this exhibit. After returning home to La Crosse I read in the Scientific American a description of it, and from that I constructed a pair of 'phones turning them

out of black walnut and putting in the bar magnets wound with insulated wire, and the vibrating plates of thin iron used in making ferrotype pictures at that time.

A wire streched across the street from our home to that of a neighbor and the telephones connected thereto, resulted in a successful installation and we were able to converse freely, talking into and listening to the ear piece, as microphones such as now used had not been developed.

These I believe to have been the first telephones installed in Wisconsin. We could hear with them fully as well as we do with those now in general use. It was the beginning of a great art, the greatest and most valuable invention of the age; and now, the further development as used in Radio transmission, dispensing with the wires makes it the wonder of the world, and the end is not yet.

MAJ. S. H. M. BYERS

Among our valued friends in Los Angeles is the above, Maj. S. H. M. Byers, a veteran officer of the Civil War, an author and poet. He had a varied military experience as told in his book, "Through Fire and Sword." Was seven months in Libby prison and later confined at Columbia, S. C., and released when Sherman, on the march to the sea, reached that city. He, while in prison at Columbia, wrote the song, "When Sherman Marched Down to the Sea," which became very popular in the army.

At a recent birthday party of the writer of these memoirs, he was an honored guest and read the following poem, written for the occasion:

MAJOR S. H. M. BYERS

TO W. P. POWERS ON HIS 77th BIRTHDAY

Our birthdays are as marks to tell
  How long we've sailed life's sea together.
(Life's but a sea of calm and swell)
  And how we've stood the wind and weather.

They are as signboards by the way,
  Put there to tell the road we're going,
Though oft' obscure, yet night or day,
  The thing they tell is worth the knowing.

Some do grow old before their time,
And some stay young, I have known many,
At eighty years still in their prime,
Whose lives were bright and sweet as any.

And one I know, he's with us now,
Who knows the secret of the ages,
Though white the hair above his brow,
His kindly smile the heart engages.

The cheerful look, the happy way,
The graciousness for all who know him,
Have kept him youthful many a day,
And drawn a host of good friends to him.

And when at times good luck befell,
In leisure, or in rugged labor,
It was his way, I've heard them tell,
To share it kindly with his neighbor.

And so right now we'll wish him fair,
And harvests rich for life's endeavor,
Good health and friends; with those, who'd care?
Why more than these there was not ever.

Gold does not count when weighed beside
One single friend, if man or woman,
And fame's a bubble on the tide,
Love, love's the thing that's ever human.

Give me one friend and keep your gold,
No matter then what wind or weather,
We will be happy growing old,
Just you and I good friends together.

BIOGRAPHY OF DAVID J. POWERS

From the Album of Genealogy of Cook County, Illinois, Published in 1897.

David Johnson Powers, among the foremost and most active pioneers of the Northwest, was born at Athens, Vermont, June 3, 1814. His lineage is traced from a Norman named Poore, who came into England with William the Conqueror. Through gradual changes and modifications the name has assumed its present form, in which it came to America very early in the history of the Colonies. His grandfather, Josiah Powers, as well as the father of his mother (Esther Johnson), bore a part in the struggle for American independence.

Nathaniel Powers, father of David, was a farmer in Westminster nearly all his life. Both he and his good wife joined their son at Palmyra, Wisconsin, in 1846, and died there at the ages of seventy-three and seventy-two years, respectively, the wife surviving her husband about one year. All of their twelve children grew to maturity. The ninth of these, and the subject of this biography, is the only one now living.

He grew up in his native town, supplementing the training of the district school by one term at an academy in Chester, Vermont. In his seventeenth year he left home, going on foot to Woodstock, Vermont, where he apprenticed himself to a machinist, under a contract for five years. The stipulated remuneration was very small, but at the end of a year he had become so proficient and useful to his employer, that the time was reduced to four years, at double the original salary, board being furnished. When he completed his apprenticeship, at the age of twenty, he had been for some time in charge of its machine shop, and his pay,

including extras, had amounted to $460. He accepted in part payment a note for $375, which was ultimately paid. Being ambitious for a larger field, he went to West Poultney, Vermont, where he was made foreman of the machine department of a large stove foundry. Late in 1836 he went to New York City, where he spent the winter in a vain search for employment. He improved the time, however, in study and sight-seeing, and in the spring of 1837 he went to Nashua, New Hampshire. The financial panic of that period was probably the most crushing in the history of the United States. President Jackson had upset the United States Bank, and scattered its deposits of United States funds, and thus created a great panic and wild speculation, bringing almost to a standstill all active business. Arriving at Nashua, however, he began work in a machine shop without compensation, as the only alternative except remaining idle. At the end of two weeks he had demonstrated such skill and energy that he was gladly engaged at a liberal salary, to count from the start. After remaining there a few months, he was placed in charge of the machinery of a large muslin-delaine factory at Hookset, New Hampshire.

In the fall of 1838 he was seized with the Western fever and, much against the wishes of his employers, set out on an exploring tour, arriving at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, October 5 of that year. Thence he set out on foot through the country, and soon found a location which pleased him, at what is now the thrifty little city of Whitewater, Wisconsin. Here he bought a claim, and engaged in farming for about a year and a half. He built the first hotel at that place, which he conducted and afterwards sold. He was appointed Postmaster by President Van Buren, and held the office through the four years of his residence there, through the adminis-

tration of W. H. Harrison and a part of that of John Tyler.

In 1842 he became the founder of the present village of Palmyra, thirty-seven miles west of Milwaukee, where he built mills and work shops, and remained eight years. During this time he became a director of the Milwaukee & Mississippi Railroad Company, and secured the location of its line through Palmyra. He became for the time being the first master mechanic of this road, and sold out his interests at Palmyra and moved to Waukesha, where he lived two years. During this time he visited the East and secured bridge and car builders, and a permanent corps of practical railroad operators. The firm of Bean, Clinton & Powers, of which he was a member, furnished at one time one hundred and forty thousand cross ties for this railroad, and also contracted and executed the excavations for several miles of the line through the bluffs east of Palmyra, considered quite a heavy job at that time.

In 1852 Mr. Powers returned to Palmyra, and was elected to the lower house of the Legislature the same year, by a very large majority, taking his seat in January, 1853. He was also a member of the special session which tried the impeachment case of Judge Hubbell. During his term he removed to Madison, where he continued to reside fifteen years. He occupied the first half of this period in the improvement and cultivation of a section of prairie land, then and still known as "Seventy-six Farm." He became the editor and proprietor of the *Wisconsin Farmer*, which had been established two or three years before in a small way. He also served as Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, and by correspondence succeeded in inducing Abraham Lincoln to address the society and people of the state at the State Fair in Milwaukee in the fall of 1859. He

still treasures among his most valued possessions the autograph letters of Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Powers became a resident of Chicago in 1868. By unfortunate business vicissitudes he had become involved in debt to the extent of about twenty thousand dollars, and was urged by his attorney to go through bankruptcy, which he was assured could be completed for $250. This he refused to do, as most of his creditors were justly entitled to the sums due them, and set out at the age of fifty-four years to retrieve his fortune. He invented and set up a loom for weaving wire mattresses. Having demonstrated the practicability of his idea, he was enabled to organize a company with a small capital, whose first year's business resulted in a profit of seventeen thousand dollars. This concern was known as the Union Wire Mattress Company, of which Mr. Powers was, and still is, President. It is among the most successful manufacturing establishments of Chicago, and is capable of turning out one thousand mattresses, and many other kinds of goods, per day. Within a short time after the establishment of this business, the last obligation of Mr. Powers was discharged to the mutual satisfaction of himself and his creditors.

Mr. Powers was and is a natural-born machinist and inventor, and has always been making inventions in mechanical devices and machines. He says he seldom sees a machine that cannot be improved in some respect. He has applied for some fifty patents for his own inventions, numbers of which have proved quite valuable, and gone into permanent use. He has also been a prominent mechanical and scientific expert in patent litigation, having testified in that capacity in from one to two hundred litigated suits in the federal courts. He has made a snug fortune in his later life out of his in-

genuity and industry, instead of speculation in real estate or betting on the markets.

He is now, in the opening of his eighty-second year, a man of vigorous mental and physical powers, and relates many interesting reminiscences of pioneer days in the West. For over twenty years he attended the services under the ministry of the late David Swing, which indicates the liberality of his religious principles. His creed may be condensed in seven expressive words, "Behave well, and you will fare well." He was among the Whigs in his early manhood, and joined the Republican party at its inception. His first observation of administrative affairs was in connection with the inauguration of John Quincy Adams as President, in 1825.

In the fall of 1837 Mr. Powers was married to Miss Eliza A. Harris, daughter of Capt. J. H. and Lucy (May) Harris, of Canaan, New Hampshire. Mrs. Powers was the companion and helpmate of her husband until July 30, 1888, when she passed away, at the age of seventy years. Two of their three children were born at Whitewater, Wisconsin, and the third at Palmyra. Loraine Eliza, the eldest, is the wife of John H. Griffith, residing at Cleveland, Ohio. William P. and Frank A. are residents of Chicago, the latter being active business manager of the Union Wire Mattress Company, and the former another successful inventor.

Mr. Powers is a most genial and affable gentleman of the old school, and his open-hearted, humanity-loving character is the only obstacle that has stood between him and great wealth. Having learned many lessons by experience, he is now enjoying the fruits of his later years of activity in quiet contentment, and the story of his life is worthy the perusal of every ambitious youth of today, and its lessons of courage and industrious en-

ergy should be heeded by all who are desirous of success in life, and are willing to work and wait for it. Time, patience and industry will almost always win a fair, if not a high, degree of success.

(An Interview from the Chicago Daily News 1892)

SERVED UNDER VAN BUREN

Mr. D. J. Powers, Who Was Appointed Postmaster of Whitewater, Wis., Fifty-Three Years Ago.

NOW AN ACTIVE CHICAGO BUSINESS MAN

No Red-Tape in the Department—Walked Twenty Miles For the First Mail.

A feeling of righteous indignation filled a venerable citizen of Chicago when he read the announcement, coupled with a death notice, a few days ago that the deceased was the oldest postmaster in the United States, having served under President Polk's administration.

D. J. Powers, the hale and active president of the Union Wire-Mattress company of this city and known in scientific, mechanical and legal circles all over the country, contradicts the statement and backs his contradiction with conclusive proof.

Way before President Polk's time, before there was any department red-tape, before any public means had been provided for the transmission of valuables and merchandise, before express companies were thought of, Mr. Powers was appointed the first postmaster of the village of Whitewater, Wis., by President Martin Van Buren. The appointment was made in the spring of 1839. Mr. Powers served under Presidents Van Buren, Harrison and Taylor.

Although an old-timer in the literal sense, Mr. Powers is as active as a man of fifty, attends personally to the details of an extensive business, besides being continually called upon as an expert in cases where patents in mechanical inventions are in controversy. Many are the presidents and administrations he has seen in court and he expects to see many more. He chatted cheerily with an Evening News reporter about early days and occasionally, as the memory of some incident of long ago would arise, his eye would glisten like that of a school-boy.

"I was born June 3, 1814, at Athens, Vt.," said Mr. Powers as he swung to and fro in his office chair, " and came west in the fall of 1838, seeking my fortune. As it is to-day to thousands, to me as I left the shadows of the Green mountains, then, the Mecca was Chicago; but on arrival here I suffered great disappointment. Chicago was then only a mud-hole, with 4,500 inhabitants. Going on to Milwaukee, a town of 1,500, I was still more disappointed and pressed on to the interior of Wisconsin, determined to continue my early vocation as a farmer.

"The prospect for a new-comer engaging in farming was anything but bright. The country was very rough and the work of clearing and getting the ground in shape for raising crops seemed unending. So when I arrived at Whitewater, a small village near Troy, I concluded to locate there and give up rustic life. Here I built the first hotel and when we arrived at the dignity of wanting a postoffice, I made a bid for it."

"Was there any of the lively shirmishing that marks the more modern scramble for a postoffice?"

"Well, we had a pretty lively time of it. My opponent was a young lawyer who had been there about the same length of time I had—nearly a year. He was

an out-and-out democrat, while I was a whig from my shoes up. But the people seemed bound to have me, and, after making a stiff fight on his political leaning, the lawyer withdrew his petition and I was appointed postmaster wthout opposition.

"There wasn't much ceremony attending my inauguration. I walked twenty miles along a snow path, from Whitewater to Troy, to qualify and walked home the same evening. I left home at sunrise and was back long before many of the young fellows nowadays would think it was bedtime. I wasn't a bit tired, but I hardly believe I could do it now."

"What had been the arrangement prior to this time for getting mail in and out of Whitewater?"

"Our mails went to Troy, twenty miles distant, and through Milwaukee, about fifty miles away. There was no distributing point at that time, the mail being forwarded direct to destination.

"When I qualified at Troy I received the Whitewater mail and returned home with it in my coat pocket. It grew constantly heavier, however, and the saddlebags under the care of the old man who went to and fro twice a week between Whitewater and Troy were often well filled. There was no danger in the transportation of mails in those days, there being no gain in robbing the mails: star routes were unknown, and altogether the postoffice department moved along in a way undisturbed by crime or corruption. We had no inspectors, made our remittances every quarter, and after the accounts were checked over in the auditing department they were returned to us. At one time a quarterly account was returned to me showing an error of 4 cents, which I immediately rectified.

"In many respects the postmaster was the most important man in the village or town. The direct pe-

cuniary benefit was not great, ranging from $25 to $50 per annum, but the influence benefited him. When I built my hotel the postoffice was established in one corner of the office and I had a desk with pigeon-holes built for the purpose of handling the mails properly. My wife was my deputy and in my absence took care of the postoffice. After I sold the hotel the postoffice was removed to my residence and here it was that twice a week all the people for miles around would assemble. Frequently one letter would do for three or four families, as the contents would be of a general nature."

"What was the class of mail?"

"Social principally, business occasionally. Family letters formed the large majority and few papers ever came. We always got Horace Greeley's paper and all us whigs swore by him. The letters would consist of a long sheet of foolscap paper, folded and tucked in the ends and sealed with a wafer. The postage was 25 cents each half-ounce, collected at the destination, and a letter seldom exceeded the one sheet. We were never called upon to write or address a letter for some one too ignorant to do so, as is frequently the case nowadays, the people being all well or fairly well educated. They handled their quill as they did their plow whenever they needed it and the sand-box was shaken when the letter was finished."

"How did people transport valuables and money?"

"By hand and private means, and they were often in great straits for some means. Of course their business was transacted almost exclusively at home or in a neighboring town, but every once in awhile they would have to get money across the country and then there was a dilemma.

"Ah, me, those good old times, when people placed implicit confidence in their fellow-men and never locked

their doors, have changed mightily. In this bustling world of today it is an exception if one even knows his next-door neighbor," and the old gentleman shook his head sadly.

"But the oldest postmaster is not dead by a long shot if I am the one who carries that distinction. I'll be here many years to come. As to going back to Polk's administration I expect there are a thousand men living today in the United States who served as postmaster under that administration."

Wiping his glasses, Mr. Powers resumed his work and as the reporter withdrew was rushing through a mass of correspondence with the vim of a man of half his years.

EXPLANATORY

The following letters disclose the trials and hardships incident to the crossing of the plains at that time which appear to be quite in contrast with covering the same, nowadays in the luxury of a Pullman car, with a diner attached. It is not easy to account for the disposition shown at times on the trip by my uncle. Aunt Mary the writer, was a delicate, refined and beautiful woman, as will be seen by the picture accompanying this article. She was the recipient of much sympathetic attention by their occasional fellow travelers and it is altogether probable that the Doctor resented this in a jealous mood.

It will be noted in the letters written from San Leandro that she speaks in the highest terms of the Doctor, and so far as I ever heard he was a kind and considerate husband.

AMERICUS W. POWERS AND MARY ROCKWOOD POWERS

After the death of his wife in 1858 he became involved in a land title suit with parties claiming ownership under a Spanish grant, of a large tract which he owned, and while he could have made a compromise settlement greatly to his advantage, he refused to do so and untimately lost all; greatly chagrined he retired into Bear valley, up from Hollister, California, and lived the life of a recluse and died in September, 1886, having been shot from ambush by parties involved in crooked land transactions of which he knew and was likely to be a witness against them in the courts. There was little question as to the identity of his slayer, but three trials resulted each time in a hung jury so the murderer was never convicted. My father furnished the money for these trials.

Of the children, Sarah and the twins and a second pair of twins, born soon after their arrival in California, only Sarah survived, the others dying in infancy and childhood. Sarah grew up in Bear valley without any woman companion or advantages of any kind, married in 1867, S. T. Bonner and was the mother of thirteen children. She died in 1905. She was a remarkable woman, of fine mind, but as she expressed it, "grew up like a wild Indian" and had no opportunity for education.

My father furnished the money to bring her to Chicago in 1904, and she visited us and her relatives in Wisconsin, among the scenes of her childhood, with great interest and enjoyment, and returned to her home near Spokane, as she expressed it, "with the hunger of a lifetime satisfied", living only about a year afterward.

W. P. P.

JOURNAL OF THE TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS TO CALIFORNIA IN 1856

BY

MRS. MARY R. POWERS
WIFE OF DR. AMERICUS POWERS.

After describing the journey by rail from Chicago to Iowa City, and the meeting there with old friends and the preparation for the long ride ahead of them, the writer says:—

Finally all things were in readiness, and we took leave of our friends. The first day of June we traveled about ten miles in the afternoon, and camped at night on the banks of a small stream with very steep banks. As we came up the bank on the west side, we stopped and walked the team and the Doctor told me to drive on and they would walk a while. Little Sarah had been out gathering flowers. She had got into the wagon and on top of the trunk, and when I started the horses, She rolled completely out onto the ground and the horse that was hitched behind stepped over her. We were all very much frightened. The child was hard sick all that day and the next. In the course of the afternoon after her fall, she vomited quite hard.

We drove hard that day and hoped to reach Elkhorn, but were disappointed. We camped a few miles from the village and stayed there one day and I bathed myself and the children all over at this place, and did some washing. The village is situated very prettily and the country generally through which we have passed has been most beautiful, so much better than Wisconsin, as Wisconsin is better than old Lawrence, N. Y.

We have for our outfit and eatables:—

3 bags flour
50 lbs. sugar
1 lb. tea
1 bottle pickles
2 tea kettles
1 bake kettle
6 knives and forks
3 large table spoons
1 candle stick
1 frying pan
1 wooden pail
9 bars of soap
1 large tent
100 lbs. bacon
35 lbs. coffee
½ bushel dried apples
3 large tin pans
1 dish kettle
1 coffee mill
6 teaspoons
8 tin and iron cups
1 lb. lard
1 large tin pail
1 wooden keg for water
5 woolen blankets
1 rifle and accouterments.

We started out from Elkhorn about 2:00 in the afternoon on Tuesday, June 4th. On Thursday about 11:00 p. m., we reached the Loop Fork. There we camped until the Sabbath. On that day a small train of six wagons came up. There was one family consisting of a man, his wife and seven children, and one man to drive the cow. On Friday morning just after we had had our breakfast, it commenced blowing and rained and finally the tent commenced to teter and the tents pins began to fly. Richard took the child and ran for the wagon and I caught up the bed blankets and ran after him. It was raining as hard as ever it could and before I could get to the wagon I was wet to the skin.

We were safely ferried across the Loop river on Sunday about 12:00 o'clock. Every day has been about the same exeperience, early start and travel until we came to water and then camp, and then travel until we could get a good camping place, and then stop all

night and start next morning again; and so on day after day.

On Tuesday we came to the Platte Hills and the Doctor trusted Richard to drive. The road was very much gullied on the right hand side. As we were passing a bend in the road the horses went into the gulley and tipped the wagon over. As we were some ways in advance of the rest of the company, we were obliged to wait until they came up, when several of the boys took hold of the wagon and rolled it back, and after hitching a fresh pair of horses they drew it up the hill without any difficulty, or anything being damaged in the least. We proceeded on our way in peace and prosperity until Wednesday afternoon, at which time we could not find any supply of fuel, so we had to travel until late in the night and as we had nothing to eat that was cooked, we had to go to bed without any supper.

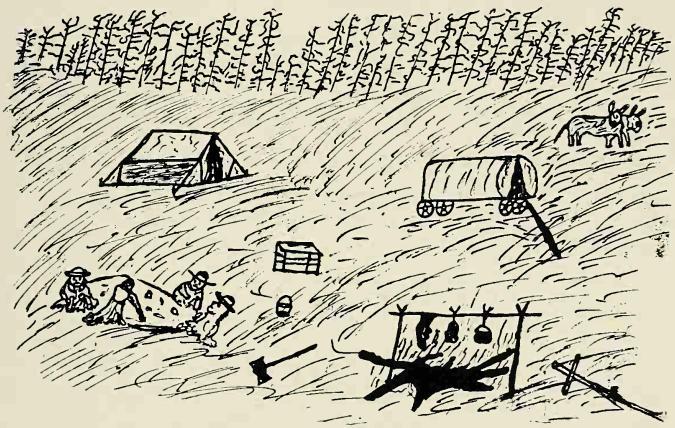
Platte River, June-sometime.

My dear mother and sisters:—

I have a few leisure moments this afternoon and being within a few days' drive of Fort Laramie, I improve them in writing to you. We are all well—in excellent health and enjoying our journey much better than I expected to. The scenery and different kinds of game we have seen thus far pays me for all the trouble we have had to pass through.

If any of the young people of Sheboygan, or any other place, should want to get up something to pass away a few weeks, I would advise them to form a company and come out to Laramie and camp all the way. Come in the time that the buffalo are plenty. Since we have come onto the Platte we have seen thousands of them besides antelope, deer, rabbits, and different kinds of birds. Here is a sketch of our camp.

I have done this as much to amuse the children as anything. Sarah wants me to tell you what that heap is near the teakettle; they think you will not be able to guess. Well, it is Buffalo chips, being all that we have to burn. In the lower tent we are at our meal consisting of some coffee, the water of which is taken from the muddy waters of the Platte; some very good biscuit made from shorts without any shortening, and some side bacon. It makes a very good meal when one is hungry.



OUR CAMP

I think mother you will give me the premium for good sketching, as this is my first attempt. Perhaps I shall improve some before I get to California.

You wanted, and I promised to keep a journal, but, dear mother I find it impossible to do so. We get started as early as we can get ready after it is day and travel until we get dinner which is sometimes longer and sometimes shorter.

The streams, many of them, are dried up and we are obliged to drive farther than what we calculated.

What with mending and baking and fixing it takes my whole time. I really ought to be making the Doctor a pair of pants as his are all off of him. I will send you what little journal I have been able to write and will do as much as I can in that line after we leave Laramie. I am in hopes to get an almanac at that place as I have completely lost the day of the month, as well as the day of the week. You will see by the journal what our outfit is, as I have faithfully put down all and everything, that we had when we started. The company we are with is well provisioned, and I am in hopes if we get short before we get to Salt Lake, we shall be able to get some of them. There is a family in the train by the name of Andrews. They have started for Oregon. We have not seen an Indian since leaving Omaha, nor any signs of any. The game is all very tame and will let us drive within five or ten rods of them.

The other day when we had stopped for dinner, the Doctor took Sarah and Cephas and walked forward over a small sand hill, and just before them within two rods, were three large buffalo bulls lying down to sleep. They had a most excellent view of them, and that same day I walked over the hill with all the children and came up to within a rod of a doe. She looked as slick as a fat deer. She did not appear at all frightened.

Day before yesterday, we got ready to start in the morning, and just before we were ready to hitch to the wagon one of the men came to the Doctor and wanted to borrow his rifle, as it is considered the truest in the train. He told us to drive on to the first good dinner place and they would come up with some buffalo meat for our dinner. So we drove on and stopped for dinner, and as they did not come up, we drove on and camped for the night, and in the morning concluded to

wait until they came up. Stayed there until three o'clock in the afternoon. On account of the grass being poor we were obliged to move our quarters. We had to go about fifteen miles before we could find good grass. Have waited until this time and they have not come yet. We have been without any kind of firearms in the wagon, and I have not felt the least fear. I have just heard the report of a rifle. Think they are somewhere near—will probably be here to dinner.

I shall have to stop, for the rest have come in sight and I have got to get dinner and get ready to start.

* * *

(The rest of this was written after reaching California.)

When at Fort Laramie, or rather some time before we got to that place, I wrote you a letter, expecting when we got there, to be able to send it to you, but was disappointed and so brought it along and while on board I wrote a few lines in pencil, enclosed it in an envelope and when we got to San Francisco, gave it to the Doctor to put in the post office, knowing that you must be in a great worry at my long silence. I will, as near as I can, give you a history of our journey from where that leaves off.

If I am not mistaken, I thought we were within a short distance of the Fort, but as it proved, we were some distance from that place. After the train came up that we had been waiting for, we started on and traveled together for about three days, and our teams failed so they were not able to keep up with the other teams, so the others went on and left us to get along the best we could.

The Doctor said that when he got to the Fort, he would trade off his horses and get some oxen and we would join some ox train and go in that way. I felt

glad to have him do so, for I felt sure the horses would not be able to draw the wagon one day longer. We dragged our weary length along and how tedious it was, no mortal can tell, but those who have experienced it. He had to tie back the big horse so that he took the whole load.

When we were within one day's ride of the Fort, we came across an ox that had been left by some train that had gone on before. We took it along and when we got opposite the Fort, I expected we would camp there, the grass was so poor that we were obliged to continue farther up the river. We drove up about three miles and came across a large ox team. They told us that just round the bend of the river was the horse train that we had been traveling with; so we drove around there and I can assure you I was glad to see them once more.

The next day after we came up to them they pulled up stakes and moved on while the Doctor was over to the Fort, and the young man who was with us came to me and bade me good-by, and said that he did not think we would be able to get any further; that he was bound for California, the boys having made him a good offer, and he was going with them. So he went off, and left us all alone. The ox train that I have already spoken of, had also moved along that morning, and there was not a living soul to be seen but my little ones. I felt almost like sitting down and crying.

The Doctor had gone over on horseback and I expected he would trade the horse off for a yoke of oxen and that we should start in the morning and overtake the ox train that had just left. So I went to work as hard as I could, did some washing and baking and kept looking out very anxiously for the Doctor to come back. It was getting so late and he did not come and

I had been obliged to keep the horses tied up all day because they would follow the other horses. I carried water to them, and moved them to a different part so if possible, they might have something to eat. Finally just before dark the Doctor came and wanted to start on immediately, and go on as far as a trading post that was still further up the river. (I forgot to mention that when we came up to the ox train they claimed the ox that we had found and the Doctor gave him up without any ceremony just merely because one man said it was his.)

I told the Doctor that I could not go that evening but I would in the morning. As he came back, as he went in the morning, I wanted to know why he hadn't made the trade he was going to. He said the gentleman in the Fort owned a large herd of cattle at the trading post above, and that he could make the trade with his agent there just as well as with him. I wanted to know why he had not gotten some flour as we had commenced to use from our last sack; having fed a great deal of flour to our horses. He said he could get it at the trading post before mentioned; so in the morning we started very early and drove up to the trading post. As it was quite a little piece from the road, the Doctor requested me to wait there until he could go down and ascertain if that were the right place. So I waited, and he went down. In a few minutes he came out and motioned for me to drive along. When the Doctor came up I asked him if that were the place, and he said that he could not make the trade. I wanted to know what we were to do for flour and how we were to get along. He seemed to think we should overtake the ox train that night as they had only moved a few miles farther, for better grass, and that we could get provisions of them and a

team. I felt my courage almost fail me. There we were, almost without anything to eat in a strange land and a team that was not able to pull an empty wagon.

I felt as though our only hope was in reaching the ox team. We were then about ten miles instead of three, from the Fort, and the big horse pulled the entire load, and it was as much as the black horse could do to walk by his side and keep up with him.

That night we came to good grass and water and I thought we had better stop there with the horses a day or two and the Doctor had better go back to the Fort and make some kind of trade for a team that I had some confidence in, and get some provisions. I was afraid we should not overtake the ox train, and when we moved from that point we should be in the Black Hills; and I had heard enough of them not to want to be left in a starving condition in them. I knew the big horse could not hold out always and draw that heavy wagon. The wagon weighed when empty 900 pounds and the road before us was one of the worst in the world. The Doctor said no, he would not, so we stayed there that night and the next morning we started, and by the signs of the train I could easily see that they were pressing forward to get through as fast as possible.

I drove the team and the Doctor walked and Oh! my what a road that was. There were places so steep, that when the horses would go down I could but just see their backs. They would be as far below the wagon as the tongue would let them be: and such stones! I cannot give you an idea of the roughness of it. I could not enjoy the scenery for I had to drive and every day they would give out and lie in the harness. When we came to a steep hill the Doctor would have to keep close to the hind wheel. The horses would go a few

steps and then he would block the wheels and we would go on inch by inch at a time. Often this would come to my mind,—"I'll hitch my hatchet and up I go." We struggled along day after day, poor grass and sometimes without water, because we were not able to make a full day's drive until we got quite through the Black Hills. I could see that the big horse failed very fast. He was getting so poor his great bones would stick out so sharp it seemed as though the hide were fairly glued to them. I had been amazed at his great strength and endurance, but he could not last always and have to work as he was working.

Finally after I had given up all hopes of overtaking the train, one afternoon just before dark we came up to some men who had broken their wagon that belonged to the ox train. They had been detained nearly twenty-four hours on account of the break-down. I felt as though I should cry in spite of myself for very joy. I could but think there was a kind providence in that break-down. It did not materially discommode them and it enabled us to come up with them.

When we came to the other teams and the campfires were all burning so bright and cheerful, happy voices of the pople fell on my ears, I felt as though we had been rescued from a living death, and I felt like throwing my arms around the old horse's neck and promising him his freedom in the morning. He should be free from that wagon.

After I got supper ready and all things ready for the night, the Doctor came into the tent and said that he should have to go about half a mile farther to find grass for the horses and wanted to know if I should feel afraid to stay alone. I told him "no," so he took his blankets, and went off and I lay down and had a good night's sleep; the first I had had in a long time.

Supposing that when morning came the Doctor would make some bargain with the proprietors of the train, I got up as soon as there was any stir and gathered some wood and got some water and got breakfast going when the Doctor came up. After breakfast I wanted to know if he was not going to make some arrangement with them to take us along. He said "yes, after they had eaten their breakfast". I could hardly hold still, I felt so impatient to have him go then, but held on and said nothing.

As soon as they were through eating it was all hurry to get up the teams and get started and there was no time to talk. If the Doctor would drive on with his horses to the next camp—it was but ten miles, a short day's drive—they would see about it then; they had no time that morning, and so on; they had a hundred excuses for not doing anything at that time. I felt almost discouraged but did not murmur or complain, though I felt my heart's core bleed when those poor crow-baits were once more hitched to the wagon.

We drove out of camp the first ones that morning and drove on a few miles but the train soon came up and passed us and we had hard work to catch up with them that night. We could not go but a few rods without stopping to rest the horses. I felt as though it was at the sacrifice of the horses that we overtook the train again, but it must be done or we should never overtake them if we fell one night behind. It was late when we came up with them. We found they had camped in the midst of some sage brush. The sand was ankle deep and not one spear of grass for the horses. We gave them a round of flour and hitched them to the wagon wheel. In the morning by daybreak the camp was astir. The Doctor put the harness on to the horses and started on our journey without

saying one word to anyone. I felt as though myself and little ones were at the mercy of a mad man. It did not seem that any man in his right mind would take the course the Doctor was taking. I said nothing but thought the more.

We struggled along that day and finally came into camp that night. The next morning I told the Doctor if he didn't do something I should, as for moving from that camp without having some arrangements, I would not. He went to Mr. Hendrick and he said he had entirely forgotten us the day before, but couldn't get us a team that morning as it was getting late but would make arrangements during the day so that we could have a team the next morning. So the Doctor hitched up the poor old skeletons once more and we started out ahead of the train. It was up hill and down as it had been all the way from Fort Laramie, and before the train overtook us the horses had fairly given out and could not go any farther. We had stopped near a ravine where there was some grass but not any water. It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon so I went to work and got dinner and while we were eating the train passed us.

Mr. Hendrick came up to where I was, to light his pipe and I asked him if the Doctor had made any arrangements with him to get a team. He said they would arrange it when they got into camp that night. I told him then, it would never be as the horses had given out already and were not able to haul the wagon any farther. He was very sorry the Doctor had not spoken to him the night before, but thought the horses would be able to draw the wagon until they got into camp for they should not go a great deal farther; they were not going to stop until they came to the night camp. He hoped that I would keep up good courage;

that they certainly would make some arrangement that afternoon. He lit his pipe, bid me good afternoon and I bade him good-by, but I could not help the tears coming into my eyes. I told him I thought I had kept up my courage when most any other woman would have sunk down in despair long before. Said he, and the tears came into his eyes, " I think you have, Mrs. Powers."

The Doctor hitched up the horses as soon as they were out of sight and we drove along. How my heart ached, but I said not a word, I shed not a tear, but my heart and throat were full and if I had said one word the tears would certainly have flowed or if any one had spoken one word of sympathy I should have been a perfect baby, but as it was I drove on in silence my heart nearly bursting.

We had some dreadful hills to go over that afternoon and how we ever got over them I do not know. In going up some of the hardest hills we would have to block the wheels when part way up and take out the most tired horse and put in the one that was behind. Before we could get the wagon up everyone of us would be out of it.

Finally we came to a long hill half a mile in length, but it was not stony. We once heard the drivers halloo before us but could not see them. When about half way up the hill I noticed the big horse lifted his hind feet very high and walked very unnaturally. I spoke to the Doctor. He had not noticed it. We blocked the wagon and the Doctor went around to his head and his mouth was all froth and foam and his head kept jerking up, up, up. I thought he was dying and so did the Doctor. We both sprang and took off the harness in a hurry, the Doctor all the while saying to me, "Look out or he will fall on you." After we

took the harness off, the Doctor led him to the side of the track so that the other horses could pass and harnessed up the two blacks that we had been changing all the afternoon and I took the lines and drove along. When the Doctor led him out of the road he was so stiff in all his limbs he could hardly move along. The Doctor gave him a round dose of quinine and gradually led him to the top of the hill. When on the top of the hill we could get a glimpse of the drove ahead. We kept going along but before we came up with the drove we had to change horses three times and had to put the "dead" horse in three different times. They would go until they nearly fell down and then we would have to change them.

It was nearly dark when we got into camp but we found plenty of good grass and water. The next day the Hendricks put three yoke of oxen on to our wagon and we got along very nicely after that. We found them all very accommodating and kind. There was one family along by the name of Turner from Ogdenburg. They were all well acquainted with our friends in that part of the country. Everyone in the train appeared to think very much of me and the children.

The two blacks were driven along with the rest of the horses, but the large horse was such a fool about jumping off from dangerous places and getting into every mire hole, that we were obliged to fasten him to the rear end of the wagon.

I forgot the name of the small creek on which we were camped, but we had been quite a while with the train and when we stopped for the night there was every appearance of a storm.

Mr. Turner had been sick sometime with rheumatism and the Doctor was tending upon him. He felt that he would get wet if it should rain in the night

and had some of the men turn his wagon round so that the side would be towards the storm, but never said anything about my own wagon. We had not raised the tent for a long time but slept in the wagon. The large trunk was first in the wagon next to the front board: then I would put the two seats together and make up the children's bed in them and the Doctor and I would sleep in the hind end of the wagon and let our feet go under the children's bed. This night I had pinned one of the woolen blankets up to the fore end of the wagon and my woolen shawl at the rear end. About midnight the guard came and woke the Doctor and wanted him to get up and take care of his horses as there was a hurricane coming on. The Doctor sprang up and dressed as quick as he could. There was a horse hitched to a wheel on each side of the wagon, and one lariated just at the hind part of the wagon, so he could not quite reach it. I had nothing on but my nightdress, my cap had got off my head. The Doctor had not more than fairly got out of the wagon before it began to rain and the wind was blowing furiously and such lightning I never imagined accompanied with a perfect crash of thunder. It was perfectly deafening. The horses were rearing and plunging, snorting and neighing. The horses that were hitched to the wheels kept the wagon on the jump, first one way, and then the other, while as to the horse behind the wagon, it seemed as though every plunge he made he would come into the wagon.

When the rain first began to fall it was accompanied by a tremendous gust of wind, and at the time I was trying to fasten down the shawl after the Doctor left, it burst the blanket in at the front end and took the shawl completely out of the wagon, and I sprang over the children and sat myself down on the trunk

with my back towards the front board and took the two lower corners in my hands—the top being securely fastened—and put them down backwards between the front board and the trunk.

I thought the storm would soon be over and if I could keep the children dry I should be glad. They were sleeping soundly; the storming of the elements did not rouse them. It seemed as though I had not been in that position more than a minute before the cold water began to pour through the blanket where my head came against it. The hailstones seemed as though they would crack my skull. The water was as cold as ice water could be, and as it streamed down my arms and back and limbs I thought at first I could not stand it; and then I thought it was nearly over with and I would hold on a little longer. I was shaking in every joint and could think of nothing but the noise Aaron would make when he was having a shake of the ague —or rather when one of the girls was shaking; the noise was as near like that as anything; not very loud, but I could not help making the noise any more than I could help shaking.

The Doctor came round to the rear end of the wagon with the big horse and he had all he could do to attend to things outside; and though things were doing nicely inside—as the blanket at the fore end had not been blown down—there was such a noise and confusion that he could not hear me groaning and shaking. I lay in that position nearly two hours and a half. I thought when I had lain there about an hour, I might as well let the children get some wet as for me to lie there any longer and die. I was sure if I had to, I could not stand it a great deal longer. I tried to move but found I might as well try to move a mountain. I was perfectly stiff in every joint.

As soon as the fury of the storm had passed over a little, the Doctor fastened the horse and got up into the wagon and stretched himself over towards me and wanted to know what was the matter, he thought I was frightened. I told him I wanted to get over on the trunk and to lift me out of that prison, as I was so near dead I could not move a muscle. He got over and I had not a dry thread on, and there was a puddle of water in the children's bed where my feet lay; that was all the wetting they got. They did not wake through the whole of it.

The Doctor rubbed my arms until I could use them a little. I then stripped off my dripping garments but could not find anything to put on. The cover of the wagon had blown in over the hind bow of the wagon and our bed was wet as it could be. I managed to crawl under the straw bed onto the bags and lay down until it was light enough to see what to do but I can assure you it was not a very comfortable situation. I do not think I shall ever forget that night, it makes the cold chills run down my back whenever I think of it. I expected I should certainly be sick but it never hurt me in the least.

The next morning the ground was perfectly white with hailstones, and where the tents lay you could scrape up pails full of them. The cattle were scattered in every direction and it took until nearly noon to get them all together. (Here the letter stops until they reached the coast.)

BY

MRS. MARY R. POWERS

WIFE OF DR. AMERICUS POWERS

(It will be noted that the following account was written after reaching California.)

San Leandro, California.
February, 1857.

My dear Mother and Sisters:—

I can realize a little how you felt when you got my letters. I knew you were all suffering with anxiety and suspense long before we got to where I could send you a line to alleviate your distress, and many a night did I lie awake thinking of you and dreading the effect it might have on our dear mother. But thanks to our Heavenly Father, she is still spared to us a little longer, and God grant my dear mother, that you may be spared to us many years to come.

Have you received my letter that was written New Years—or rather completed at that time in Mrs. Shafter's parlor? Oh, I had such a pleasant visit, but had a stormy day to go home in and have not been as well since, as I was before. I do not know what I should have done if I had not got my box at that time. When I came to see the box I felt rather dubious I assure you; for it had been burst open and the lock broken: the iron hoops were gone and the wooden ones in three places. I did not expect to find one-half of the things that I put in it, and what were there I expected would be spoiled; but when I got home with it, and got it open, I found everything as nice as a pin, nothing injured except the looking glass which was broken into a dozen

pieces, and a few nail holes through the feather tick. The box came the Nicaragua route and it was broken open at the custom house. If ever poor mortal was glad to get anything, I was to get that box, for we were all suffering for the clothing it contained. I have not been able to do but one washing since I was in San Francisco, and how could I possibly have gotten along if I had not got it? The box had been in San Francisco for one month but the Doctor did not inquire of the right clerk when he was at the office, and it would, in all probability, have lain there until advertised before we should have gotten it, if I had not gone after it myself.

Once more I take my pen to try and finish this letter. I had written thus far when I was obliged to lay down my pen, and have not been able to resume it until this time. I do not know what day of the month it is, but it must be very near the last of February. You must have gotten my letters before this, and I presume there are some in the post office for me, but I have not been able to send or get a word there for a long, long time. I have not heard from Mrs. Shafter since I was there New Years, but hope to the first of the week.

How I wish every day that you were all here to enjoy this pleasant weather. One of our neighbors has a flower garden but a short distance from our house and it is in full bloom; it looks beautiful. I cannot realize that we have had any winter. It is true at the time I visited Mrs. Shafter it made a feeble attempt. but it proved such a failure that it gave it up in disgust, and spring burst forth in all its beauty, clothing the hills in most beautiful green and spurring the farmer up to his utmost exertions to get his crops in, in good season. It has been a most busy time, I assure you,

everyone has had to exert himself to the utmost; but the hurry is mostly over and the farmer may comparatively take his ease until harvest commences—then hurry, hurry, again until the wet season commences again. Everyone says that our wet season is over with, and truly we have not had as much rain as you would have in one fall with you. I should not think that vegetation would live at all with so little moisture. It is true that at present we are having quite heavy dews but these they say, will not continue long.

It appears to be very healthy in this part of the country; not any sickness to speak of.

I suppose you are all out of patience to think that I have never finished telling you about our journey to this country, but I tell you it is a subject that I hate to think about, and you must all excuse me if I do not go very much into particulars. I have attempted several times but it invariably makes me sick for a week or two, and every night I am climbing over the rocks, walking through streams and going through it all again and again. I can never give you scarcely an idea of the journey; and if any one should ask my advice about coming to this country in that way, I should say "take a good dose of arsenic one week before you think of starting. Your death would be speedier and easier and your friends would have the comfort of knowing where your bones were reposing."

If I remember right, I left off in my story somewhere about the time I was shivering under the straw bed. The next morning before they had collected all the cattle together, we saw one or two trains on the move in the rear; so everything was thrown into the wagons in the greatest hurry and we got ready to start as quick as the cattle could be hitched to the wagon; for it was of the utmost importance that we should keep

ahead of other trains on account of the scarcity of grass and water.

Mr. Hendrick thought we should be able to stop early enough at night to dry our clothing. Just as we were starting, the first of the trains came up and they had quite a time getting the cattle separated, but after a while we got under way and as usual, had a rough, hard, long day's drive and did not stop until evening; and so it was for three days before we could have an opportunity to look after our wet clothing. I expected as a matter of course, that everything would be mildewed and spoiled, but when we did stop it was about noon—I forget the name of the little stream at which we camped. Before the cattle were fairly unyoked, every woman was fetching things out of the wagons. I am sure it must have been quite an amusing sight to one who was not interested, but as it was, every one had all he could do to attend to his own business, and let his neighbor alone. The first thing I did was to stretch a long rope from our wagon (we camped in this form to make an enclosure to drive the work oxen in to yoke them) across to the next outside wagon, and hung up all the blankets and let them slap in the wind. I found that everything had dried of its own accord. There was not even a sour smell about anything. I tell you if ever women washed, it was that afternoon. For my part, I did not get through until 10:00 o'clock at night, and had to be up so as to start by daylight in the morning. I had to take along a large panful of wet clothes and dry them as I could. Oh! how tired I used to get those days. We would all have to get out and climb hills that it seemed as though we should never get over. They would have to hitch several teams together on one wagon and draw it up, and then take the teams back to get the next

one up. The women and children would usually get up the best way they could and then wait for the poor teams to come up. Oh! how I have felt to see how they would whip those poor oxen. The sides of some of them would be all covered with great gashes and the blood would be dripping from their bellies. Oh! you poor creatures, how my heart has ached for you and if weeping could have done any good, I could have shed enough tears to have made a canal from Sheboygan here. If there is anything that makes a brute (yes, worse than a brute, for I have seen them stand and lick one another and seem to sympathize with and for one another) of a man, it is a journey from Council Bluffs, or any other starting point, to California. I am speaking of the men principally. Of all the women that I saw on the journey there was but one or two that it appeared to brutalize; and such women were naturally more masculine than feminine in their organization. Tears would do the poor cattle no good; they would neither heal their wounds nor soften the hearts of those that drove them, and we were constrained to hold them, for we knew not how soon we might be called upon to shed them for one another.

Our flour was all gone, our bacon had been gone for some time and what was we to do? We had some coffee and sugar left, some soap, and a little soda and some acid and that comprised all. What were we to do? And we had not three dollars in the world. The Doctor went to Mr. Hendrick and wanted to buy some flour. He said that he had not got any to sell but so long as they had any we should not suffer. Mrs. Hendrick' had before that given me some black pepper and a little allspicee—you recollect we did not have such things in our outfit. Mrs. Newel gave me occasionally a little dried apple and some new butter and Mrs. Clark

gave me some beans and some of the young men would once in a while bring me some fresh fish or some game of some kind. I borrowed flour of Mr. Hendrick's people and then of Mr. Turner's people and we got along until we got to the head of Melad Creek. We camped twice on that creek. I almost forgot to say that we were daily expecting to come up to some trading post where we could get some provisions, but they had all, as it proved afterwards, lost heart and gone back to Salt Lake). I had forgotten to mention that sometime before we got to Melad, on the banks of a beautiful little stream where there was pretty good grass, we left one of our poor horses. He lay down at night, and he never got up again. There was a couple of men stopping there and the Doctor gave them a writing to the effect if they could get the horse up and save his life he would be theirs, but if they found they could not save him, they were to shoot him and not let him starve to death with plenty all round him. As we afterwards learned from one of the same men, they carried him plenty of grass and water, but he was so weak they could not get him onto his legs and as they could not stay any longer, they were forced to shoot him. Of our three, he was the second best. His was not the only carcass that was left at that place. There were several head of cattle that could not get up, and when that was the case they generally shot them to end their sufferings. Every night for a long time before that was marked with the carcass of more than one animal; and frequently as we were traveling along the road, some one of the teams would have to stop and unyoke, for some of the poor creatures had given out and lain down to die. It seemed as though they all knew that this was their fate, and when the cattle would pass them, they would go up and hook them and try to make them get

up, and when they found they could not get up, they would make a most mournful noise over them and go on and leave them; and the poor creatures would look after the rest so mournfully. I used to think we were all turning to stone, not to mind it any more than we did, but I used to feel so thankful, it was only the cattle that we were forced to leave behind; that of all the train, we were enabled to keep along and each morning there were none of the people to leave behind.

As I was saying, we camped twice on the Melad. The first night the train split up. There had been dissatisfaction for some time and I had felt certain that there would be a division before they got through, and the first night on the Melad the final separation took place and Mr. Clark and one or two others went by themselves. Mrs. Clark was all alone—the only woman in the train. I felt real sorry for her, but I thought they were not all alone—herself and husband—the other persons in the train were acquaintances. They all came over to bid me and the children good-by before they left, and I tell you there is something very peculiar on the plains; one realizes a "good-bye" then if they ever do. But little did they think—or myself think how soon I was to bid them all good-bye and be alone without one mortal but my husband and three little ones with me; or as I knew, for miles and miles near me; but I anticipate.

The next day after the division we camped all day, and the women washed and mended. That was the last camping they would have on the Melad. The road turns abruptly into the hills.

That day the Doctor sold the stray ox that he had to Mr. Newel for $26.00. I thought then that it meant something but as the Doctor told nothing, I asked nothing. The next morning the Doctor sent me to

Mr. Turner and Mr. Hendricck with the money to pay them for the flour that we had had from time to time. They seemed very much surprised and wanted to know what it meant. I told them I didn't know, but that I could guess, I rather thought the Doctor meant to leave the train. I wanted to know of Mr. Hendrick if he had not said anything to him about it. He said it was the first he had heard about it. (You know Mr. Hendrick was the man who supplied us with a team.) He nor Mr. Turner would take any money from me but in a litttle while they came around to where the Doctor was currying the horses and wanted to know what the Doctor meant by sending me with the money to pay for the flour. The Doctor told them he was not going to travel any longer with them and would like to settle up such little matters. Mr. Hendrick wanted to know why he did not say something about it yesterday so that they could come to some understanding as to how they stood and not wait until they were already to start before he said anything about it. They wanted to know what he was going to do: that the horses were not able to take our wagon fifty miles without giving out and we had not provisions: what was he calculating to do. (I told them just how we were situated and wanted them to talk with the Doctor and find out what he was thinking of doing, for I could not learn anything about his plans myself.)

The Doctor told them that was his business. They wanted to know why he was going to leave them; if they had not done all they consistently could for him and his family. At that the Doctor began to rave. He told them that they had not fulfilled their contract, and you can hardly imagine how he did talk to them. Mr. Hendrick got angry and told the Doctor that he believed he was a "damned Mormon" and that he meant

to cheat him out of his rights. (Oh! before he told him so he had asked the Doctor how they were to settle and the Doctor told him he would leave it to any respectable persons what it should be worth, and Mr. Hendrick mentioned Mr. Newel and some others.)

The Doctor went on and told Mr. Hendrick that he would not leave it to a "damned Missourian;" that there was not a respectable, honest man that ever came from that state, and went on to say a great deal. Then it was that Mr. Hendrick told him that he was a knave and a black-leg and a damned Mormon, and that he believed that he did not mean to pay him from the first. He told the Doctor that his wife (myself) was a perfect lady and that everybody in the train respected and thought a great deal of her and pitied her from the bottom of their hearts to think she had to live and get along with such a fool and madman as he was.

After hindering the train till nearly noon, they finally agreed to leave it to Mr. Turner what the damage should be and the Doctor gave his note to Mr. Hendrick for the amount. Mrs. Turner let me have eight quarts of flour and they all came and took me by the hand and bade me good-bye. The tears came into their eyes and some of them could hardly speak. They said there was no color in my face. I felt as if there was none. No one can imagine what my feelings were at that time. If the mountains could have been turned to gold and all have been mine, I would not have had the Doctor talk to them as he did. I would not for any consideration pass through that scene again.

Mr. Turner and Mr. Hendrick were the last persons who left the ground and when they left us they bid me good-bye and God speed. They said they bore me no ill-will for what had transpired and the tears fairly ran down their cheeks. I blessed them in my heart for

their kind sympathy, but felt as if the last friend I had on earth was forsaking me for what—as I thought then—was a maniac.

Yes, my dear mother, I really thought my husband's mind was leaving him, but I could not make up my mind that it was my duty to leave him and go along with the train. In the first place, no one said "Come with us" or I do believe I should have gone. The move was so sudden I do not suppose that any one thought so far as that and I could not say to them "take me;" and so I suffered them to depart and leave me alone.

After they were gone I did up some baking and packed up the wagon. While I was at work several trains went by, but they were not in speaking distance. Just as we were ready for a start there was quite a train came up to camp for noon. Oh! how I hated to leave that spot, for there we would occasionally see the face of a mortal but to leave the main-traveled path and strike off by ourselves required a great deal of fortitude; more than I once thought I possessed. But it truly seemed as though I had strength given me as I required it to meet every trial with fortitude and even cheerfulnss.

We had been told some ways back that Brigham had issued a special decree that the Brethren should not, on any consideration, let the Gentiles have any kind of provision under penalty of excommunication. Their winter had been very severe. Their harvest very poor and their crops not promising; besides there was a propect of a large immigration to their settlement and if their winter should be as hard as the one just experienced they would suffer extremely; hence it stood them in hand to be as economical as possible; and under no consideration were they to let the Gentiles have

anything. So you see our prospects were quite dubious. Only about $20.00 in all, and our teams so poor that they could hardly crawl.

We drove the first day about fifteen miles and camped on the Melad. We followed that stream down to where it unites—or rather empties into Bear River. (I had forgotten to mention the fact that the night before we left the train, there were two men came up this valley on foot and reported the roads good from there to the settlements and the feed excellent., These men thought it might be forty or fifty miles to the nearest settlement.)

As I was saying, we drove about fifteen miles the first day and stopped just at sun-down. Found the road good and the grass first-rate. Ate our supper and went to bed but did not sleep much. Started in tolerable good season in the morning. The horses seemed much refreshed to get good grass once more. They stood much better than I expected. We drove that day about twenty miles. The Doctor shot a prairie hen which gave us a good supper. The next day I drove down into a deep creek. The banks were very steep and being gravelly, they were very hard to go up or down. You will, of course understand that I was teamster, the Doctor walking on ahead.

The banks of this creek on either side were thickly covered with bushes and only the width of the wagon was cut out. I drove down into the creek and started the team up the other side but they were too weak to take the load up, and I had to let them back into the water. We then had to unhitch the horses and lead them up and it was all they could do to get themselves up, the gravel was so loose under their feet. We then left them on the bank to feed and the Doctor and myself proceeded to unload the wagon and carry the

things up by hand. Some of the things we bent the bushes down and laid them onto them. After a while we got the wagon empty and then we hitched a long rope to the tongue. (You will recollect that the tongue was broken in two about one-half, so we dared not hitch to the extreme end, but carried the rope through the end of the tongue—it was made for four horses, and then along the tongue and around the iron that held the whiffle-trees). Fortune favored us this time, for the rope was long enough to carry up the hill and hitch the horses to it. The Doctor wanted me to hold up the tongue of the wagon until they fairly got underway, but he charged me over and over again, to not get under the wheels. I promised to do the best I could and he started up the horses. They started so quick and rapidly I sprang to get out of the way but the loose gravel gave way under my feet and my limbs were under the wheels. I struggled to get up on the bushes, and just succeded in throwing my body into them drawing my feet up at the same time, when the wagon came thundering along back. The Doctor was dreadfully frightened. He thought I was killed. For myself I thought my right leg was broken, but I found that I could move it and by the time the Doctor got to me I told him I was not much hurt but to hurry and try it over again.

He hitched the rope on a little different way, and I took a piece of board that split off from one of the seats and put it under the tongue; and that time they took the wagon in good style without any accident.

The Doctor then helped me up the bank; I could hardly bear my weight on my feet and felt sick and faint. After we got up the bank I took off my shoe and stocking and my ankle was as black as the stove and very much swolen. I had the Doctor bring me a pail of

cold water and bathed my ankle until he got all the things up and into the wagon. Then I did it up in a wet bandage and got into the wagon and drove the rest of the way. We did not reach the settlements until the next day. About noon we began to see cattle in the distance, and before long we came up to a shanty—or rather it was mud walls with just a few branches over the top, but not enough to keep out the sunlight to say nothing about the rain and dews.

I got down and went in, for my curiosity was somewhat excited as well as my sympathies enlisted. There was a woman living—or rather staying there. She had three little ones and was expecting every day to be sick with the fourth. It seemed that she was the first wife: had followed her husband across the plains; and toiled and endured everything for him, and just as they had begun to live and get things comfortable around them, he had taken to himself a new and younger wife, and because the first one remonstrated and thought it rather hard to be treated in that manner, the husband goes up into that out of the way place and takes up a claim and builds that hog-pen and puts his wife and little ones into it to hold the claim for him. She had been expecting him from some one of the villages-where he was living with the new wife—for some time to bring her some things for her comfort during her sickness, but she had looked in vain; he came not, and the Lord only knows how the poor woman got along.

They appeared to take it for granted that we were Mormons, and the women appeared to open their hearts to me, more as a warning to prepare me for what I should have to go through than anything else. I could only sympathize with them, but was constantly on the watch not to say or do anything to counteract the belief that we were good Mormons. I had to watch

not only myself but the children. This first family said it was but a short distance to Brother Barnum's and urged us to go there at once. While I was in the house one of Brother B's sons came up and invited us very cordially to stop with them. He was a young man about twenty-three years of age, but a cripple. He went on his knees. He said his father was patriarch for that valley. The Doctor inquired about the farms through there and carried the idea to them that he was going to settle there somewhere and when we got to his fathers, he, that is the young man, told his father that we were Mormons and was going to settle somewhere in the place. They showed us every attention in their power. The old man had brought out a young wife; she looked as though she might be his youngest daughter; she could not be more than fourteen or fifteen, and he was a gray-headed old man. She was his third wife. The second was there and had lived in a tent all last winter entirely alone without a living soul about her. She said that was the happiest part of her life or rather that part of her life she had lived since she left her native land. She was a Scotch woman and started with her husband and three or four children to come to Salt Lake, to live in that land of promise that is held out to the faithful. Her husband died on board ship before they got to New York, and her oldest child, a beautiful boy, soon after they landed in that port. She laid one in the briny deep and the other in the potters field at New York and commenced her journey across the country in connection with a number of others, with her remaining three. Her youngest was a little girl—a mere infant—with clear blue eyes and flaxen hair: she was her mother's idol, her heart's treasure. While at Council Bluffs she buried the middle one of the three that was left, a delicate boy, her only son. She was

then left with her two little girls. They were spared until they got to the "New Jerusalem." In the rest of her journey across the plains they were spared; a comfort and a solace to her torn and bleeding heart. She had been with the saints about a year when her darling, her idol was taken from her. She was, at the time of her death about the size of my little Chitty, and the poor woman would hold Celia on her lap and throw her arms around her and kiss her and say how much she looked like her little angel; but she mourned not as those without hope; she was glad the Lord saw fit to take her little one while she was pure in spirit. Her remaining child was married to a Mormon. She seldom saw her and was averse to saying anything about her.

The mother was married to Brother Barnum after the Mormon fashion, he having another wife; that they could not agree to live in peace together, that is the two wives, that brother Young had him appointed Patriarch of that valley and he moved up there in the fall before, leaving his first wife at the village.

They built a mud enclosure of about one acre in which to herd the cattle and put up a tent made of cloth. After the snow commenced to fall and the weather to be very severe, the old man and his sons went down to the village to live with the old wife and left her to take care of the stock and get along as best she could.

Her nearest neighbor was about two miles from her. There she stayed through all that long dreary winter without a living soul with her, except when there would occasionally come along a stray Indian and an old squaw and claim her hospitality.

I asked her if she was not very lonely and sad, if she never felt as though she wanted to creep into some

of the cold white snowdrifts and forget her troubles and the cold world she had to deal with. She looked at me for as much as a minute without moving a muscle, and then she smiled and raising her eyes said "no." She was perfectly happy then; she wished she might always live just as she did that winter. Her little girl was with her every night and she had sweet communion with her own thoughts and the dear ones that had gone before; but it was past, never, never to return.

When the spring came and the white faded from the hills, then the patriarch returned to his charge. He found his cattle nearly all dead, but the deserted one was alive, but not the same in spirit as the one he had left there in the fall. He was not welcomed as he expected to be—and I rather imagine his conscience accused him rather hard—and to quiet that and divert his mind, he had taken to himself another and a younger wife, and the second one felt as though her misery was complete, as though she were a stranger in her father's home, and like our Blessed Saviour she had not where to lay her head.

She had seen enough of Mormons and Mormon doctrines to be disgusted with them all, but charged me as I valued my own life and hers, not to repeat one word she had told me. She had never spoken to anyone before, but she felt to talk to me—she felt she might without fear, and it was all on account of the little one she held on her lap.

She told her story at odd snatches, a little at a time; for the younger wife was suspicious that she was saying something against their peculiar doctrines, and where they can learn or find out that a wife has been complaining of her lot, she is severely punished.

How often in our short sojourn in that land of worse than heathenish darkness, was I reminded of

what Mrs. Ward wrote in her history of female life among the Mormons; but she told not the one-half.

I noticed a few days ago in one of the N. Y. Tribunes of February 7th, an article headed "The State of Things in Utah," and what the author says is true, though he might have said much more than he did and then not told one-half.

We stayed several days at Brother Barnum's and I took part of our tent and made a short bed tick for the children and filled it with good fresh new hay and made two straw pillows. Oh! was it not a luxury to sleep on a good, sweet, straw bed once more.

The afternoon that I filled the ticks one of the sisters came over to make a visit and she went out to help me fill the ticks. She was once a fine looking woman with a high, noble forehead and a keen black eye. She could not have been over thirty years old and yet she had such a heart-broken look I was sure she had a heart history. She had two beautiful little girls with her.

She wanted to know almost as soon as we got to the hay, if I was not afraid to come to that country to live. I wanted to know what she meant. I told her that the saints generally thought that if they could reach that land of promise that their wants would be all supplied; that every desire would be fulfilled; that they should hunger not, neither should they thirst; that the presence of the great head of the church would be a well spring of life and happiness unto them. She said she knew that it was generally thought so among the faithful, but when they were there they were doomed to bitter disappointment; doomed to have all their bright anticipations crushed and everything that had been to them a source of happiness and enjoyment turned to wormwood and gall. She said "if you know

anything of our peculiar institutions here, you know what I mean."

I told her that I did not know much about them, but I thought I would learn in time. "You will learn to your sorrow," she said, "for even the Gentiles after being with us a short time adopt the same course as the brethren and take to themselves new wives—and it is not forbidden by the Prophet." I told her I supposed she alluded in particular to the plurality of wives. "Yes, yes," she said, "principally." I said that I did not much fear that my husband would want any more, that he found it hard enough to support one wife and family without wanting any more. "Oh, so I once thought, and flattered myself I thought I loved my husband and little ones so much," she said, "and he thought so much of us that there was no danger of any such calamity overtaking me; but I tell you that the force of influence is so strong here that the men are drawn into it before they are really aware of it, and the men who have more than one wife, are not satisfied until they see all around them do as they have and are doing. They are constantly talking to them and telling them that it is cheaper to get along, they do not have to hire any help, if there is sickness in the family they can make one take care of the other, and then if there is any extra work to be done all hands turn out to help. "And another thing," she said, "we do not live here compared to the way they do in the States: we do not know what any of the comforts of life are—tea and coffee—I have almost forgotten their taste and smell except in my dreams. It seems as though to the men we could live anyhow and go without clothing. My little ones that I used to take such pride and pleasure in dressing, the poor things, I can scarcely keep them comfortable now. Oh, my poor sister," she said,

turning to me and extending her arms as though she wanted to shield me from danger if she could, "my dear sister, how will you feel one of these days to have your husband that you place such confidence in—that you love and confide in—the father of your little ones—the one that has thrown his arms so caressingly around you, how will you feel to have him bring another, a younger, if not a handsomer woman, to occupy the same bed with yourself, and never have him speak to you, unless it is to issue some command; to see him caress and fondle that young thing, apparently forgetful that you were ever his own loving, but worse than forgotten wife?" "Oh!" said she, "you will love him—still love him in spite of everything, and if you do at times attempt to make him remember that he is a husband and the father of your children and you meet with a harsh word and a cruel repulse, you will love him still, I know you will; and then you will think of me: you will think of what I have been telling you; you think you sympathize with me now, but you do not, you don't know anything about it, but you will—you will if you stay here; it is the fate of us all, and that is not the worst of it. The worst of all is to see our children brought up in the way they have to be here; you cannot keep them pure and unsullied—pure in thought, word and deed, you can't. There are so many here always on the alert to fill their young minds with every evil thought; things that any decent person would blush to speak in private in common talk no matter who is by or of what age—it is all the same; the little girls that should everywhere be considered children, married and having families." She said there was a young girl married a few weeks ago that was but twelve years old, and that she could neither read nor write nor sew, and that this was no uncommon thing; and that as soon as a

child was weaned it seemed as though the vultures were waiting to seize their prey. Oh! what a picture. How I did pity the poor women of Utah. "And," said the poor woman, "what is the reason, do you suppose, that every child born in this community is a girl? The reason is obvious enough to a reflecting mind," she said. "A mother is happy if her child proves to be a boy—as happy as a mother in Utah can be; but there are few, if any, who know what happiness is here. But do not for the world let anyone know (looking towards the house) what I have been telling you, for woe, woe to the woman who complains, or is known to say aught that could in any way confiict with or injure their peculiar institutions." Said she: "Do not even tell your husband, for the men will tell one another."

I gave her to understand that she need not fear that I would say anything.

When they got supper ready I carried them enough coffee for their supper, and it did me more good to see them drink it than I can tell you. They had plenty of milk and butter and good salted beef which they supplied us liberally with, but our pail of flour was nearly gone and we could get none there, so we were obliged to be on the move; but the short rest the horses had did them a world of good. It seemed as though you could fairly see the flesh accumulate on their poor carcasses.

When we finally took our leave of them I bought fifteen pounds of good sweet butter and let them have some buttons and thread and each of the women a pair of my brown cotton stockings. Just before we hitched the horses on, the Scotch woman came out to the wagon and brought me a nice boiled tongue, but did not want me to let the other woman know it, and the other woman gave me three large nice pieces of salt beef. They all expected we would go back to live there.

The day we left we went about fifteen miles, found the road excellent and the valley fertile, but hemmed in on either side by high and rugged mountains. At the place where Bear River has forced its way through, there is a very high and lofty mountain on either side of the river. We found the banks of the river very steep and quite a distance from the top of the bank to the water's edge. We went but a short distance after fording the river before we camped for the night.

The next morning we started in good season, but before we got down to any of the settlements, Mr. Barnum's two sons and a party of the Salt Lake boys that they were expecting when we were there, passed us and, as the Doctor said at the time, they were delegated to let the brethren know of our coming, so they went before to prepare the way.

We drove up to a small log house just before sundown. The man and his family were out in the harvest field, and the lower part of his field looked as though there might be good grass for the horses.

As soon as the woman saw us from the field she came running as hard as she could and wanted to know if we had any tea that we would sell. The poor creature looked so disappointed when she found that we had none, that I felt sorry for her. She looked as though she wanted it very much and looked about as able to be at work in the harvest and hay field as Kate or myself would at this time.

The Doctor found that he could put his horses out there on good grass, so we stayed there all night, and that was the first place we had been able to find any vegetables. The woman dug a nice supply of good, new potatoes and boiled some onions and green corn and brought us a good big plateful, and I cannot tell you how very much it was relished, and I thought if you

could only know what a good meal we were having it would do you good.

I gave the good woman some coffee for her supper and the next morning bought a coffee-mill of her and let her have some of the children's clothes to pay for it. We had a good breakfast in the morning and went on our way—not rejoicing but rather doubting how we should succeed in getting something to keep us alive. We drove down through a small village and stopped at a little house built of rushes. Where their harvest looked very abundant we could stake out our horses on some tolerably good grass and get plenty of good oats for 50 cents a bundle. So the Doctor stopped there. Our flour was all gone, but the Doctor succeeded in getting six quarts more, and we found at the next village, six miles below there, we could, in all probability, get some flour and some horse feed. So the next day we drove down to one of the brethren—I forget his name, but it was a nice family—or I should say families. There we found Mr. Barnum's sons waiting for us. They told us where we could procure all that we wanted without going any farther, unless we wished to go to the city to see Brother Brigham, but would advise us to wait until our team was stronger and better able to make the trip. The advice agreed with our wishes and of course we availed ourselves of it. We stayed over night and part of the next day at this place.. They had a very nice garden and there we got plenty of beets, cabbage, onions, potatoes, green corn and watermelons, and took a good bagful away with us, besides two large squash, a bottle of vinegar and plenty of cucumbers. And what a refreshing time we had in the eating line. I used to be almost afraid we should make ourselves sick, but we did not, and we ate without sparing ourselves.

The morning before we started, Mr. Barnum's sons drove up to the door, or rather wagon, and his wagon was filled with women. One of the women had a sick child and he brought them down to consult the Doctor about the child. The women wanted us to come back to the village and stop a day or so with them and have the Doctor do something for her little boy, so the Doctor promised to do so; and that afternoon we went up and found them in a very small but comfortable house. There was but one room, but things looked very nice around them. They had made a front stoop of the boughs of trees and their stove was out there, which made it more comfortable. They lived well and were considered one of the first families in the place. The woman was a Mormon, very tenacious of their doctrines, keen black eyes, thin face and square form. Her husband had never joined the church but she had converted him and he was soon to join in full communion.

I wanted to know if she did not fear that he would take another wife after he had joined the saints. She didn't care if he took a dozen wives if he wanted them and could provide for them, and she went on to defend that doctrine stoutly. I could but think of the others that I had seen and conversed with, and of their experience, and thought when she had had the trial she would tell a different story; and I do not doubt but she has had the experience before this time. I do not think she is one who would put up with it very patiently, if I can tell anything by the looks of a person. She was the only one who invited us to eat at her table. While we were with her I did not have to do any cooking. While there we had plenty of vegetables, cake and pie. Surely we fared well, but we could not stay there always. The Doctor succeeded in getting all the flour

we wanted for $6.00 a barrel, and one large sack of wheat bran for the horses. If they had supposed that we were Gentiles, we would not have gotten it for less than $26.00 a barrel, and most likely could not have gotten any at all.

We then went back to the place where I got the coffee-mill and stayed several days, and I washed and ironed all our clothes and packed away our things preparatory to a final leavetaking of that part of the world.

I forgot to tell you that while stopping at the village I attended an evening meeting at their tabernacle. It was a small house—I should think about 16 by 30: it had not been built long and was not finished off in the inside—just some rough boards for seats. The presiding spirit of the meeting was a man about twenty-five years old. He had just returned from a mission and was going to entertain them with a few songs. I went with a lady who was teaching school in the tabernacle. The meeting was opened by prayer by the returned missionary. He thanked God and the Prophet that they were spared to meet again, and he hoped that each one had striven to fulfill his several callings. For his part, he had endeavored to do his duty in every respect so far as it had been made known to him, and he felt happy to say that his efforts had been blessed and that he had been suffered to return to them in good health and spirits. He called upon the Prophet to bless them there that evening and at all other times. It sounded more like one making a labored address than making a prayer. He did not speak easily, but he did not appear at all embarrassed, but he appeared to me like one who had no faith in what he was saying or doing. After he closed his prayer, someone called for him to sing them a song and he did sing finely. He sang several comic songs and then called upon some of

the rest of the brethren to contribute something for the entertainment of the company, and different ones sang songs and made speeches. One or two women in the congregation sang alone. They called upon the missionary for another song and he sang "Do They Miss Me at Home?" and "The Dear Old Folks I Knew Long Ago," "The Farmer Sat in His Easy Chair," and "The Old Homestead." They were all new to them and when he sang "Do They Miss Me at Home?" there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. One and another were sobbing all about me. We did not stay until the meeting broke up, so I do not know how they close their meetings. I was not sorry that I went.

After getting all things in readiness for the start the good woman gave me a nice large pail of potatoes and onions to take with me and urged us whenever we came down to the city to make that a stopping place, and the Doctor promised to do so.

The good woman could not let me leave there without telling me her heart's troubles. It seems that she started with her husband and little family from the "old country" to come to Salt Lake. They got along very comfortably and I guess were in good circumstances; got a good outfit at the Bluffs and had considerable young stock. They got along very well until they got to the Flat River; there she lost her husband and four little ones with the cholera, and the company made her throw every one of her things away and her wagon because that was the one that her family was in. She said there were two good feather beds and pillows, and her husband's and a good many of the children's clothes; but she said she did not care for them. She was like one who was crazy for a long time, and the young man she afterwards married took all the care of her and her remaining little ones. That she needed

someone to look after the cattle and help her take care of the little family, and this young man wanted her to marry him and she did. That he had bought a comfortable farm with her money and had got a good start in the world through what she had brought him. She had parted with one thing after another that she brought with her until she had sold everything to get enough to eat and drink, and now after she had sold off everything and wanted to sell one of her own heifers to buy a cooking stove and some cloth—she did not care much what it was, to make up for her little one—he would not let her have anything. She said he was saving everything he could scrape together and was calculating very soon to put up another room and marry another wife—a young thing. She said this girl did not know anything and would not bring him anything but her pretty face. I told her I should think she would be glad to have someone to help her and to take care of her if she were sick. She said it was plaguey little care she would get. "You do not know how it is here," said she, "no more happiness for me or my little ones after the new wife comes. I shall only have her to wait upon and slave for," said she. "He has never taken me to the tabernacle since the day we were married, but he will take her, of course, and she will have a good house and things comfortable and I shall have to live in this hog-pen" I bade her good-bye and just as we were going to leave her I gave her that dress of Eunice's that I had, and as we were ready to go a large flock of sheep hove into sight and we hurried to get ahead of them to keep out of their dust. We were gone but a few rods before a man came out of a hovel by the roadside that was built of clay. He wanted to get a pair of blankets and would pay in flour. We had so few I did not know how to spare any, but the Doctor

thought we would better spare the blankets for we did not know how long it would take us to get through. He wanted a pair of white ones. We had just one pair that had been called mine. He let us have nearly 200 weight of flour, that was very nice, for the blankets. So you see we had in all quite a load for a span of poor crow-baits. But the horses had improved astonishingly while we had been lying by.

I do not know what day of the month it was, but it was somewhere about the middle of August; about the time that the Doctor promised we would be in California: but how little we know what is before us.

After making the trade for the flour we moved along slowly, for the sheep had passed us and were just ahead. There were three Spaniards with them—we had not noticed them when they passed, as they were ahead of the sheep.

When we were nearly to the place where we camped when we came down, we observed a man on horseback who appeared to be looking for something. He rose up and inquired if we could tell him where to find a deep spring that he thought could not be far from there. The Doctor told him to come on, that he was bound for the same place and was calculating to camp there for the night. I wanted to know if the gentleman had any interest in that flock of sheep. He said that he was part owner; that they were on their way to California and had been driven from Texas.

So we went on to our camping place and we had not fairly got unharnessed and a fire started, before there was quite a large party of immigrants came up, all bound for California. It seemed as though Providence favored our enterprise and the time of starting was propitious.

The next morning the Doctor concluded to go back to the first house and get a dog; it would be such a protection and the Doctor would feel easier to sleep at night if he had a good faithful watchdog. So after the party had all left the Doctor went back on foot and left me there alone with the children and horses. I must confess that I felt a little "scarry" to be there all alone, for there were any number of Indians passing on their way to the hunting grounds. They were going into some part of Arizona to hunt buffalo. Knowing this and knowing also what an amount of provision we had, I felt somewhat afraid they might want to take us along, but happily, they left us alone in our glory—or rather agony. I took my sewing and sat down on the head of the bed and tried to appear as unconcerned as anyone could.

The Doctor did not get back until noon. I had begun to feel very uneasy about him, he stayed so long. I had dinner all ready when he got back, and as soon as he could harness his horses and hitch on, I had everything ready for a start. We must overtake the company that night or else abandon the idea of traveling with them; and for my part the idea of traveling alone by ourselves was perfectly horrid to me, and I was glad to be on the move; but there was quite a doubt in my mind if we should ovrtake them, though I said nothing.

We forded Bear River very nicely, but when we came to the bank on the other side, it was as much as the horses could do to take us all up out of the water onto terra firma. There was just a breathing place for them to stand before they finally ascended the bank. I got out of the wagon with the children and taking the dog by the strap, hastened with all my might up the long steep bank. The two youngest could not keep up with Sarah and myself, and when we got to the top

of the bank I left the dog with Sarah and ran down to meet the children. The Doctor started at the same time to come up with the load and was hollering to me to be ready to block the wheels. I fairly carried the children up to the place where they would be out of danger and then ran back as fast as I could with two large stones and got there just in time to block the wheels about one-quarter of the way up. I then had to pick up my stones and fairly run as hard as I could to be in readiness to block the wheels by the time the horses stopped. We had to make a zig-zag course to get up at all, and several times I came very near getting caught under the wheels; but after some time we got to the top of the hill and I certainly thought I should die. Every nerve and muscle in my whole body shook and trembled like an aspen leaf and it was with the greatest of difficulty that I could get my breath. The Doctor looked at me with astonishment; he said he had no idea I was so near used up as that, and the poor horses were nearly as bad off as myself.

After letting them breathe awhile we got into the wagon. The Doctor had to fairly lift me in for I could hardly help myself.

After going down Bear River three miles we had to cross the Malad, and there we had another bank, and a muddy one, to climb. Fortunately the stream had been bridged, but it looked so old and crazy that before I would dare to drive upon it I had the Doctor go ahead and examine it. He said he thought possibly they might go through; that I must take the lines and follow him. In a moment my trembling was all gone and my nerves and muscles like steel. The road was so bad that the little ones could not walk and we were all in the wagon except the Doctor. I lifted up my heart to my Heavenly Father and silently implored his aid and

protection, for I could see that it was running a dreadful risk and we ventured on that bridge at the risk of our lives.

The Doctor went over first. He told me when we got to the edge of the bridge to draw up my lines with a quick sharp motion; and I had driven the poor horses so much that I knew what to do, and the poor horses seemed to know and understand the danger as well as the rest of us. Just before the horses put their feet on the bridge I drew up the lines with a quick motion, and the Doctor yelled to the horses and it fairly seemed as though they flew across that bridge. There was a bound and a crash and another yell from the Doctor but thank our Heavenly Father we were safely across and through the mire on safe footing on the other side, while the fragments of the bridge were floating on the surface of that muddy stream.

I could not restrain my tears and I cried like a child, and they were tears of gratitude and thankfulness. The danger was no sooner past than the trembling returned and I lay down in the back part of the wagon and wept and trembled for over an hour while the children's prattle and the noise of the wheels seemed as though they would craze me.

We had to drive pretty hard to overtake the sheep train and had about given it up as it was so dark we could not see the road, when I was sure I could hear sheep bleating. We all held our breath and listened, and welcome sound, we could just hear their feeble cry. Out eyes had become accustomed to the deepening twilight so that the Doctor could just follow their tracks, assisted by the bleating of the lambs; so I took my seat once more in the front of the wagon and drove the horses while the Doctor went ahead to guide us in the right path. Very soon we could see their camp-

fires glimmering in the distance and every revolution of the wheels brought us nearer and nearer to them.

Just before we came up to the camp, we came upon the shepherds "watching their flocks by night," all rested on the ground. They spoke to us in Spanish and wanted to know who was there, but I did not know what they said, though the Doctor did, and answered with a shout "Americana." In a moment half a dozen men were out of the camp to meet us. I was driving right along, supposing all danger past, when one of the shepherds hollered out "whoa," and at the same moment took hold of the lines and stopped the horses.

Come to find out we were just on the verge of a steep, bad, though a short hill. It was so dark and we were so excited we had not noticed that the campfires were considerably lower than what we were. We could see the people in camp and hear them converse, but still it took us some fifteen or twenty minutes to get to them.

The Doctor took the horses by the bits on one side and one of the shepherds on the other, and led the horses down the hill, and oh! how glad I was to come into camp. Different ones hastened to bring us something to make a fire of, when they learned we had not had any supper. I merely boiled some potatoes and made some coffee. What would I not have given for a good cup of tea and a good bed to sleep in. As it was, we all threw ourselves down in our clothes just as we were, and oh! how sweetly they all slept but me. I could not sleep. I had been too much excited to close my eyes that night, and so I lay still and thought of the dear ones at home. If you could have realized how I was situated and what I had to go through, you too, could hardly have slept; and I was

glad that you did not know. Then the thought would come into my mind how easily and child-like I used to drop off into quick, refreshing sleep, and why was it denied me now when I needed it so much for I required all and more than I could probably get to keep up my strength, and I would try to compose myself enough, so that I might forget at least. But before I would be really aware of it my thoughts would be going with the rapidity of lightning, and I would find that I was straining every nerve simply because I could not help it. And so the night wore on and the morning gradually broke. As soon as the first faint streaks appeared in the East I awoke the Doctor and he got up and procured me some sage brush and I went about getting breakfast and baked up a quantity of biscuits to eat through the day. While we were eating our meal and doing up the work, several different ones came round and talked with the Doctor; some of them proved to be Mormons. They were leaving the land of their inheritance and to sojourn a while with the Gentile and the heathen. But the most of them had been to brother Brigham's and received the patriarchial blessing and holy prophet. But if they forgot their vows and forsook the church, they were a curse among men and their names should become a byword and a reproach among all nations. And as they had gone forth from among them, the temptations of the golden regions, with the prospect of a future home that they could call their own, where they could gather together, and have the comforts of life and the prospect of leaving something to their children after them, had more influence, more attractions for them than to spend their days with their brethren, even though they could sit under the shadow of the "Holy Tabernacle" within sound of the "Holy Prophets." They found

that the yoke the church was binding upon them was heavy and her burdens grevious to be borne with patience, and they would seek a home with the Gentiles and strangers a while at least—and do you think they will ever return? I do not. If they had the spirit to leave all they possessed with barely enough to bring them through, and go to a land of strangers with nothing but their hands to help themselves with, they will never return to the bondage from which they have escaped. No, never. Instead of finding the land abounding in milk and honey as they expected, they found it was wormwood and gall and a cruel bondage; and truly they felt like the captive bird set free when they found themselves fairly out of the Mormon precincts, or at least I fancied they did.

One party consisted of a Mr. Curtis and two young men, brothers. Their names were John and Joseph. I have forgotten their surname, never having heard it but once. These three were the proprietors of the sheep and they had four Spaniards for shepherds, two shepherd dogs, six horses, two mules and one light wagon. John drove the wagon while Mr. Curtis and Joseph were constantly in their saddles.

Mr. Curtis was a New England boy— a very interesting young man. He had been some three years in California and one year in Mexico and Texas. Had a brother living in this country. Had received letters at Salt Lake informing him of an only sister's death, and breaking the news of the entire loss of all his property that he had worked so hard to accumulate. He was very interesting in conversation and entertained us many an hour telling us stories of his adventures since he left his native land. He had, for over a year, been constantly with Joe and John and he felt towards and for them as if they were his own brothers. The bro-

thers were young, intelligent Irishmen, but had been so long in our country that you would hardly detect the fact that they were Irish. Then there was a young man from Michigan who had married a Mormon wife, and their first baby. Their name was Pearson. They had an ox team. The next in rotation was a young man by the name of Johnson. He did not look older than sixteen or seventeen, and had his wife and wife's mother along. The old lady made me think of Mrs. Wood, Martin Wood's mother—and Mrs. Johnson's brother was along with them. Then, to bring up the rear was an Irishman and his wife, and a young man they were taking through. I never heard their names although I used to frequently have long chats with her, and how I used to pity her. She said she had been married to this man but three months. She had been living at the Bluffs—Council Bluffs—and had buried her first husband there and three little ones. That she had married this man about three months ago and he wanted her very much to come to California. It seems he had been there and had done so well and liked the country and climate, and wanted to make it his future home. He wanted to come by water, but she could not think of coming that way for she had never gotten over the remembrance of the time she crossed the ocean to come to America. It appeared like a living death to think of coming by water. So, after a long while she persuaded him to come by land, so he fitted out very nicely and comfortably. He had a nice one-horse wagon with a good oil cloth cover with the seats so rigged that they could be taken out, and a good mattress spread down in the bottom of the wagon. It made them a nice and comfortable bedroom. He had it made so he could hitch a span of horses to it. He had another horse to carry their provisions and bag-

gage and the young man was to drive that team after they got fairly on their way. The woman found, to her sorrow, that she had started on two journeys instead of one, but it could not be helped and they must do the best they could under the circumstances. They got along very well until they reached the flat, when one of their horses died and they were obliged to leave their baggage wagon and many of their effects; and while they were stopping a day with some train, they were robbed of all their money. When they got to Salt Lake they were entirely without provisions and she had to part with almost every article of clothing she had to procure anything in the shape of provisions and had to pay exhorbitant prices for everything and the poor creature was sick and longed to be at her journey's end.

While they were stopping at Salt Lake, they had their best horse stolen from them and he had to sell his rifle and a poor rack of a horse to fill his place. You would not suppose if you had seen their team that they could have gone fifty miles without giving out; but they did. They came all the way through and are alive yet for all that I know.

We continued on our journey without any trouble or difficulty. I forgot to mention Messrs. Curtis, Pearson and Johnson, each of them had a good cow along, so we had plenty of good sweet milk night and morning. I had bought a dozen eggs at the place where I did my washing in the valley. One day we stopped quite early so I had time to do considerable before night set in. I went to work and boiled some beets and squash and made a nice loaf of cake—or rather two—and when everything was ready I sent my large tin plate, it was about as large as that old pewter platter that Aaron melted the hole in the bottom of by setting

on the stove when taking up boiled victuals. You probably recollect the incident.

I filled the platter with the different varieties from our board and put a loaf of cake on a small plate and sent it over by the children to Mr. Curtis and the boys, with my compliments. After they had eaten their supper Mr. Curtis came round to our wagon and thanked me very kindly for the "rich treat," as he was pleased to call it. He said it was the first bit of cake since he left his brother's house more than a year before, and they had almost forgotten the taste of vegetables. They said they could neither buy, borrow nor steal any while at Salt Lake.

It was not many days after this that Cephas was riding with John. He used frequently to take the children with him and carry them half a day at a time. Cephas asked him for something to eat, so John gave him some bread and cheese and some jerked beef. Cephas ate his bread and part of his cheese and kept his beef and a portion of the cheese. John wanted to know why he did not eat his beef, he thought Cephas did not like it. "Oh," said Cephas, "I am saving that for Mama." John asked him if we did not have any meat, and Cephas said, no, and that we hadn't had any for a long time, that I liked meat and he guessed I liked cheese, but he didn't know.

So John said no more, but when Cephas came to our wagon at camping time he had his hands full as he could carry them of the jerked beef, and truly it was delicious, sweet and tender and just corned enough to relish nicely. Then, don't you think it was my turn to return thanks?

About this time our bran was all gone and the horses began to give out. We must either give up traveling with the sheep train, as it was called, and drop

off by ourselves, or do something, and what that something would be I did not know. For some days the Doctor had been falling into his old sullen mood again; out of humor with every one, and the more kindness anyone showed us the worse he got. Finally Mr. Curtis and Joseph came to me. They had been noticing our team was lagging and giving out badly, but the Doctor acted so queer they did not like to say much to him about it; they said that they had lost several of their horses and had only just enough to get through themselves, but that we should not be left behind, for we were on the most dangerous part of the whole route, but they were satisfied our team would not hold out another day. They offered to take me and the children into their wagon and divide the luggage among the ox teams, or they would put in a span for a day or two. Perhaps we might overtake some train that would take us in. I thanked them as well as I was able, for the interest they manifested in us, and told them not to be afraid to speak their minds to the Doctor. I told them he was well aware that his team was worn out and unable to go any further, but that we were without means; that the Doctor was one who found it very hard to ask a favor of anyone, even his own brother, and much more of a stranger.

I then told them all about our journey thus far; about losing our horses and everything and what my hopes had been and were. They told me not to have any anxiety about the matter, that I might rely upon them. They would not desert us nor leave us without knowing that we should be cared for. They then went to the Doctor and had a long talk with him.

The next morning their extra pair of horses was put into our harness and hitched to our wagon and they drove our horses and it was all they could do to

get them along. You have no idea, nor can I tell you, what dreadful hills we had to climb up and down and what dreadful, rocky canyons we had to go through. One day when we were going through one of the worst canyons I about ever saw; the rocks so high on either side the small stream and so near together as to almost exclude the daylight, and in other places huge rocks hung suspended over our heads and it seemed as though the jarring of the wagon would certainly precipitate them onto our heads. Every few minutes we had to ford the stream, and in some places follow it up towards its head for some distance. It was over two miles through this canyon. As we entered it we came upon a large ox train. There were six or seven wagons and a large drove of cattle. I felt that day as we passed along through them that it was the last day's ride we should have after a horse team. Again the parting hand shaken and the good-byes spoken, and those who had been so very kind to us we perhaps should never see again. I could not repress my sad feelings. We had to change so many times and now had come the time to make another, and I knew not how many more I should have to make before we should finally get through. But I spoke not a word, of all that was in my mind to anyone and we went on to our camp for the night. The poor horses could hardly drag themselves along and in some of the roughest places they would stagger and reel like drunken men.

Mr. Curtis and the boys expected, as well as myself, that the Doctor would make some arrangement with the ox train, but in the morning the Doctor put the harness onto the horses as a matter of course, and hitched up and drove off as though he was lord of all he surveyed. I never was so astonished in all my life and the boys looked so blank and I felt dreadfully

mortified. After we had gone a few miles I asked the Doctor if he said any thing to those men in the other train about our going with them. He said "no." I wanted to know why he did not. "Oh," he said, "there was time enough for that." I told him I thought not and I was sure the boys felt hurt at the course he was pursuing; that they had told him they had no team to spare, and I was sure if the road continued as rough the rest of the way as it had been thus far, they would have a hard rub to get through, and that it certainly was not using them well, after all the kindness they had shown us to do as he had done that morning. "Well," said he, "hold your tongue and keep still, I will see about it tonight." I told him I should feel very much hurt if he did not and the subject was dropped.

When the teams started after dinner, I hurried and walked on ahead of the wagons with the children and in a few minutes Mr. Curtis rode up to where I was and wanted to know if the Doctor did not try to make any arrangement with those men. I told him frankly that the Doctor did not try, and that I hoped they would not be angry with him. That I supposed until we started that he was going to do something about it; that I was much surprised and mortified at the course he had taken as anyone could be. That I had been talking with the Doctor and he had promised that he would do something about it at night, but that he had grown so peculiar that I did not know whether he would or not. He said that if it had not been for me and the children, that he never would have started with their team that morning. He wanted to know if I thought he had better say anything to the men for us, and what should he tell them. I told him that if he would speak

to them about it that I would feel very glad; that he knew all and everything about us and the Doctor's peculiarities, and that he would know better what to say to them than I could tell him. "Well, Mrs. Powers," said he, "do not feel bad nor unhappy about it. If you leave our train we shall continue along together at least a day or two, and we will see that you have everything done for your comfort that can be." And away he rode as fast as his mule could carry him.

I got into the wagon and the Doctor wanted to know what Curtis had been saying. I said, "He wanted to know if you had made any arrangements with those men, and I told him you had not." Just before we went to bed, Mr. Curtis and John came over to the wagon and wanted to know where the Doctor was, and I told them he had gone to look after his horses. Mr. Curtis said he had a long talk with two of the men, that they were old Californians and that I might rely on their friendship and sympathy and that the Doctor could make a good and satisfactory arrangement with them if he wanted to. They were willing to do almost anything to assist us and thought we would find them very kind and obliging, but he was sorry on my account for there were no women in the train. He thought I would feel rather lonely. I told him it would be pleasant to be sure if there were ladies along, but that I should not mind that so much if other things proved pleasant. He said he would speak to the Doctor in the morning, if I thought best; that they knew he had not said anything to them yet. I told them I wished they would. So they bid me goodnight, and went back to their wagon. In a short time the Doctor came and I wanted to know what the arrangement was, as though I thought he had been talking with them. He said they had not come to any

permanent arrangement yet, but probably would in the morning.

We went to bed, but I did not sleep much. In the morning the Doctor puttered around and fussed about this thing and that and appeared to be in no hurry about getting ready, and finally I asked him if he wasn't going to do something about our going with those men. Well, he said he would see and away he went and returned in a little while with his horses. I saw in a moment what his calculations were and I looked at Curtis. I guess my face was a book that time and two madder looking men you never saw than Curtis and Joseph were for a little while. They came right to the Doctor and wanted to know what he meant by taking the course he did; was he a mad man or a confounded fool. There those men stood ready to help him and his family if he were a mind to ask them. That he could make almost any arrangement with them that he pleased, but he need not think that he was going to fall behind all the rest and get along with those broken-down horses. That if he presumed to undertake any such thing that they would take his wife and family and he might get along as he best could, but that we should not remain with him. He might just as well cut our throats at once, for we would all certainly get them cut sooner or later. Mr. Curtis told the Doctor that he would go with him and see the men if he would like to have him, but he must not think of stopping here.

The ox train was then under motion, and three of the men came up to where we were and Mr. Curtis introduced them to me and the Doctor. Mr. Curtis introduced the subject at once and after quite a debate they told the Doctor that the teams were all hitched up and that he might harness his horses and at

noon they would make some final arrangements. I looked at Mr. Curtis and shook my head. I knew if we suffered them to depart it would be the last we should see of them. Curtis seemed to read my thoughts and he spoke up in a moment, "no, that won't do, the arrangement must be made now. Those horses are not able to drag that wagon three miles."

After talking a little longer Mr. Whitesides—they always called him Major—agreed to leave his wagon and put his things into our wagon, and I tell you the shift was made in double quick time. John caught Cephas up and put him into his wagon and drove off in a hurry, for their train had been more than an hour and a half on the move. You can hardly imagine how relieved I felt when the oxen were fairly hitched to our wagon once more. Mr. Curtis rode round to the rear end of the wagon where I was and told me I might rest easy for Mr. Pots and Mr. Barnard had promised him if we joined their train, they would see us safely into California.

I could hardly thank him, for all the trouble and interest he and the others had taken in our behalf. He said that in all probability we should camp near each other for one or two nights at least. I told him I hoped we would; that I should always feel under the greatest obligation to them, and if we all lived to get through, I should always be pleased and gratified to see them at our house. He and Joseph both promised they would make us a visit and no more did I see of them until night when we camped very near together.

When Cephas came to our wagon he had his apron full of beef once more and in a few moments Mr. Curtis came over to our wagon and wanted to know if I would accept a small piece of cheese. I told him it would be very acceptable indeed. He then presented

me with half of a good sized cheese and it lasted quite a while.

Just after he was gone John came over and wanted to know if I had plenty of soap. If I had he would like to get a small piece, for his hands were getting quite sore from driving in the alkali dust so much and that they had not had any for six months. I went to the trunk and gave him a whole bar. He broke it in two. I tried to make him keep the whole of it but he would not.

After I had done up my work and got everything ready for the night, I went over to Mrs. Pearson's wagon to see them a little while, and I slipped a whole bar of soap into my pocket and took pains to go close to the boys wagon and relieved my pocket of its load without anyone seeing me. I thought it but a small return for all they had done for me.

The next morning as we were starting Joseph rode up to our wagon and said that in all probability the coming night would be the last we should camp together, for they found the grass so poor and scarce that it would be better for the cattle and sheep to get as far apart as possible. So that night when we came to camp I took the last of my dried strawberries and stewed them, made up some light dough and rolled it out with a bottle and spread the strawberries over it, then rolled it up and sewed it in a cloth and boiled it in water until it was done. I took the juice that was left of the strawberries added some water, a little butter and sugar and the last bit of nutmeg I had and made quite a large cupful of sauce to eat on the dumplings. Just before our supper was ready one of the shepherds came over to our wagon and brought me a beautiful hind quarter of a nice fat sheep and presented it to me with Mr. Curtis' compliments. Truly we had

a treat. I thought they would be over after they thought we were through supper, so I saved a good large half of our dumpling, and they came just in time while it was piping hot. It was as light as a cork, and made quite a dessert. I gave them each a good plateful and they ate it with a good relish.

The dumplings called forth a story of their trying, while on the Arkansas River, to make some dumplings, but they were so hard they could not cut them with a knife, much more try to eat them, and they threw them to the dogs, but they even gave it up as a bad job; and the boys rather thought they might still be found in the grass where they left them.

We had quite a merry evening, and in the morning they bid us goodbye and we saw no more of them until we had crossed the desert.

Mr. Smith or Major Whitesides, drove our team most of the time and the Doctor walked. We got along very nicely, but oh, the dreadful roads. Such hills to climb and such rocks to jolt over. Sometimes the men would ask me if I would not rather walk than ride so constantly, but they never knew how it affected me to walk. Never after crossing Bear River could I walk half a mile without trembling like a leaf. They soon found I was not one of the kind who could walk; the time was passed for that. I used every day, for a long time, to take a nap every afternoon. Cephas, and a good deal of the time Celia, would be in some of the other wagons, and I would enjoy a sweet sleep, and how much good it would do me. I do not think I should have stood the journey through, if it had not been for the sleep I got in the daytime. We were so crowded at night when we were all in the wagon I could not sleep.

And so the time wore gradually on, each day bringing us a little nearer our journey's end. Occasionally we would lay by for one-half day to wash and rest the cattle. One day while we were on the Humboldt we lay by one day and killed a young cow that was in pretty good condition and the Doctor bought a quarter, but I had to beg pretty hard before he would take it. We had plenty of flour and some of the others were getting pretty short and they were very glad to make the exchange.

They thought it would take us about fifteen days after we took leave of the Humboldt to get to the Sacramento River. How rejoiced I was to hear that. We turned off from the river, but oh, the sand hills we had to climb were a great deal worse than what they finally called the desert, deep sand and barren rocky hills with occasionally here and there a small patch of poor grass. We kept our horses alive by feeding them flour, but that was about all until we struck the Humboldt, and while we continued on that we had pretty good grass and you could see that the horses were improving very fast and we felt that we might take them through. The Doctor said if he could only get the big horse through he should be satisfied.

After we turned off from the Humboldt we drove to Rabbit Hole Springs. When we left them, we struck immediately onto the desert. We, very fortunately, at our last camping ground on the Humboldt found a good iron bound ten-gallon keg. We soaked it over night and filled both our kegs full of fresh water, and I filled my tin pail that I carried my sourings in full, so that I would not have to use any water to cook with, and baked up a quantity of bread to last across the desert.

We left Rabbit Hole Springs just as the sun was going down and traveled all night. I lay down pretty early in the evening with the children and I could think of nothing but a vessel sailing through the water. The sand sounded just like the waves dashing against the sides of a boat, and the wagon undulated just enough to carry out the illusion.

Just before daylight fairly broke, we could see the camp-fires that those who had gone ahead on horseback had lit, and the poor tired drivers gave a shout to announce the tidings.

We found on reaching there a small stream or pool of dark-colored warm water that the cattle refused to drink and a few patches of coarse bunch grass—but so harsh that the cattle refused to eat it. They went roaming around sticking their noses into this pool and that.

The men prepared a hasty breakfast and threw themselves down for a half hour's sleep, and then we resumed our journey across the desert. After going a short distance we came upon some small boiling springs, so hot that you would not like to hold your hand in them. The water had a brackish, bitter taste and there was a crustation on the bottom and on the sides that looked bright like silver, and the sand that boiled up at the bottom was full of minute particles of this mining matter. We found this part of the desert hard and crusted over with a coat that sparkles in the sunlight like an earthen plate and looked like one with the glazing all cracked. I could take up large flakes of it and it was sandy under the crust and dark colored and smelled like strong lye, and bit the tongue like it.

Occasionally we came to soft places where the cattle's feet and the wheels would be loaded down and it would adhere like putty and was very slippery.

Soon after we started we found that most of them had neglected to provide themselves with sufficient water. We were the only ones who had a good supply and all day they kept coming to us and getting water. Mr. Pots and Mr. Barnard had both said we should get to good cold water before sundown; and, placing confidence in what they said, we suffered them to drink up all the water we had. But when the sun went down we had found no water nor grass, but just on the edge of evening we came upon a beautiful spot and supposed that we had got to the cold water. While some were unhitching, others were eagerly searching for the cold water, but there was no water to be found for man or beast. Just at sundown the smoke from the great boiling springs was discernible in the distance and it looked like a steamboat letting off steam, but it was so far they concluded to pass the night where we were and early in the morning drive to the hot springs.

I had saved a large bottle full of water fearing that we might be disappointed in our expectations, and dealt it out very sparingly to the children. I did not feel in the least thirsty myself. The poor cows teats were squeezed until I am sure the poor creatures must have wondered what the men were trying to do. And so passed a tedious night.

In the morning as soon as we could see, we started and found it was not so far to the springs as they had imagined. Things are so deceitful on the desert. While crossing that part of the desert I have described to you we saw away in the distance what appeared to be Indians on horseback and there appeared to be a large party of them. Apparently they were swinging around to attack us in the rear. The leaders thought they wanted to cut off a large quantity of the stock that was about half a mile behind us, so they sent back a

couple of men on horseback with some firearms, as those behind had neglected to take any with them that morning, and the main body of the train waited for them to come up. We thought for some time that we should be attacked very soon. Finally they sheered around and came directly towards us in regular Indian file and we could distinctly count sixty or seventy. Every one was excited. We were moving along slowly in as compact a body as could be and every one was on the alert, keeping an eager watch on all sides to see where the attack would commence. And just as everyone was all expectation, every eye strained and every breath held, there came such an uproarous laugh from the rear of the train. What could it mean? It sounded so strange that anyone could laugh at such a time as that. But you could hear peal after peal of laughter until you began to feel irresistibly the same spirit coming over you, and before you knew it you were laughing and wondering what could be the matter. In a moment two persons appeared running at a neck-breaking pace. They could hardly keep their seats from laughing, and every jump the horses gave, they would bring their lassos down on the poor creatures sides and when they rode up to the wagons, one exclaimed " a pretty set of fellows we have been to be so frightened at a parcel of filthy buzzards." And sure enough, even as he was speaking, they rose on their wings and flew away far over the sand hills out of sight. And what a shout arose as they disappeared. Never shall I forget that scene and the feeling of relief that I experienced when those birds rose into the air. I could breathe again. I had not been aware how excited I had been, nor did any of the rest imagine it either; for the man who was driving our team turned to me and said, "I expected to see you very much frightened, but I believe you were

the least so of anyone." That was the worst fright that we had while on the journey while crossing the desert. We would every little while come accross some of the poor little lambs and we took them in and carried them onto the grass. When we left that spot in the morning there were a great many animals that were left there to die. They could not get up and their tongues lolled from their mouths. But everybody was wanting water and so they hurried off to see if they could find some.

When we got to the boiling springs, from one that was the coolest, there ran a small stream that had cooled during the night and how eagerly the poor cattle did drink, and the men too. I got out my bag of acid and soda and sugar and gave them a drink around, but it left a bitter, brackish taste in the mouth that was not very pleasant. They all made a cup of coffee for breakfast, but such coffee. It was the dreadfullest tasting stuff a poor mortal ever tried to swallow. I merely tasted and have never liked coffee since. I much preferred to do without anything.

After staying there a while and letting the animals eat, we started, and about the middle of the afternoon we came to a small stream of water and to be sure it was water one would like to drink, pure cold and sparkling, I got out of the wagon and ran to get the children a cupful and handed it to the little ones.

Said the Doctor to me "look there," so I turned around and not more than ten rods off was the sheep train camped. I walked as straight to them as my feet would carry me and they all appeared very glad to see us once more.

Our wagons drove round within a few rods of them and stopped for the day. Found Mrs. Pearson washing and the Irish woman sewing and the boys lounging.

They had been there a day and a night and should now stay until the next morning. So after visiting a while I went up to our wagon and got supper and in the evening the Irish woman came up to sit a little while with us.

At the time I went about supper the Doctor went out to where St. Lawrence (that was the big horse), was standing. I noticed he examined him very closely, and the thought came over me that we should have to leave him here; that he had crossed the desert with us but would not have to cross the mountains any more. In a few minutes the Doctor led him around to the back part of the wagon. I wanted to know what was the matter. The doctor said he could not swallow or get his head down to the ground. His throat was swollen just as hard as a brick and apparantly closed up. Poor old horse, let him die. The Doctor tried to have him swallow some medicine, but he could not and we bathed his throat and did all we could for him to no purpose. Then the Doctor took him away and hitched him to a sage brush. When the Irish woman came up in the evening she stopped and looked at the horse; he was sprawled out on his whole bigness. I got the children to bed and John had several others around the fire talking with the Doctor. I placed a board across the kegs to make us a seat and in a short time I heard St. Lawrence threshing his head on the ground. "Oh, dear, that poor horse," said the Irish woman, "I cannot bear his agony," so she went back to her own wagon.

A few minutes after she was gone I went down to where the horse lay and it was all over with him; he never moved again. I went back to the wagon and told them the old horse was dead and they all went down to see him. They all appeared to sympathize very much

with us, and still how little they could realize how much we thought of him.

The next morning he was bloated so full they thought he would burst. How the children felt in the morning when they found he was dead! They cried as hard as they could cry.

The sheep train left just before we did, and that was the last time we have ever seen any of them. I would like very much to see Mr. Curtis and the two brothers, but presume I shall not very soon—if I ever do.

After traveling for more than fifteen days over some of the worst hills I ever saw—steep and rocky—we came into what is called Honey Lake valley. We traveled a day and half up that valley and finally made a halt for a day or two on the Susan river. The grass was tolerably good in the valley and the drove concluded to stop there while some of the men would go over the mountains. We had just reached the foot of the Nevada mountains and you may be sure that I dreaded them. The contract that the Doctor made with Mr. Smith and Mr. Whitesides was, that they should take us through to the Sacramento river, and if he stopped there and took us no farther, it would not be fulfilling his contract. But he had said he would not go unless the rest went, and what were we to do. If we had been one day earlier we should have overtaken the sheep train and they would have helped us along. But there we were. We had divided our flour with them until it was now all gone, and for the last two meals I had done the baking for one or two of the men and would take enough for ourselves as pay. I furnished everything but the flour. The Doctor borrowed some money of Mr. Bunker and succeeded in getting some flour but not a great deal.

There was a man in the valley who gave very flattering accounts of the road over the mountain and agreed to take us over with his horse team for a certain sum of money, so we suffered the men and wagons to start the night before. We supposed we were going in the morning, but when morning came the man sent word that he was sick and was not able to go. This was a "stumper." We had got all the flour we could procure in the valley, and the men who remained in the valley expected to be on very short allowance before the others could possibly get back from over the mountain. To stay there we should certainly suffer and it was more than probable that within a fortnight, or sooner, the snow would begin to fall.

After trying the hardest way, one of the men we were the least acquainted with offered us his donkey to put in with our black horse. Poor Blackey! Would he be able to make the journey in his feeble condition. It was a great doubt. And then, would they go together? The donkey had never been in the harness, but there was no alternative. It was that or nothing, so we gladly availed ourselves of this offer and put the donkey in beside of the horse and started. It was then nearly noon and we would like to overtake the ox teams that night if we could do so. So we drove as fast as we could. We had to go back across the Susan river and then up the valley about a mile and a half and then ascend a high and very stony mountain, and then down the mountain on the other side and across the Susan river again. I had to take the lines after we began to ascend the mountain. The lofty pines were scattered thick all over its sides and the birds and squirrels were making things lively with their chirping and singing. But I had no time to enjoy or admire anything that might come in our sight or way. I had

constantly to keep my eye on the road so as to skip the huge stones that were continually blocking up the road. I had to let Blackey stop and rest three or four times before we got to the top of the mountain, and long before we got to the foot, the sun's rays cast long, long shadows on the ground.

Just before we got to the Susan river we found that the road was descending very rapidly. I stopped the team and had the Doctor block the wheels on each side of the wagon, and then take the lines and drive through the river himself. We plunged down into the river. The banks were so abrupt and there were so many stones on the bottom of the stream that the Doctor was nearly thrown out under the horses. After a hard struggle the team succeeded in pulling us through to the other side, but it was then so dark and the trees so thick that we could not tell where the road was, so we were obliged to stay where we were until daylight. After groping around for a while the Doctor found something to make a fire so that I was able to make him a cup of coffee. The poor horses had to go without any supper. We all went to bed without undressing and as soon as it was light enough to see the road, we started and had not gone two miles before I saw a smoke, and oh, joy, there were the oxen with their yokes on, they had not yet broken up their camp, and right glad they appeared to see us. They had a pot full of hot coffee and they made us take that for our breakfast, as they had all eaten and in a few minutes more they would have thrown it out.

We only stopped long enough for them to hitch up their teams and then we moved on. Our road proved much better this day than the day before. About eleven o'clock we came to a small stream of water and the grass was quite good. We stopped, turned out the

teams, ate our own dinner and stayed until about one o'clock in the afternoon. We then continued down this little valley the rest of the afternoon and camped for the night on the same stream where we ate our dinner. It abounded in small fish: was a clear, cold, mountain brook.

The scenery all day had been beautiful, varying every half mile. The next morning we had to leave our beautiful valley with its clear stream and struck at once into the hills. It seemed as though we should never go down hill again, still they were not rocky nor so steep as a great many we had been over.

At noon we stopped our train in the road and ate our luncheon in our wagons for we had not found any water all day. After we started again we began to descend, and of all the awful hills to go down. I dared not have the children ride. The Doctor would lock both wheels and then take the horses by the bits and I would hold them back with all my strength. At one time the road was so filled with rocks that the Doctor could not hold onto the bits and stepped out to one side to go round the rocks, when I heard the wheel on the off side unlock, and then it seemed as though the rest of the road to the bottom of the hill dropped down instead of sloping, and the teams went down on a brisk trot. Mr. Bunker and several of the men stopped and held their breath until I was safe at the bottom. "I declare," said Mr. Bunker, "I expected to see you dashed to pieces. Why did you undertake to come down that hill without locking your wheels?" I told him I did not but that the locks slipped out up there among the rocks. Said Mr. Morgan, "I shall feel my clothes a world too large for me for a week to come, I shrank so within myself."

It took the Doctor and children a long time to get down. Poor little "Chid" would stumble and roll and slide along, not half the time was she on her feet. Soon we were at the bottom and began to go up, up, up, again, one ascent after another. The whole hillside covered with great lofty pines, straight as you could draw a line and as tall as any mast you ever saw, just a gradual taper. Occasionally we came to a beautiful fir or redwood. All the trees were so high from the ground to the first branches except the first that I was obliged to throw my head back to look up to them.

About the middle of the afternoon one of the men came back to our team and said "your horses will never be able to get up that place in the world." I wanted to know how much farther it was to the top. We had then been going up hill for more than an hour steadily. The horses would go a little way and then get tired, one man at each hind wheel and one behind would hold it up until the horses could breathe. The children were far enough ahead, and we could hear them whipping and hollering to their oxen to get them on. Finally they had to unyoke and double their teams. They had three yokes of their best oxen on each wagon and nothing but their blankets and a few cooking utensils and a small keg to hold water in each wagon. The provisions they all had could have been put in a two bushel basket, and then it would not have been full. There were thirteen able-bodied men and they had taken just as little as they thought they could get along with, expecting in two days they would reach the Big Meadows where they had been told they could get flour and other things. But it had been four and almost five days and still no Meadows; nor had they even yet got to the top of the mountains.

The men after a while succeeded in putting a log under the wheels and I very willingly gave up my post as driver and getting out of the wagon hastened up the mountain to look after the children.

The oxen had hard work to pull the empty wagons up one after another, and then they went back and took the horses off and took everything out of the wagon except the straw bed and harness and then they pulled the wagon up. They distributed our things through the different wagons. I went up the rest of the mountain on foot and it was a good hour and a half before the teams all got to the top. Then it was nearly night before we began to descend.

We expected to find several small springs on the other side of the mountain about half way down but when we got there we found there was but one and nearly half a mile to that. The first who got there succeeded in getting some, but it was soon so roiled that it was a thick mud hole. Some of the men brought a good pailful to the wagon so that we had all we wanted to drink.

The next morning we came to the Big Meadows and we took the wrong road and wandered around all day without accomplishing anything except to tire our teams, and just before night we concluded we had been following a will-o-the-wisp, and so we turned us about and went back to where we first struck the Meadows. There we met Mr. Love's train that we knew, or expected was a day behind us. We all took the right road this time and in about fifteen minutes came upon a trading post where we all got some flour and meat and a little coffee. For some time Mr. Harris had supplied us out of theirs, so we had not gone without entirely.

The Doctor sold his rifle a day or two before we got there to Mr. Morgan for $8.25, so you see we had a little money to get things with. We stayed that night at the trading post and the next day moved on. They thought at the Fort if we had good luck we might get to the Sacramento River in ten days. You remember we were to have been there in fifteen days after leaving the Humboldt. It seemed as though every time we inquired about the road the distance grew longer rather than shorter.

We got all they had at the Fort and that was very little. The Doctor got twenty pounds of flour and ten pounds of side pork, and that was more than any one else got.

We continued our journey up hill and down. The second day after leaving the Meadows, it seemed as though instead of the valley of dry bones, it was the mountains covered with dry bones.

We came upon places on the mountain where we counted from eight to ten oxen's skulls, and a little way from there was a place where there had apparently been an old tent, for the place where they had had their fire and the old tent poles were standing and some of them had fallen down. There was any quantity of old decayed clothing and blankets, parts of wagons and trunks, pieces of old coffee mills and old battered tin dishes, parts of sheet iron stoves and old rusty rifles. It seemed as though there must have been a large company of persons there; at any rate their animals had perished there on the mountain. It was not all in one place that we found things so bad. All the way up and down that mountain for miles and miles. In some places there would be a large number of horse skulls and bits of rope and halter hanging to the trees round which they were lying, and in several places I imagined

that the ground was thrown up like a grave. It made us all very sad to pass by those remains. It brought to my mind a story that Mrs. Andrews, the first family we traveled with after leaving the Bluffs, told. She said there was a very large company of persons and they had a large quantity of stock that crossed the plains, I think she said in '50, but am not certain, but they were detained on the plains with sickness until very late and were overtaken on the Nevada mountains by the snows. That they lost every animal they had before they got off. That they got out of provisions and some of the most able of the men started and went as fast as they could through to the nearest settlement and the people turned out on snowshoes to go to relief of those left behind, if any were left alive. It seemed that after the men had been gone a day or two the rest concluded to go each day as far as they could. Some one of their number was dying every day from exhaustion, hunger and weakness. Those who came to relieve them met one straggling after another, the most of them nearly perished. The last ones they came to who were alive said they had given up and lain down to die; they could hold out no longer. The husband of one woman had died a few miles back and she had wrapped him in a sheet and blanket and left his body on the snow. They had persuaded her to accompany them thus far, but when they too gave out she had turned back to go and die by the side of her husband. Two of the party hastened after her, but when they came upon the dead body they found the wife lying by the side of him with her arms around his neck; both frozen as stiff as those mountain frosts could freeze. They did not unclasp her arms but rolled them both up in a blanket and dug a hole in the snow and covered them up with the same and left them in their cold, cold bed. But

what was the cold to them? They had gone where there shall be no more cold nor hunger.

They succeeded in getting the rest all into their quarters where they remained until spring opened; but all that were saved were a small number of those who started for this country. I have no doubt those remains were all that was left of their animals and effects. One reason we thought they perished in the snow was that the ropes and halters appeared to be tied so high up on the trees.

And so we traveled on day after day over those dreadful hills. One day the hunters succeeded in killing two deer; they were young, but fat and sleek. They furnished us meat until we got down the mountain.

Finally on the 8th day of October, 1856, in the afternoon, we came down on the last slope of the Nevada mountains into the valley of the Sacramento. That forenoon we had left Blackey, our last horse back at what was called Dry Creek. We had a steep high hill to ascend from that place. In the spring of the year when the snows are melting that is a large stream, but at the time we were there it was perfectly dry. The horses and cattle had been without water for some time and Blackey gave out. They could not get him up the hill and we were obliged to leave him.

We camped that night just at the foot of the mountain. When we were fairly in sight of the valley and the river, I told them to stop and let me get out of the wagon, I could not ride any longer. I had walked a great deal that day, up hill and down, and the road was so rough it threw me from one side of the wagon to the other. I stood it just as long as I thought I could and then I got out, but I could not stand and sat down upon the ground. The teams moved on

down the hill. I sat awhile and rested and then got up and staggered along but my limbs trembled so I could scarcely stand on them. I came across a stick that I picked up and used as a cane. When the teams got down they watched for me to come up and the Doctor hollered for me to hurry up for I was keeping them waiting. I said nothing but crawled along. I knew it was rather slow but it was as fast as I could go. When I got to the wagon the Doctor and Mr. Morgan met me. They both looked frightened. I expect that I looked as white as I could after crossing the plains. They took hold of me, one on each side, and lifted me into the wagon. I tell you I was glad to lie down. I said "only tired, very tired," so I lay there until we got into camp, then I got supper. Boiled up the last of the venison, baked the last of the flour and used the last of the coffee.

In the morning early the Doctor started back after the black horse. He took the donkey to ride and filled both pockets of his overcoat with venison and bread and took the tin pail full of water to carry to Blackey. He told me to continue with the train until he returned.

As soon as we could, after the Doctor was gone, we started and about eleven o'clock we came out to where there were some people living. They all got some provisions and Mr. Barker brought me a large red onion as large as a large coffee saucer, and some nice ripe tomatoes and wanted to know if I would like some cabbage and beets. I told him "Yes, anything in the shape of vegetables was very acceptable," and so he got some.

We crossed Deer Creek and a beautiful stream it was I assure you. We went about a half a mile and camped. The grass was up to the oxen's shoulders. After crossing the stream we passed a blacksmith's shop

and several very comfortable looking houses. Several of the men stopped and when they came up to the wagons they had their arms full of watermelons. They told the children they could have all they wished if they would go "over to that house," pointing to one in sight. So I told them they might go. Mr. Morgan had a little boy along two years older than Sarah, so they all went together and in a little while they came back with their arms full and told what a great, nice garden they had, and the man told them they might have all the cabbage and tomatoes and onions they were a mind to get. So I gave them some sacks and some money and sent them back. I wanted them to get me some potatoes if the man could spare any. They came back with their bags as full as they could be crammed but no potatoes, for the man had none, nor would he take any money. The children were so delighted. The woman made them come into the house and have some good warm bread and butter and a good big piece of sweet cake, "and it was good, too, Ma," said they, "and you must go right up there and get some too," but mama concluded she had too much to do to go visiting.

The next morning we moved up the river until we came opposite Tahama. When about half way we met the Doctor and he had the black horse with him. The wind and dust blew so that day we could not see across the road, so I can tell you nothing about that part of the valley.

Just before we camped we came to a grist mill and the Doctor got our flour and horse fodder. We stayed two days and one night in camp and then the Doctor had an old acquaintance of his take the wagon and horse to his house and keep it for him. We then went

over the river and stopped at the public house over night and the next morning the boat took us to Sacramento; and now here we are in this little seven by nine house, as the Doctor calls it, and am in hopes we shall have a small addition up within the course of a month.

I have hurried over the latter part of this story, for I am sure you must be tired of reading by this time, at any rate I am tired of writing. We are having beautiful weather: I wish you were here to enjoy it.

COPY OF LETTERS FROM MRS. DOCTOR POWERS TO HER MOTHER, AND ONE FROM DOCTOR POWERS ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

San Leandro, Cal., Oct. 21, 1856.

My Dear Mother and Sisters:

After a long, tedious journey, I have the pleasure of addressing you from this place, and I assure you dear ones, I am thankful that we have reached our home, the place of our destination.

We lost everything but one horse and wagon. One team gave out in the "Black Hills," and we had to get through the best we could, having to pay very dear for everything during the remainder of the journey. We are still very much in debt on this account, and cannot think of comforts until these debts are paid.

Signed, Mary.

January 5, 1858.

Dear Friends:

On New Years Eve I got an opportunity to go to the post office, and there I found three letters for me, and did I not have a happy New Year?

Last June our little home was blessed by two beautiful little ones. You never saw a more beautiful child than my sweet little Mary Catherine, her eyes made me think of my own dear father's. Everyone made the remark as soon as they saw her, "What beautiful eyes!" She was so fair, her features so regular, and her hair so dark. She was beautiful, and oh! how I loved her, and how proud I was of her! Yes, too proud of her. He that knoweth all things saw it, and called her to Himself while she was yet pure and guileless. My dear boy was not so handsome as his sister, but he was smart, and after his little sister died, I let all my affections center on him. My Heavenly Father saw this idolatry of my heart, and He sent the messenger for my little William Henry, and my heart was stripped of its idols. When I gazed on his little face, cold in death, I realized how I had forgotten the Giver in my mad worship of the gift.

My little Mary Catherine breathed her last in my arms, on the tenth of September last, and little Willie lingered until December fourteen. We laid him out in a little white dress, took the coffin into a wagon, and with one of our neighbors who was on horseback, went to the burial. We opened the grave where little Mary lay, and placed Willie's coffin on top of hers. They both rest in the same grave, and their little spirits have gone to join our fast gathering family band.

For six months I had almost the entire care of my dear ones, day and night they were hardly out of my arms. I had not one good night's sleep after they were born, until they were gone, and after we returned from the grave I was sick for a week, but am now well and so are Sarah, Cephas and Celia, but there is a void in my heart, and the rocking chair that was their cradle is empty.

The Doctor seems worn out, but it is not for himself that he cares, it is for his family. There is not a man in the world that thinks more of his family than he does. Last Spring he put in a large crop of potatoes, and has already harvested and sent to San Francisco, 2000 sacks of them. We are in great hopes of the coming season. He is wearing himself out with toil and care. He is so proud of Cephas; God grant that the boy may be spared to him, but he misses little Willie so much. Thanks to our Heavenly Father, I have been kept from murmuring, and never gave a word of reproach, that this or that might have been different. I have seen and known how he has struggled, and if I had not have been able to render him that assistance, I might have wished, I have endeavored to make everything as cheerful and pleasant as I could, and I am now reaping my reward in his devotion to me. Oh! how I prize it ,and is it not worth suffering patiently for?

Adieu my dear Mother and Sisters,

Mary.

March, 1858.

I feel I am in a strange land, and that the trials I have been called upon to pass through have never been few or far between. I often find myself saying, "All alone—all alone." Oh, my dear mother, if I could only have you with me, to lay my poor weary aching head upon your lap, and feel your dear hand upon my burning brow, and have your kind sympathy, it would take a great deal of the pain from my heart, but dear mother I much fear we shall never meet again except in the spirit land; not that my health is poor, for it never was better in my life, but dear mother, your wanderer is not yet at rest, once more I fear I will have

to take up my staff and travel on, but whatever befalls me I shall hope for the best.

May God bless you all,

Adieu, Mary.

LETTER FROM MRS. LOUISE R. WARDNER

DEAR MR. POWERS:

(This was the last letter we received from my beloved sister. Please note, not one word of reproach or complaint after all that cruel journey, but a strong presentiment of the coming end.

Dear Mr. Powers, I could not have copied these precious letters for anyone else, but I know your deep sympathy and admiration for my precious, brilliant, beautiful sister, who suffered so much, and whose young life was wrecked in devotion to others, and loving care for her husband and family.

The next letter as you see was from Dr. Powers, and the last we heard for many years. During the war, while mother and I were filled with great anxiety about those dear children, we received a letter from little "Sarah" telling us she had taught herself to write, copying her grandmother's letters.

The next, and last is from Dr. Powers, telling of sister's sudden death.—L. R. Wardner.

San Leandro, Cal., May 3, 1858.

Dear Mother:

It is with a troubled mind and aching heart that I seat myself to announce the death of my beloved wife Mary, which occurred on the first of the present month,

after a short illness. Four days before her death she was the very picture of health. On Tuesday she went out riding with a lady friend, the wind was blowing hard and rather chilly, and being less warmly clad than was her custom, took a severe cold which terminated in active congestion of the bowels.

She expired under the influence of a severe congestive chill, on Saturday evening, fifteen minutes before nine o'clock. She had her senses until ten minutes before her death, and talked as calmly about dying as about a journey. She gave directions about her burial, and the children. She wished them taken to her people to be brought up and educated. (Oh, if only he had carried out her wishes how different would have been their lives.—L. R. W.)

We buried her at six o'clock Sunday evening, and her remains were honored with probably the largest procession that ever turned out on this side of the Bay. During her short stay here she gained the universal love and esteem of all who knew her, and had God in his providence seen fit to have spared her, she would have held a high position here. On that fatal night on which her death was announced, many an acquaintance shed tears.

During my acquaintance with her I found her one of the noblest women I ever saw, and the longer she was with me, the more I became attached to her. She had followed me to a distant land, but the expedition was an unfortunate one; had it succeeded we would have been independent, but since everything went wrong, I did the best I could and so did dear Mary, and we both anticipated better days; this season would have changed our condition, but God ruled differently and took her home to dwell with her father and dear sister.

I am aware that this news will pain you. It is a blow that falls heavily on me and my dear children, and one that time can never heal.

Sarah takes the death of her mother very hard, and she will remember her and her wise counsels as long as she lives.

Yours affectionately,

A. W. Powers.

NATHANIEL WHITCOMB POWERS

Oldest of the sons of Nathaniel born Feb. 25, 1806, died July 16, 1878. Married Selina J. Murdock Oct. 1, 1839. Selina M. Powers born March 19, 1846 in Woodstock. She married Jos. M. Powers, born Jan. 24, 1847, who died March 28, 1905. Charles Wallace born Sept. 27, 1883 (Deceased.)

He was the only one of the sons and daughters of my grandfather, Nathaniel Powers, that remained throughout his life in his native state. Vermont was good enough for him, but not for the rest of the family. My Father used to say that "Vermont was a good state—to emigrate from."

At the request of my Father, about fifty years ago, this uncle wrote for him, some family history; things that he had observed and more that had been told him by his parents and grand-parents. These articles have been preserved and are interesting reading, as they throw light on the manners and customs of a hundred and more years ago. They are too voluminous to reproduce here, but I will make a sort of a digest of the most striking differences between those times and the present.

First he tells of our descent from Roger Le Pour, who went with William the Conqueror to England. Then he mentions the celebrated sculptor Hiram Powers, whose masterpiece the "Greek Slave," is the finest thing to be seen in the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, as being of our family. He then goes on to tell what good workers his Father and grandfather were, in their boyhood—how, when ten years old they would hoe an acre of corn in a day, etc.

NATHANIEL WHITCOMB POWERS

These boys in their school days wore tow pants. For dress-ups they had the clothes their Father's had discarded—worked over to fit them. He quotes, speaking of his Father: "He must have been quite dressy, I wore out his silk wedding vest when a boy twelve years old; it was then as nice as a new one, most likely got too small for him as he thickened up. It must have cost $5.00 all made up."

"I also wore out a nice yellow vest that was his when young, which had laid for eighteen years since their marriage."

"I have heard him say, persons would ask him what had become of the silk vest with the imitation polly-wog figures on it. I also, when fifteen years old wore out his nice velvet corduroy pants, cut over for me, most likely he outgrew them."

His Mother told of going to a ball at Putney that cost three dollars. She understood the country dances of that day. (They were not on the fox trot order as at present.) His Mother was a great stocking knitter; worked out when she was a girl. Most girls only got fifty cents a week, but she was such a good worker that she was paid sixty-seven cents, just what she paid her maids after she became an employer. Everyone had to make their own cloth, of flax, tow, wool or cotton, brought from Boston and spun by the industrious women. His family made all their cloth except a calico dress now and then. "They always paid their hired man, part in woolen cloth, or linen shirting of their own make." The pretty girls of that day would card this cotton by hand, rope the spindle full, then pull it off like a streak of lightning from the wheel spindle into a heap, and not lose the end. If they did they would have to card it all over. They would spin it into nice yarn and weave it into cloth, knit it into go-to-meeting stockings, fine shirts, pocket handkerchiefs and sheets of the nicer kind."

The Father made many trips to Boston to market the products of the farm, and usually brought back with him sacks of flax, wool or cotton for their own use. Going to Boston was an event in ones life. A fellow was thought almost a captain that had been to that city—young men would often go and drive an

extra team for board and grog. They would do this just to see Boston, or go and drive a drove of cattle on the same conditions. Several farmers usually went down together so they could give each other a lift if they got set. They went straight over the hills and a man who lived at the foot often kept a yoke of oxen, or a horse, to help an over-loaded team up the hill. They took lots of doughnuts, mince pies and cooked chickens to eat on their way. They carried their own grain, put up at night, ate their victuals in the bar room, with rousing mugs of cider and often something more rousing, bought of the landlord. The landlord charged them to keep their horses at hay, fifteen cents a span—they found their own grain. Ten or twelve cents each night for lodging and in the morning gave them each a drink of grog for patronizing him so liberally and if they were smokers, a one cent cigar.

He adds, "I don't tell this to speak lightly of our Fathers: it is the historian's business to relate facts. They were hard working honest men. You and I have lived in two different ages, since we were born, the last one I don't think any better than the first; we are going back to barbarians, with thefts, robberies and murders, all the time." (What would he think if he were alive today?)

The teamsters all carried in those days a black chunk bottle filled with New England rum, sweetened with molasses, called "black strap." They drank on the highway, and treated a fellow who would happen along that would give them a lift, if they got set. He adds, "I don't think many of them were intemperate, but they thought they must have a little to warm up with."

If a farmer got to be worth three thousand dollars, he was thought to be wealthy.

Arriving at the market, each teamster was told where to place his wagon; then he went to peddling poultry, cheese, hog skins for bristles and so on. By and by someone would buy out your load of dressed hogs and all, and put you in a way to head for home.

It generally took ten days to go and return—two hundred dollars in cash in a farmer's pocket and not a bit afraid of being robbed.

Most of the farmers got to be money lenders before they died, usually getting twelve per cent for their money.

In the year 1816 it snowed on the 10th of June and it is said there was frost every month in the year.

We hired a smart man to work on the farm four months. At the end of that time we owed him perhaps twelve dollars. We paid the balance in sheep. He had taken his wages up in clothing, both the cloth and the garments made up in our house. A tailoress would come out and make coats, vests and pants for twenty-five cents a day. A hired man received eight dollars a month and worked, on an average, fourteen hours a day.

W. P. P.

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